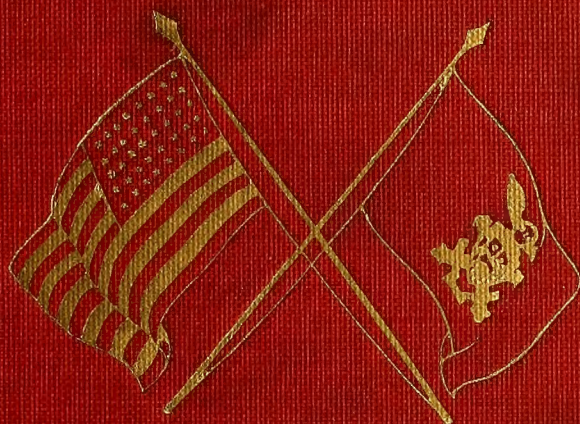


HISTORY OF THE 322d FIELD ARTILLERY





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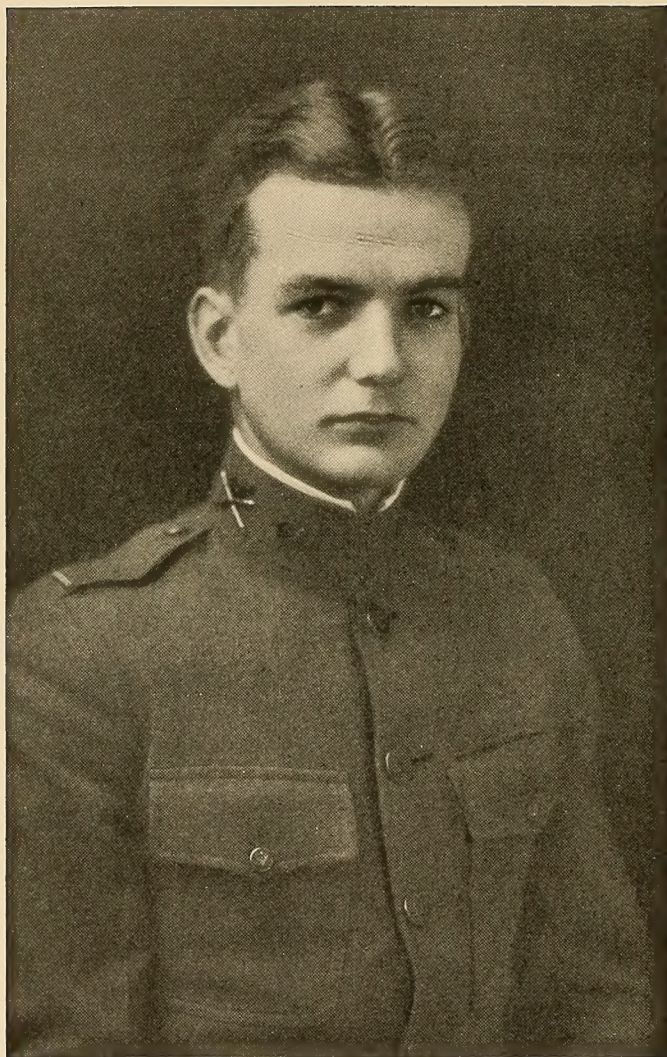
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HISTORY OF THE 322^d FIELD ARTILLERY

LIEUTENANT MORRISON

Second Lieut. John Morrison was detailed on liaison duty with the advanced battalion of the 116th Infantry under command of Major Oppie. Lieutenant Morrison kept continual liaison between the artillery and the infantry under the most difficult circumstances. He crawled forward on his hands and knees beyond our front line with a telephone strapped to his back and conducted the fire of his artillery, preparatory to the attack which took place the following day, October 15, 1918. He completed this mission, thus displaying extraordinary bravery and calmness under heavy shell and machine-gun fire. On October 15, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went over with the front-line battalion and sent back information to the artillery which was invaluable, and without which the artillery would have been helpless. He kept this work up under the greatest danger from shell and machine-gun fire, until he was killed near Molleville Farm about ten o'clock in the morning.

On the recommendation of Colonel Warfield, Lieutenant Morrison was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross "For Extraordinary Heroism in Action."



SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN MORRISON

KILLED IN ACTION, OCTOBER 15, 1918

HISTORY
OF THE
322d FIELD ARTILLERY

NEW HAVEN
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Day-by-Day Chronicle of the 322d F. A.	19
The Editors	
Summary of Unintelligence	162
Lieut. E. F. Streeter	
History of Battery A	167
Editors for Battery A	
Ralph B. Clemens. A Poem	218
Sgt. Maj. H. J. Nichols, Hdq. Co.	
Reminiscences of Battery B	221
Editors for Battery B	
Dugouts. A Poem	231
Anonymous	
Battery C	232
Editors for Battery C	
Before and After	265
Col. Sgt. F. E. Gray, Hdq. Co.	
History of Battery D	268
Editors for Battery D	
Shattered Ideas	287
1st Sgt. C. J. Goldrick, Hdq. Co.	
Battery E	289
Editors for Battery E	
How Did You Feel?	310
Col. Sgt. F. E. Gray, Hdq. Co.	
Extracts from the Log Book of Private William Dill, Battery F	311
Lieut. E. F. Streeter	
Supply Company	315
Editors for Supply Co.	
The Bursting Bomb	351
Ordnance Detachment	
Regimental Order No. 1000	361
One Who Has Received Them	

	PAGE
<i>Headquarters Company</i>	
Who Won the War?—The Band	365
Band Cpl. H. E. Lucas, Hdq. Co.	
“The Monday Line Is Out Again”	381
Lieut. P. A. Parker	
A Few Minutes with the Radio	385
Lieut. F. L. Purdy	
Autobiography of the Personnel Department	390
Capt. G. A. Watson	
Gas	393
Lieut. H. N. Findley	
Three Views of the First Battalion Detail:	
1. Training in France	397
Pvt. Buck, Hdq. Co.	
2. “This is Hoboken Talking”	399
Col. Sgt. F. E. Gray	
3. A Letter from the Front	401
Sgt. J. M. Crocker, Hdq. Co.	
The Story of the Homeless Six or Shaw’s Little Army	407
Pvt. C. E. Watson, Vet. Det.	
Athletics in the 322 ^d Field Artillery	410
Col. Sgt. L. S. Woodrow, Hdq. Co.	
Where Do We Go from Here?	418
Cpl. W. B. DeGree, Hdq. Co.	
The Baggage Detail	424
Lieut. G. F. Lane	
Crossing the Channel	425
Sgt. Maj. H. J. Nichols, Hdq. Co.	
“Battery A, Chiefs of Section, at Ease!”	428
Sgt. H. O. Norwick, Btry. A	
The Advanced Detachment at Coëtquidan or Five Weeks’ Vac- ation with Pay	430
Col. Sgt. F. E. Gray, Hdq. Co.	
That First Night	432
Sgt. W. E. Clevenger, Btry. D	
My First Night Under Fire—September 23, 1918	435
Cpl. F. J. Steffen, Btry. D	
A Day on Liaison with the Infantry	439
Lieut. G. C. McConnaughey	
Camp Gallieni	441
Lieut. P. A. Parker	

	PAGE
Hearts of Steel	443
1st Sgt. C. J. Goldrick, Hdq. Co.	
To the Driver. A Poem	445
Sgt. Maj. H. J. Nichols, Hdq. Co.	
Points of View	447
Sgt. H. O. Norwick, Btry. A	
Life in the Army of Occupation	448
Anonymous	
Songs	450
Tipperary	Brother Noah
Ohio	In My Castle on the River Rhine
Pack Up Your Troubles	Tickle Toe
83d Division Song	
Religious Aspects of the Regiment's Life	455
Chaplain H. A. Rinard	
Le Retour. A French Poem	459
Adolphe Gysin, French Army	
Appendix	
Casualty Lists	463
Rosters	468

FOREWORD

(HOW THE HISTORY WAS WRITTEN)

From the first day of his association with the Regiment, which is the same as saying from the day the Regiment was organized, Col. Warfield had in mind the future preparation and publication of its history. To this end he directed the regimental adjutant, first Capt. J. A. Garfield and later Capt. G. S. Webber, to keep daily notes and records of the happenings in Section Q. This was faithfully done, not only in Camp Sherman, but throughout the whole existence of the Regiment. These notes were typewritten and kept constantly up to date, in a loose-leaf cover, and from time to time were supplemented by pictures as these became available.



COMPILING REGIMENTAL HISTORY

Shortly after arriving in Germany, the Colonel, realizing that the main events of the Regiment's life were past and that it was destined to come to an end before many months, decided that the time was ripe to start work on the history. Accordingly the following order was published to the Regiment:

Hq. 322d Field Artillery,
American E. F.,
21st December, 1918.

R. O. }
No. 219 }

1. The following officers are appointed as Editorial Board for compiling and publishing the Regimental History of this Regiment:

Editor-in-Chief	Capt. Philip R. Mather
Organization	Capt. George S. Webber
Operations	Capt. Eugene C. Noyes
Information	1st Lieut. Templeton Briggs
Publication	1st Lieut. Edward F. Streeter
Musical and songs	2d Lieut. Fernand Veevaert
Mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts	1st Lieut. Charles L. Reed
Killed, wounded and missing	Chaplain Herbert A. Rinard
Recreation and athletics	Col. Sgt. Lloyd S. Woodrow
Assistant editors	Major Harry J. Repman
	Capt. Christen Dissing
	Capt. Henry A. Marting
	Capt. Wm. McK. Green
	Capt. Rutherford Fullerton
	Capt. Newell Garfield
	Capt. Wm. R. Englehart
	Capt. Malcolm W. Thompson

2. The following enlisted men are appointed as representatives of their respective organizations:

Headquarters Company

1st Sgt. Campbell J. Goldrick	Sup. Sgt. Russell P. Huls
Sgt. Maj. Harry E. Small	Sgt. John O. Driver

Supply Company

Cpl. C. H. Dorsey	Pvt. Null M. Hodapp
Pvt. David Barrar	Pvt. G. J. Hogelucht

Battery A

Sgt. Henry O. Norwick	Sgt. Lawrence J. Eyler
Sgt. William E. Trautman	Cpl. Phillip H. Moore

Battery B

Sgt. William H. Frantz	Cpl. Willis E. Stauter
Cpl. Joseph W. Steiber	Pvt. William A. Spalding

Battery C

Sgt. Fred B. Wallace	Sgt. Charles W. Keiter
Cpl. Albert J. Burgmeier	Hsh. Simeon W. Pheanis

Battery D

Sgt. William E. Clevenger	Sgt. Cyril E. Hochwalt
Sup. Sgt. Sylvester J. Burns	Cpl. Frank J. Steffen

Battery E

Sgt. James F. Fluker	Cpl. James W. McGrail
Cpl. Charles A. Gulling	Pvt. Robert F. Sheets

Battery F

Sgt. Robert M. Keogh	Sgt. Charles Jacobs
Cpl. Arthur J. Marsden	Cpl. Ralph Gross

Medical Detachment

Sgt. Amadeus Shank	Pvt. Otto E. Newton
--------------------	---------------------

Veterinary Detachment

Pvt. (1st cl.) Clarence E. Watson

Ordnance Detachment

Pvt. (1st cl.) Ernest H. Huston	Pvt. (1st cl.) Lewis E. Limbert
---------------------------------	---------------------------------

3. First Lieut. Charles L. Reed, 322d F. A., is assigned to Headquarters Company and appointed Assistant Editor Regimental History. Lieut. Reed is excused from all other duty.

By order of Colonel Warfield.

GEORGE S. WEBBER,

Captain and Adjutant, 322d F. A.

From a glance at this order it can readily be seen that such a large board could not possibly do any editorial work together. Indeed, such was not the Colonel's intention. The battery and company representatives, who were appointed on the recommendations of their respective Commanding Officers, were simply asked to write histories or chronicles of their own organizations. This was done in most cases with the advice and collaboration of the Battery Commander concerned. These battery histories form the main part of this book and are by far the most interesting part of it. They are rich in memories and in the little episodes which furnished the real spice and enjoyment of army life.

The real work of collecting and editing these fell on Lieut. Reed, who was able to devote practically all of his time for several months in Germany to this task. At the same time he was working on the notes of Capt. Garfield and Capt. Webber, mentioned above. These furnished invaluable facts and dates for the "Day-by-Day Chronicle" of the Regiment, but a great deal was cut out, especially during the Camp Sherman period, in order to allow the description of the operations at the Front to be put in with the fullest details. The task of preparing this portion of the history fell to Capt. Noyes, who, as Operations Officer at Regimental Headquarters during the entire period, was thoroughly familiar with this phase, and had preserved a number of actual operations orders and maps. Unfortunately, Capt. Noyes was transferred to the 323^d F. A. before he had a chance to finish this account, and the duty of completing it fell to Lieut. Briggs, who, as Intelligence Officer, had also been at Regimental Headquarters during most of the fighting, and was probably, next to Capt. Noyes, more familiar with the battle operations than anyone else.

Too high praise cannot be given to the care and thought which Lieut. Briggs gave to this work. Every day is described accurately to the most minute detail, and on the accompanying map, traced by Cpl. W. B. DeGree of the Headquarters Company, each village and each road mentioned in Lieut. Briggs's account is shown in *red*. Battery positions and all places in which any part of the Regiment was, are shown on this tracing.

Meanwhile, at the suggestion of Lieut. Reed, a number of short articles on special features of our career were prepared by various men and officers of the Regiment, in order to fully round out the general history and neglect no detail. Several poems were contributed, especial attention being attracted by the French poem, "Le Retour," by M. Adolphe Gysin, the French interpreter attached to the Regiment for several months while in Germany. M. Gysin is a poet of recognized merit and has written a poem for every regiment of infantry in the French Army, recounting its glory and achievements. "Le Retour" is dedicated to the 322^d F. A. and expresses the gratitude of France to the American soldier, and her joy in seeing him able to return at last in safety to his beloved home.

The history could not have been what it is without the constant and untiring efforts of Null M. Hodapp of the Supply Company, who not only contributed the great bulk of the photographs, but also type-wrote the larger part of the history itself, preparing it for the printer.

He compiled also the rosters in the back of the book which give, as far as information is available, all members of the various organizations of the Regiment, during the entire period of their existence.

From this brief outline it can be seen that a number of men not on the editorial board at all were of invaluable assistance in preparing the book. Among these should be mentioned Lieut. Parker, Sgt. Maj. Nichols, Col. Sgt. Gray, Lieut. Purdy, Sgt. Crocker, and Cpl. Herman E. Lucas of Headquarters Company; Capt. Watson and Lieut. McConnaughey of the Regimental Staff; Lieut. Findley of Battery E, and Lieut. Lane of Battery A. Besides these there were a great many others throughout the batteries who gave assistance in the preparation of the battery histories. Every member of the Ordnance Detachment, for example, had a share in its contribution.

So this history is a history of the Regiment in the truest sense of the word, for it is a composite picture made by many hands. Every viewpoint is expressed and every group is described by some of its own members. The history is not the work of any one man, but of the whole Regiment, and as such it is of the most vital interest. Perhaps no one will care to read it from cover to cover, but everyone will find some parts of it that will strike a familiar chord, and bring back some incident which he himself witnessed. This was the aim from the beginning—to make the history personal—a friend which one will wish to keep on the table and not put away on a shelf and forget. It is to be the reminder of the great experience which comes to most men but once in a lifetime, which none wish repeated, but which none can forget.

Acknowledgment is made to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morrison for the photograph of Lieut. Morrison, appearing as frontispiece.

THE EDITORS.

DAY-BY-DAY CHRONICLE OF THE 322^d F. A.

DAY-BY-DAY CHRONICLE OF THE 322^d F. A.

June 15, 1917. The original nucleus of the organization which later became the 322^d Field Artillery was formed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, when the first four weeks of the course given at the first Officers' Training Camp came to an end, and those who elected the Field Artillery were separated from the common herd of doughboys. Three provisional training batteries were formed and those who belonged to the old "First Battery" under the never-to-be-forgotten Major Taylor realized on that day that they were starting military associations which would endure throughout their entire army life.

Right on that day began the custom which later became a tradition in the Regiment, of taking the lead in whatever lay before us, and not waiting for others to show us how. The embryo officers in this battery formed during the next two months firm friendships which bound them together for all time, and learned to know each other's abilities with an intimacy which later led to the strong feeling of confidence in the power of the group to excel in whatever it attempted.

June 16-August 14. During the remainder of the Training Camp days, hard work and study were the constant program. Although slightly handicapped in having a Commanding Officer from the Judge Advocate General's Department, the battery was fortunate in having as assistant instructors, Lieuts. Hoagland, Nichols, Lane and Garrett, all of whom had seen several years' service in field artillery or cavalry, and in addition there were



EVERYONE OUT

about a dozen candidates who had served in field artillery units of the National Guard.

From time to time during the summer a man dropped out or was transferred to aviation, but the biggest losses came when fifteen of the best lieutenants volunteered for service overseas immediately

after getting their commissions. It has always been a matter of regret that we could not have had these officers with us in the 322^d. A few also left for the regular army, including all of our instructors, except Lieut. Lane, who elected to remain with us. Capt. Watson came to us here, in the rôle of



BARRACKS, CAMP SHERMAN

a sergeant-instructor with the Ohio National Guard Field Artillery, whose equipment was at our disposal for instructional purposes. He was quickly commissioned second lieutenant, and made a captain not long after. Capt. Dissing, too, arrived just in time to help with the final pay roll.

A word of reminder will not be out of place, and it seems wrong to pass over this early period with no mention of the original "Imperial Quartet," composed of Bush, Post, Collins and Barker, who charmed all with their rendition of "Apple Blossom Time"; or without some thoughts on the great flood of speakers, mostly governors, which General Glenn unfeelingly turned loose on us. Who can forget Kentucky's "Beloved Heroes"? Nor should the famous Major Koehler's remarkable gymnastics be allowed to sink into oblivion, especially as they were the real root of much of the "Arms Forward Raise" and "Full Knee Bend" stuff later perpetrated on the Regiment.

During these months also were born several of the most popular



COLONEL WARFIELD

and unpopular songs which we have learned to consider as regimental property.

August 15. Beginning 12.01 a.m., those slated for commissions were duly sworn in, donned their bars, collar ornaments and hat cords, and went down town to receive their first salutes. Before the day ended every one was home or on his way there.

August 16-28. This was the short vacation granted by the War Department for the purpose of allowing its Newest Officers to "Purchase uniforms, equipment, etc." Needless to say, most of them found time for a great deal else as well, and this, our first and last real vacation in the army, was fully appreciated and enjoyed.

August 29. Reporting to the Commanding General, Camp Sherman, for duty, officers of the First Battery were informed that they had all been assigned to the 322d Field Artillery, and were told to report to its Commanding Officer, Col. A. B. Warfield, for duty.

Our Colonel's name was new to us, he not having been at Fort Harrison, but it did not take long to become very familiar with his face and his energetic manner.

Although our assignments did not technically take effect until the following day, that did not prevent the Colonel from putting us to work. Capt. J. A.

Garfield was appointed adjutant, and the other officers assigned to batteries. Each battery commander conducted study hours for his



HALLOWEEN FEED



HORSE STABLE

lieutenants; discussions were held and the system of daily officers' meetings was inaugurated.

August 30-September 4. The morning report for this period still showed only officers with the exception of Sgt. Maj. W. W. Criley, and Regt. Sup. Sgt. Roger Enwright who had enlisted and come with the officers from Fort Harrison. Daily school with a little calisthenics continued to be the program.



GROOMING HORSES

September 5. It is hard to say who was more scared that evening, the eighty newly

arrived recruits or the sixty officers who received them. Neither knew what to expect from the others, and it is safe to say that both were pleasantly surprised. When American young men are thrown together in some piece of work, they just about always seem to get along pretty well.

The Regiment at this time was just in the process of moving from Section B to the newly completed Section Q, which was to be our permanent home. Supper that evening was in the old place and the recruits got their first experience with night fatigue by carrying the kitchen equipment bodily across the mud to the proper side of Columbus Avenue in order that breakfast might be served in the immediate vicinity of our new sleeping quarters.



OFFICERS AT RANGE

September 26, 1917-May 21, 1918. No attempt will be made to carry on a day-to-day account of the long training period at Camp Sherman. That will come only with the

more momentous days of journeying overseas and fighting at the Front. The Camp Sherman period will be covered with a general survey only, with reference to those special incidents most worthy of note and brief accounts of the most important episodes. Nearly every battery goes into the details of this period in its own chronicle, and a general recapitulation is all that is necessary for the Regiment as a whole.

September 19 brought the first large acquisition of men to the Regiment when about six hundred came from Montgomery and Preble counties. As usual in the army, drill and fatigue took precedence over the issuing of equipment, but thanks to the efforts of Capt. Dissing, the 322^d was the first organization in Camp Sherman to fully uniform its men, an achievement which the Colonel celebrated with a parade around the camp for the benefit of our more civilly clad brethren.



COLS. ASHBURN AND WARFIELD

On October 3

enough more men were received to bring the Regiment up to full "Tables of Organization" strength, a condition which lasted but a day or two and was not reached again until the eve of our departure from Camp Sherman. From October to May there came a constant stream of disheartening orders to transfer so many here and so many there. Battery Commanders were tempted to keep all their good men privates because the authorities kept calling for mechanics, N. C. O.'s, or various specialists, at such a rate that we just about got a man trained in time to send him somewhere else to work. This situation, although common to all National Army organizations, was discouraging for all concerned and lent strong credence to the oft-heard rumor that we were destined never to go abroad as a unit. This belief led many of the best and most high-spirited men to apply for transfer to what, they believed, were more fortunate units, scheduled for early departure, and B. C.'s were driven to

the most desperate devices for retaining any semblance of an organization and morale.

The first issue of horses in November was an important landmark. Who will ever forget the part which horses played in our existence for the next eighteen months? Many and many a poor driver during that period was strongly tempted to assume the uncompromising attitude of one of the unfortunate band musicians when presented with a grooming brush and told to get to work. After surveying



his prospective subject from a safe distance, he concluded to forego the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance. "What's the matter? Why aren't you grooming?" asked the officer in charge. "Sir, I fear horses." "You go in there and groom that horse." "Sir, I apply for transfer."

Halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas all brought their celebrations and good times, even if passes home were not as numerous as we all wished, owing to lack of railroad transportation as well as to ill-timed quarantines. Battery F's Thanksgiving menu sounds strange when compared with what

they had just one year later in Manternach, and will serve as a sample of what the whole Regiment enjoyed, proving that army food is worth while occasionally. It was as follows:

Celery, radishes, pickles, wafers, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, dressing, giblet gravy, scalloped oysters, mashed potatoes, candied

sweets, creamed peas, pumpkin pie, mince pie, ice cream, vanilla cake, coffee, oranges, apples, mints, cigars and cigarettes.

The loss of about fifteen officers, who were transferred to the 37th Division during September, was partially compensated for by the arrival of a few new ones from the second Officers' Training Camp in December. Most of these officers left again before we went overseas, but Lieuts. Briggs, Reed, Wales and Purdy became permanent additions.

On January 18 began the target practice at Stony Creek. The best possible description of this is given by the following article, written by Col. Warfield himself and first published in the *Field*

Artillery Journal. The footnotes did not originally appear, but have been added for the benefit of our readers.



HORSES FEEDING ON LINE OF MARCH

NOTES ON TARGET PRACTICE OF A REGIMENT OF FIELD ARTILLERY, NATIONAL ARMY

BY COL. A. B. WARFIELD,¹ FIELD ARTILLERY, NATIONAL ARMY

The following is taken from official reports and personal notes on target practice of a regiment of Field Artillery in the National Army stationed at a cantonment "Somewhere in the United States."²

They are given in the hope that they may be of benefit to the National Army and that they may be of some general interest to the whole Field Artillery service.

The subject will be considered under the following subheads:

I. ALLOWANCE OF AMMUNITION

Allowance of ammunition is 1000 rounds per battery.

II. SELECTION AND CONSTRUCTION OF TARGET RANGE

On or about September 1, 1917, the Regimental Commander con-

¹ 322d Field Artillery.

² Chillicothe, Ohio.

cerned was placed on a Board of Officers by the Division Commander¹ with two other officers, one a Colonel of Infantry and one a Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry; to investigate and report upon the entire matter of target ranges for this division, both for small arms and artillery firing.

The selection of a Small Arms Range was a comparatively simple matter and a suitable range was found within about three miles of the cantonment area.



RATTLESNAKE HOLLOW

within a thirty-mile radius of the cantonment before a site at all suitable could be located. The site finally reported to the Division Commander as suitable was so reported, not because it was a particularly good one, but because it was the only one that could be found anywhere within the vicinity. The Division Commander had directed that the Range must be within a reasonable marching distance of the cantonment.

The site selected was some ten miles from the cantonment in a small sheltered valley. This valley was some three miles long by less than a mile broad at its widest point, with land of but little value and

The selection of an Artillery Range in this thickly settled section of the state was a more difficult matter; several weeks' time and many gallons of gasoline were expended in visiting nearly every square mile of ground



DETAIL

¹ Maj. Gen. Edwin F. Glenn.

only a few scattered small farms. There was a well-defined stream with abundant and pure water supply flowing through the valley with plenty of downed, dead wood in the hills. A large hill, or, rather, a small mountain, backed by a well-defined ridge furnished a most excellent firing butt at the far end of the valley.

A fairly large farmhouse, with a barn and outbuildings, at the lower end of the valley, furnished a suitable place for Range Headquarters, with an excellent, large room for holding critiques.

Adjacent to this farmhouse was a level, well-drained meadow, near the creek, which furnished a most suitable place for erecting tents for the camp and stable covers for the animals. All details as to rental of ground and buildings were taken care of by an officer of the Quartermaster Department from the Headquarters of the Department in which this cantonment is situated.

On December 20, the Regimental Commander

was informed that the Range had been rented by the Government and that his Regiment would be expected to start its target practice not later than January 15, 1918.

January 1, 1918, a detail of some one hundred men made up proportionately from the three Regiments of this Artillery Bri-



MAKING ROAD



BUILDING KITCHEN

gade was sent to the Range under charge of a First Lieutenant¹ of this Regiment—this officer was chosen because of his pre-



BUILDING DAM

vious experience in construction and contracting work. This officer was detailed as permanent Range and Supply Officer and actually lived at the Range during all the time this Regiment was there. He took charge of all matters concerning the supply and upkeep of the Range and conducted all arrange-

ments necessary with the Quartermaster Department. Verbal instructions were given this officer to prepare the farmhouse for occupancy by Regimental Headquarters, officers of one Battalion detail, including Battalion Commander² and his Adjutant,³ and to procure and erect sufficient tents, cook shacks, stable shelters, etc., to accommodate one full Battery of Artillery, a Battalion Headquarters and the necessary extra officers.



CAMP

Pyramidal tents were permanently installed with tent floors and Sibley stoves. Cook houses were erected from lumber furnished by the Quartermaster Department. A well was driven, giving an abundant supply of excellent water (which was tested by the Medical Department) for cooking and drinking purposes. Stable shelters, made of poles and brush driven into the side of a bank and covered with tarpaulins, were erected. The Range Officer was directed to con-

¹ Lieut. Chas. D. Wilcox, Battery C.

² Maj. S. R. Hopkins.

³ Capt. Newell Garfield.

struct an artillery target range along the lines, as far as the topography of the ground would permit, as laid down in War Department Memorandum "Re-Construction of Target Range to Conform to Condition of Trench Warfare." This memorandum can be secured upon request from the office of the Chief of Field Artillery, Washington.

In connection with the above, the following should be noted:

1. Select as Range Supply Officer a competent, energetic officer, if possible, one who has had previous experience along construction lines, and give him concise, definite orders as to what you want done.

2. Give him the necessary commissioned officers as assistants (not more than two should be needed), furnish him with the necessary enlisted details for construction work, and then, though, of course, you supervise his work, do not bother him. Tell him you expect results, and leave him alone as much as possible.

It is believed that certain portions of

the report of the Range, Supply and Mess Officers will be of interest as they furnish data for other Range, Supply and Mess Officers.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF RANGE SUPPLY OFFICER

"On the evening of December 30, 1917, the writer was ordered by the Regimental Commander to proceed to the Target Range and



SAWING WOOD



STONY CREEK RANGE

commence the construction of an Artillery Target Range for the use of the Artillery Brigade. A set of plans and specifications from the War Department was furnished and the range was to be completed by January 14, 1918.



TENTING IN WINTER

"Monday, December 31, 1917, was spent in securing information as to leases, boundaries of the range and mapping out of general schedule of operation. The writer found that the Quartermaster Corps had covered the ground very thoroughly and had already

made leases covering most of the property involved. Final settlements were made with the tenants during the ensuing week and the Range was cleared of inhabitants. On this date also requisition was made on the Quartermaster for tents, flooring and stoves.

"Tuesday, January 1, 1918, the writer, accompanied by a Captain of French Artillery,¹ made a preliminary reconnaissance of the Range and tentative target and observation positions were gone over. On Wednesday, January 2, 1918, a visit was made to the Range by the Regimental Commander and the selection of the above positions was approved and final instructions given as to the conduct of the work.



TENT LIFE IN WINTER

"Thursday, January 3, 1918, a party of about twenty men, composed chiefly of mechanics from the three Artillery Regiments, moved

¹ Capt. Tommy Martin.

out to the Range and established a temporary camp in an old schoolhouse. In addition to this party there were two officers and two enlisted men from the Engineers, who at once started to establish the axis or center line of the Range. The weather was very cold and most of Friday was spent in providing cover for the wagon teams. We also received on Friday afternoon six pyramidal tents and enough lumber to floor them from the Quartermaster Corps. Work was started on the erecting of these at once and Saturday the detail moved from the schoolhouse into the tents. The schoolhouse at the lower end of the range was refloored Saturday and the furniture moved from the schoolhouse near the target area, which was ordered abandoned.



MESS

"Sunday, January 6, 1918, the railroad placed a car of lumber from the Quartermaster on the siding, this being followed by a carload of tents and stoves on Monday. The work at the schoolhouse was completed and furniture placed on this date, but owing to the heavy rain no other work was done.



CAISSON—FORWARD!

"Monday, January 7, 1918, found everything frozen up again. A Lieutenant¹ of the Regiment came out with

sixty-six men drawn equally from the regimental organizations of the Brigade. The Regimental Mess Officer also arrived and took charge of the messing of the detail. That afternoon a Lieutenant went up the Range with about thirty men and established camp in the

¹ Lieut. R. Seabright, Battery D.

schoolhouse near the target area where the balance of the week was spent in constructing the German trenches and two observation posts.

"On Wednesday, January 9, 1918, a further detail of about fifty men was brought out from the Brigade and twenty-five of these were



CANNONEERS—FORWARD!

sent to the Lieutenant at the schoolhouse for work on the trenches. The German trenches and two observation posts were completed on the afternoon of January 13.

"During the week of January 7, forty-eight tents were floored and erected, kitchen built, two latrines erected and stable room for sixty head provided, and covered,

under the hill just south of the tents. During this week, a Lieutenant¹ of Headquarters Company laid wire from the forward observing posts to the gun positions and established telephone communication. The Engineer officers also completed their work, platted the axis line and other salient points on the Range. Two families were also moved out by Government teams.



PIECES IN POSITION

"On Monday, January 14, 1918, the Range was ready for firing, but access to the camp was cut off by a heavy snowfall. The Regimental Commander with Headquarters Company and D Battery

arrived on Thursday, January 17, and fired the first shots on January 18. No firing was done on Saturday or Sunday and the time was spent in clearing the trenches of snowdrifts which had com-

¹ Lieut. H. Brooks, Hdq. Co.

pletely obliterated them, and in constructing a third observation post on the top of Kaiser Hill. Firing was resumed on Monday, January 21.

"On January 23, 1918, a fatigue party of about forty-five men was brought out from the Regiment and on the 24th and 25th a system of front-line American trenches was put in about 300 yards from the German trenches. On the 28th and 29th two new observation posts were built, one behind the American front line and one on Crown Prince Hill. On February 7, another observation post was completed on the top of Crown Prince Hill, making six bomb-proof observation posts in all. All were constructed in dead of winter with zero temperature and some foot and a half of snow. On the 7th and 8th, a barbed-wire entanglement was placed in front of the German



PIECES IN POSITION



GETTING PIECES READY TO FIRE

first-line trenches. On February 10 an 85-foot well with excellent water was completed near the camp kitchen and at once put in operation. In addition to the tents and flooring, 250 canvas cots were furnished by the Quartermaster for the use of the men at the Range.

"On February 14, 1918, bedding straw

stored in one of the pyramidal tents caught fire from some unknown cause and the tent was destroyed.

"A brief recapitulation of the work done between January 3 and February 10, 1918, follows:



DEFLECTION SETTING

Fifty-two pyramidal tents floored and erected;

Five wall tents erected;

Stable room for seventy-five head provided;

System of German front line, support and communicating trenches dug;

System of American front line trenches dug;

Six bomb-proof observation posts built;

Two hundred and fifty targets made, placed and maintained;

Four-hundred-foot section of road built and small bridge thrown across stream;

Telephone communication established by Headquarters Company with all gun positions and observation posts;

Eighty-five-foot well drilled by Quartermaster Corps;

Two families moved;

One schoolhouse refloored and school furniture moved in place;

House at Range Headquarters cleaned and repaired;

Stable at Headquarters house remodeled and capacity doubled;

Four latrines dug and erected;

Trees and brush cleared away at gun positions and observation posts;

Artillery Targets maintained and wire entanglements placed in front of German front line trenches."

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF REGIMENTAL MESS OFFICER¹

"Pursuant to Regimental Order of January 1, 1918, twenty-four men proceeded to the Artillery Range on January 2, as a working party.

"This number was increased daily until a maximum of 152 men were present. This number fluctuated daily. The working party remained until January 17. During this time, from January 2, 1918, to January 17, 1918, there was a total of 1484 men present. The

¹ Lieut. A. Sackett, Reg. Staff.

ration saving of \$35.34 was made on messes of these men with an additional \$25.02 from officers who boarded with the mess. The transportation of supplies was particularly difficult at this time, owing to the snow, mud, frozen and slippery roads, but at no time was there any lack of food supplies at the target range; the transportation furnished by the Supply Officer¹ of the Regiment was extremely efficient."

NOTE: By Regimental Commander.

The Supply Officer of the Regiment concerned is an ex-noncommissioned officer of the regular service of nearly thirty years' service, some twenty years of which has been in the grade of Sergeant, First Sergeant and Regimental Supply Sergeant.



LOAD

"On the 17th day of January the first battery of the Regiment arrived on the Range. The Headquarters Company of the Regiment kept a permanent detail there of some seventy men. These men, along with the working party, kept the average of men at the

Range up to about 250 men until the close of firing on February 21, 1918. The messing of the men was done by the Battery firing under the supervision of the Regimental Mess Officer, who also conducted an Officers' Mess for the permanent Staff Detail of some fifteen officers



GUN IN POSITION READY TO FIRE

and also prepared one meal for the Regimental Officers who came out daily to witness the firing.

"Two army field ranges were set up on a raised platform in a permanent wooden kitchen, giving a continuous cooking service on

¹ Capt. Christen Dissing, Supply Co.

the fire plate and also attachments. The service was sufficient for the preparation of food for 250 men, but the range was entirely too

light in construction to sustain the weight of the food and the heat of the fire.

"An emergency supply of five days' rations was kept in storage at the Range at all times in order to prepare for emergencies of winter, and breaking down of transportation.

"The cooks were efficient in cooking meals and prompt in preparation. This was due,



J. SAUNDERS FIRES FIRST SHELL

no doubt, to the prior training the cooks had received in the Regimental School for Cooks and Bakers, which included outdoor cooking on the field ranges and improvised clay ovens and ranges, including cooking trenches, bean pits, etc."

NOTE: By Regimental Commander.

It is particularly necessary to train the battery cooks at as early a date as possible in all the expedients to be used in field cooking.



FIRING FIRST SHELL. NATIONAL ARMY, 322^d F. A.

III. PRIMARY INSTRUCTION OF OFFICERS AND MEN LEADING UP TO ACTUAL SERVICE PRACTICE

Since November 9, 1917, when the receiving of men from the draft was completed in this Regiment, a Regimental School of Fire has been conducted daily under the supervision of a Major¹ of this Regi-

¹ Major S. R. Hopkins.

ment, who is a graduate of the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and a former instructor at that school. This school was for Battery Commanders and selected First Lieutenants. At this time, but at a different hour, a supplementary School of Fire was held for all officers not in the first school. This school was also under the supervision of the Major above referred to, but was directly conducted by a Captain¹ of this Regiment, who is a graduate of the Officers' Training Camp, and who had shown most satisfactory progress in the principles and preparation of firing data.



PIECE FIRING

These schools were carried on with indoor terrain board during bad weather and outdoor smoke bomb practice whenever the weather permitted. The officers were taught the principles of fire as taught at Fort Sill. These

principles were later brought out in the critiques of the actual service firing, which were held daily on the target range during the afternoons following the morning firing.



UNLOAD

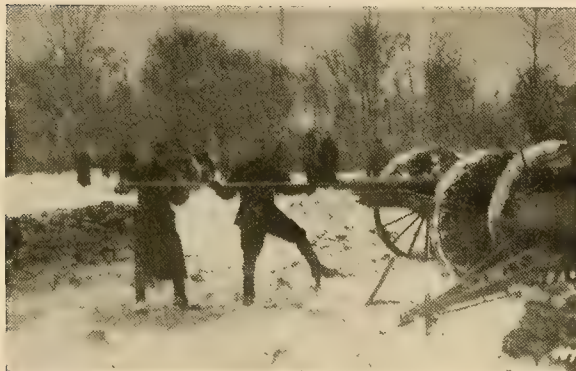
It is absolutely necessary before officers be allowed to fire service ammunition that they be thoroughly

grounded in the principles of fire and this can be best accomplished by the methods above given. In addition to the above principles of fire, officers' schools in general artillery subjects were conducted

¹ Capt. Newell Garfield, Adj. 2d Bn.

for periods of not less than two hours daily in the evenings, covering in general the following subjects:

Manual for Battery Commanders;
Meteorological Elements Affecting Artillery;



CLEANING PIECES

Manual for Orientation Officer;
Lateral Observations;

Notes on Artillery Training; Working Formations of Battery Details; Dismounted Drill; Gun Drill; Visual Signaling; Cordage; Physical Drill; Property Accountability; Matériel; Preparation of Firing Data; Topography; Maps and Plan Directeur; Map Coördinates; Organization Tables; Fire Con-

trol Instruments; Harness Fitting and Draft; Telephone and Telegraphic Communication; Telegraphy with Service Buzzer; Range Tables; Corrections of the Moment; Including Wind and Atmospheric Corrections; Corrections for Muzzle Velocity; Temperature of Powder, etc.; Exterior Ballistics and Gunnery; Stable Management; Equitation; Camouflage; Anti-gas Instruction; Methods of Communicating with Aircraft from the Ground; Artillery Field Fortifications.



FIRE!

IV. EQUIPMENT

On November 5, 1917, two 3-inch American guns were assigned to this Regiment and on January 1, 1918, two more guns which had been with the other Field Artillery Regiment of the Brigade were also turned over to me. The entire equipment for the Regiment consisted of four 3-inch model 1902 guns; eight caissons, model

1902, with twelve limbers; eight sets of wheel and sixteen sets of lead and swing harness; four panoramic sights, complete; six bracket fuze setters; one B. C. instrument, old model 1905; four field artillery telephones, buzzer type; and approximately four miles of field wire and one mile of buzzer wire; sixteen sets of semaphore flag sets; two megaphones; fifteen pairs of field glasses, type EE.



The above matériel, forming four sections, was used by one battery for instruction purposes for an entire half day, commencing January 7. Drill periods were from 7.40 a.m. to 11.00 a.m. and from 12.50 p.m. to 3.00 p.m.

The Battery Commander personally commanded the mounted



FIRE! PIECE IN RECOIL

battery and took such steps as were necessary to insure taking advantage of the entire time allotted for battery drill and firing instruction. The entire commissioned and enlisted personnel to complete these sections came from the battery then using the matériel for drill. The following is some idea of the manner in which

the matériel was used by the different batteries:

Battery A—Monday morning
 Battery B—Monday afternoon
 Battery C—Tuesday morning
 Battery D—Tuesday afternoon
 Battery E—Wednesday morning
 Battery F—Wednesday afternoon

Battery A—Thursday morning
 Battery B—Thursday afternoon
 Battery C—Friday morning
 Battery D—Friday afternoon
 Battery E—Monday morning
 Battery F—Monday afternoon

A First Lieutenant was placed directly in charge of the drill for the gun squads and the different squads were kept constantly at drill from early in the morning until late at night, every available minute



BATTERY ONE ROUND! FIRE!

being made use of. In the evening, sights, quadrants, fuze setters, etc., were taken to the barracks and men drilled in their use and their uses explained to them by an officer for at least two hours. When outside duty, such as exterior or interior guard or division fatigue, prevented a battery from taking its

proper place in the schedule, the next battery immediately took over the matériel.

Under this intensive training, the gun crews of the different batteries were fairly well grounded in their duties by the time they were required to fire on the range.

V. PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENT

The following is an extract from a regimental order concerning preliminary arrangements and precautions for safety.

“All officers assigned or attached to batteries will attend target practice.

“Officers who are not assigned specific duties as enumerated in tables of organization will be attached to B. C. Detail. Officers will take bedding rolls, full field equipment; they will mess with the battery.



FIRE!

“The 2d Battalion Detail will accompany this battery and remain

on target range during target practice of the 2d Battalion. Adjutant of the 2d Battalion will make necessary arrangements to insure his detail being equipped for target practice. The Battalion Detail will mess with the battery firing. The Major of the 2d Battalion will have general supervision of target practice of his Battalion. The Major¹ of the 1st Battalion will have charge of all schools of the Regiment and be in command of the Regiment while the Regimental Commander is absent at the target range. *All officers of the Regiment, except one officer left with each battery, will report daily at the Target*



THREE-INCH PIECE

Range during days of actual firing, not later than 8.00 a.m. Telephone information will be furnished from the target range to the Regimental Adjutant² in time for him to notify all officers.

“The Regimental Supply Officer will furnish transportation required in connection with batteries going to the target range. He will keep a reserve allowance of five days’ rations for a complete battery, officers and enlisted men, on the target range at all times. He will keep a minimum allowance of two days’ forage for the maximum number of animals on the range at all times.



U. S. ARMY SERGEANT

“The Regimental Surgeon³ will detail one commissioned Medical Officer and necessary enlisted medical personnel, provided with medical supplies for permanent duty at the target range.”

¹ Maj. Alpha Brumage.² Capt. G. S. Webber.³ Maj. H. J. Repman.

VI. SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

“Second Lieutenant Blank,¹ F. A., is detailed as Target Communi-



LEFT SECTION—FORWARD!

cations and Safety Officer of the Target Range during regimental target practice. He will establish such communication between the firing points, observation stations and range party as may be necessary and equipment will permit. After consulting with the officer in charge of the Range, he will be responsible for the proper posting of

the guards and safety signs and flags. Eleven posts will be established as indicated on the attached map in red. All of the above sentinels and guards will be posted by the Safety Officer each day before firing commences. Guards will be informed of the hours upon which firing will commence and cease.

“The Safety Officer’s attention is invited to paragraph 87, page 188, to paragraph 88, page 201, inclusive, Compilation of General Orders Circulars, and Bulletins of War Department, 1881-1915.

“Each sentinel will have in his possession a typewritten copy of orders given him for his post and his particular



B. C. STATION ON ARTILLERY RANGE

¹ Lieut. J. Morrison (killed in action near Verdun, October 15, 1918).

duties. These instructions will cover in detail the following points:

(a) My post is No. — and extends from — to —.

(b) My orders are to allow no civilians, stock or animals of any description to remain in or enter upon any portion of the target range while I am on post.

(c) To warn all civilians and soldiers against picking up or handling in any way any projectiles, shells or fuzes, explaining to them that to do so may cause an explosion that may result in injury or may even cause death.

(d) To locate, as far as possible, any unexploded projectile and report same to the Range Officer.

“A copy of this order and a copy of instructions given to all guards will be in the possession of Major¹ — and Lieutenant² — at all times and an additional copy of each of the above, with attached map, will be kept



MAJ. HOPKINS IN B. C. STATION

posted on bulletin board in the office of the Adjutant of the Range.”

VII. SERVICE PRACTICE

The firing was commenced with D Battery of the Regiment on January 19 and continued daily, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays included, until February 20, being interrupted only by the necessary time taken up in changing batteries on the Range, it being impracticable to keep more than one battery on duty there at a time. The batteries proceeded to the target range under draft and complete field equipment, as far as equipment on hand would permit.

Roads were very slippery, covered with ice, and draft was very

¹ Maj. S. R. Hopkins.

² Lieut. J. Morrison.

difficult. Road in several places so narrow as to be just wide enough for wheels of carriage, very careful driving was necessary. Two caissons loaded with ammunition turned completely over down an embankment but with no damage to matériel, men or animals.

Upon arrival at a point about two miles from the target range area, each battery commander was given a problem to solve, arranged by the Battalion Commander, requiring a march to, selection of and occupation of a position in observation, ready to open fire. This included preparation of firing data, selection of objectives, registration points, auxiliary aiming points and positions for flank observers.



SCENE ON ARTILLERY RANGE

Due to the very deep mud that existed during the firing of several batteries, it was necessary to construct gun platforms; in most cases these were made of the trunks of small trees cut near the gun positions. The gun positions had to be drained and in many cases the guns lifted up out of



RANGE CAMP

the mud on the above built-up platforms before they could be fired. Though the above was of a necessity very hard work, it furnished excellent instruction for the officers and men concerned.

A total of 121 problems were fired by the different officers of the Regiment.

The number of problems fired by officers of the Regiment follows:

Regimental Commander	1
Regimental Adjutant	1
Regimental Supply Officer	1
C. O., Headquarters Company	3
Battalion Adjutants	8
One Captain, attached	2
Regimental Ordnance Officer	1
Regimental Mess Officer	1
Officers of Supply Company	2
Officers of Headquarters Company	15
Captains, commanding batteries, average, each	8
First Lieutenants, Executive and Reconnaissance Officers, average, each	2
All other officers, each	1



STABLES

VIII. SERVICE PRACTICE (Continued)

The weather during most of the time of this target practice was extremely cold. Several problems were fired with the thermometer registering several degrees below zero. At another time several problems were fired in a blinding snowstorm, and on other occasions problems were fired in a driving rain.

Two night problems were fired with tracer ammunition, both shell and shrapnel, using a previously prepared



RESTING

barrage table obtained from data of previous firing, corrected for the moment. Signal for commencement of barrage fire given from F. O. P. in infantry first line by signal rockets. The battery answered at once by laying down a standing barrage on the German front-line trench. At the end of five minutes' firing, the barrage changed to a

creeping barrage covering the ground from the German front-line trench to German support line trench by jumps of fifty yards and ending on the German support trench.

Actual conditions as existing on the Western Front in the European war were simulated whenever possible. Trenches were dug representing American and German front lines, support and communication trenches. Machine-gun targets were constructed and placed in dugouts, barbed-wire entanglements were built and fired

at with shell. The allowance of shell, however, was so small as to produce but very little effect. Observation posts were constructed and used with both telephone and semaphore communication. Gun pits were dug for the guns and gun crews. Camouflage was constructed over the guns and on the last day of firing guns were pushed forward into direct fire positions and fired with extremely short ranges.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES. ECUREY, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 11, 1918

The ranges used varied from the last day's firing, when the shortest range was 900 yards, up to approximately 5000 yards, which was the longest range available.

One daytime barrage problem was fired, with previously prepared firing data, corrected for the moment.

The first four rounds each day were fired at a designated trench as target, using the data from the previous day's firing, corrections for the moment having been applied for the temperature of the air, atmospheric pressure, hydrometric conditions, temperature of powder and the wind components.

Four forward observation posts were constructed in the area of the American front-line trenches and used by the Battery Commanders to conduct the fire of their batteries, using both telephone and semaphore signals. When the Battery Commanders were in a position of observation near their batteries, these forward observa-

tion posts were used as positions for the forward observation officer who telephoned information as to the necessary changes in firing data. One of these F. O. P.'s was directly in the line of fire, and, in one problem, two shrapnel burst directly on the roof of the dug-out, but did no damage to either the F. O. O.¹ or to his recorder, telephone operator, or telephone connections.

Flank observers were used by the Battery Commanders whenever possible. They were particularly useful to give necessary changes in deflection when Battery Commander was in F. O. P. near his target.

A progressive battle map was made during the continuance of the firing with the position of all gun emplacements, American and

German first line, support and communicating trenches, F. O. P.'s, Range Officer's dugout, etc., shown on it, as well as all other targets fired upon.

The Range Officer, the Officer supervising the fire and *all Artillery Observers* kept an accurate account of every shot fired.

Blackboard critiques were held immediately

after the firing and all problems discussed and criticized under the personal supervision of the Regimental Commander, assisted by the Battalion Commanders.

¹ Capt. P. R. Mather.



BATTERY E, 322^d FIELD ARTILLERY, ENTERING SOBIEY AT CLOSE OF THE FIRST DAY'S MARCH TO THE RHINE. POPULAR WELCOME, SOBIEY, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 18, 1918



322^d FIELD ARTILLERY PARKED IN FIELD CLOSE TO MANTERNACH, LUXEMBOURG, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

The above notes were not written with any idea that they present anything remarkable or out of the ordinary. They are merely the result of one Regimental Commander's experience, given in the hope that they may be of some help to others confronted with similar or even greater difficulties, and who may not have the assistance of several excellent officers with Regular Artillery training. It is believed that the time is certainly coming when the Regimental Commander of the new National Army Field Artillery Regiments will have had but little actual experience other than that acquired at the training camp and at Fort Sill. If the above helps in solving in any little particular, any of the numerous problems that may come up, the end sought will have been attained.



THE 322^d FIELD ARTILLERY PARKED IN FIELD LESS THAN FIFTEEN HOURS AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE GERMANS. NIEDERANVEN, LUXEMBOURG, NOVEMBER 22, 1918



VIEW OF WASSERBILLIG AND OSWEILER, GERMANY, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SAUER RIVER, WASSERBILLIG, LUXEMBOURG, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

Results are expected no matter what the conditions confronting you are. The only place where failure to produce results will be welcomed will be in the lines of the German forces confronting you.

In the vocabulary of the Field Artilleryman, there are no such words as "It can't be done"; and also there should be no such words as "I will try." The only thing to do is to find out exactly what is wanted of you, be sure you understand your instructions, and then produce results quickly.

Before the target practice was completed, officers began to go in

increasing numbers to Fort Sill for the course at the School of Fire. One every week and occasionally two were detailed in accordance with orders from Washington, and were absent from the Regiment about eleven weeks each. This did not interfere with the vigorous program of instruction carried out in Section Q; on the contrary, it was more arduous than ever.

The receipt of considerable harness caused special emphasis to

be laid on mounted-road work and very frequent hikes of one, two and even three days were the rule, to say nothing of night hikes. The Supply Company had more than their share of such work as a result of a Division order that all supplies must be hauled at night. An unusually large number of Field Inspections took place this spring as well as ordinary inspections and reviews.

The tactical side was not neglected, for on every road march a problem was given, reconnaissance made, a position occupied, data computed, communication established, sketches made, etc. By



322^d FIELD ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH SCHONE,
GERMANY, DECEMBER 1, 1918

a rotation of personnel, all were given actual experience in performing these operations in spite of the limited equipment available.

Meantime, schools were not relaxed and more than the usual number of lectures were heard, while drill and athletics went on as usual. Although the drain on our numbers to fill up other organizations continued to such an extent that we fell to nearly six hundred below our authorized strength, our stock was given a big boom by Gen. Glenn's return from overseas. He brought from Washington the

impression that the 83d was there regarded as the most advanced National Army Division in the country, and rumors of our departure were revived with a new confidence. The startling successes of the enemy and the resulting well-known "Speeding-up" of overseas movements brought conviction that our turn was not far off, so that the actual event when it came was no surprise.

May 22, 1918. In compliance with a telegram from the War Department, the Regiment was this date placed under orders for overseas movements. From now on all else lost its importance while preparations for departure took precedence.

May 23. Telegrams were sent to officers at Fort Sill and elsewhere absent, directing their immediate return to Camp Sherman.

May 24. Regular schedule still in force. Nothing of importance.

May 25. The regular drill schedule was still in force, part of the organizations remaining in barracks, turning in property not to be taken overseas,

and packing equipment for shipment across. A board consisting of thirty-nine officers of the Regiment examined each article of equipment authorized to be taken; shortages were reported and filled.

May 26. All drills were suspended and every organization concentrated on packing for the trip. Drills at Camp Sherman will from now on be one of the reminiscences of training. Though on many Sundays hundreds of visitors were in camp, they could now be counted in thousands. The bulk of equipment will be shipped by freight, only personal equipment and a few fire-control instruments being taken in the baggage. Miniature terrain boards have been constructed for use on board ship and instruction in officers' schools will be carried out as usual.

May 27. Col. Warfield returned to-day from Fort Sill and took charge of the preparations. All horses were turned in.

May 28. The exact date of departure is not yet known but it is expected to be in about three days. All officers on detached service at Fort Sill have now returned to the Regiment.



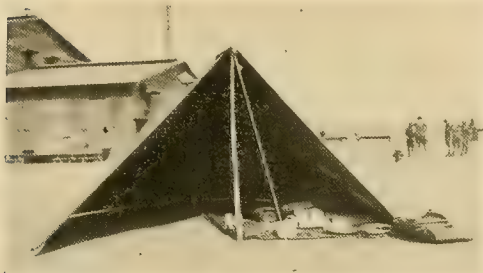
OUR PUP TENT HOMES

May 29. The entire day was spent in packing.

May 30. The entraining orders of the Regiment were received to-day. We are to move to Hoboken on June 2, in four sections, the first section leaving at 1.00 p.m., the second and third section following on the same day, and the fourth section on June 3.

May 31. All matériel was turned in to-day. It is understood that after arrival in France this brigade will be equipped with French seventy-five mm. guns and 155 mm. Schneider howitzers. Maj. Hopkins was temporarily placed in command of the 323^d Field Artillery.

June 1. The heavy freight was shipped. Everything is in order for leaving. Capt. Talbot, aide-de-camp to Gen. Glenn, is issuing marriage licenses for all who wish to embark upon the sea of matrimony prior to crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Chaplain Rinard married five men in the Regiment.



PUP TENT PREPARED FOR INSPECTION

June 2. The Commanding Officer, Regimental Headquarters and the first section left at 1.00 p.m. to-day. The strength

of the Regiment on leaving Camp Sherman was as follows:

Present for duty	55 officers
Present for duty	1356 enlisted men
Detachments	8 officers
Detachments	13 enlisted men

A total of 57 enlisted men left back on detached service and sick. The second and third sections left during the afternoon.

June 3. The fourth and last section left at 10.00 a.m. The Regiment will stop at Camp Mills, Long Island, for a rigid inspection prior to removal to port of embarkation. The entire trip was made notable by the continuous demonstration of enthusiasm accorded us by the people of the towns and country through which we passed.

June 4. Regiment arrived at Camp Mills. It is expected that the stay in this camp will be limited.

June 5. The Supply Officer was very busy during the day issuing articles that were not available at Camp Sherman.

June 6. The Regiment was inspected by the Inspector General of the Camp and commended for its condition with reference to its equipment, no shortages being discovered.

June 7. Marking time at Camp Mills.

June 8. Orders expected at Camp Headquarters for departure of the Regiment to-morrow. All pass privileges were revoked, although up to this time as many officers and men as possible were given opportunity to see New York in accordance with the wish of Gen. Glenn.

June 9. Several cases of measles developed to-day. C Battery was placed in quarantine. Entraining orders were not received as expected and Regiment remained in camp.

June 10. Orders received to entrain to-morrow morning. Commanding Officer and advance party left at 7.00 a.m. and all property was placed in baggage cars at 2.00 p.m.

June 11. Regiment up, packed and ready to leave at 3.00 a.m. First train left at 8.00 a.m. Boarded ferry boats at Long Island City and



FAREWELL! LEAVING CAMP FOR A LONG, LONG JOURNEY

sailed around Manhattan Island to White Star Pier No. 58. Our transport was found to be the S. S. *Canopic*. Several hours were spent at the pier during which time coffee was served by the Red Cross and "I have arrived safely overseas" postal cards were addressed and put in the hands of dock officials. At 5.00 p.m. everyone was on board. Careful checking brought out the fact that there was not an A. W. O. L. in the Regiment. The ship was camouflaged in blue, black and gray colors. Quarters of officers and men were inspected and found to be reasonably good. Dock officials said that the 322^d F. A. cheered more and made more noise than any organization which they had seen embark for overseas.

June 12. In a drizzling rain at 8.05 a.m. the S. S. *Canopic* slipped out into the Hudson River and started on its journey overseas. The city of New York was covered with a thick mist, but the Statue of

Liberty stood out prominently in the harbor. Several other ships were seen leaving their berths at the same time and they fell in single file and went down the river through the Ambrose Channel to a point a few miles off Sandy Hook where the convoy was formed. No one was allowed above deck until Manhattan Island had disappeared well in the rear. A few torpedo-boat destroyers joined the convoy, which was formed at first in single file and later in line formation. The ships which were to go over together were gathered from all parts of the world. The *Carpathia* was probably the best-known boat in the convoy as it had made itself famous as the rescue ship of the S. S. *Titanic* a few years before. The auxiliary cruiser *Plattsburg*, which was formerly the liner *New York* and on which the Regiment returned nearly a year later, was seeing service in its second war.



LOADING AT SHERMAN

The *Corsican* and *Grampian* belonged to the Allan Line and formerly plied between Scotland and the United States. The *Megantic* was a White Star Liner which had formerly been in the same Mediterranean service as the *Canopic*. The *Leicestershire*, with the 324th F. A. on board, was a Bibby Liner which used to run between

England and India. The *Edinburgh Castle* of the Union Castle Line had been fitted up as an auxiliary cruiser and was manned by a Royal Navy Crew. It had formerly been a passenger liner between England and South Africa. The *Anchises* and *Mananui* had been brought from New Zealand. They were the two smallest ships in the convoy, their former route having been between Sydney, Australia, and ports in New Zealand.

The sea was fairly choppy and several officers and men registered as being sick.

June 13. Windy and slightly hazy. The number of sick increased perceptibly. The American destroyers left and the U. S. S. *San Diego* picked up the convoy and took its place in the center of the line and well in front of the ships. Lifeboats and lifeboat drill were placed theoretically in charge of a British Sergeant Major who was a typical Scotchman in every sense of the word. Orders were issued for life preservers to be worn at all times and six blasts of the ship's whistle

constituted the danger signal. Supply Company was designated as lifeboat guard on account of its being equipped with rifles. Boat drill with the ship's crew was held at 9.00 a.m. In addition to boat drills the daily routine consisted of physical exercises, close-order drill, instruction of special details in instrument work and an athletic period of one-half hour. Each organization was allotted a certain portion of deck space where all formations were held and games were played. Special lifeboats were not assigned to each organization as it had been found by previous experience that this led to confusion in



GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEARTS, WIVES 'N MOTHERS—LEAVING CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO, FOR
DUTY IN FRANCE

case of emergency. The policy was to fill up lifeboats with the troops nearest to it at the time of an accident.

June 14. The sea was very calm and daylight found the S. S. *Canopic* well in the rear of the entire convoy. This was due to some trouble with the electric steering machinery which had been tinkered with during the night, according to the crew. Investigation failed to find any person guilty of the offense and an extra guard was detailed during the remainder of the voyage to see that no one was allowed near the steering machinery. Rumors of German spies on board began to circulate. As a precaution against submarines there was found to be an obsolete naval gun manned by a British Naval Reserve crew. This gave no particular sense of security as it was a gun that

had been salvaged from a sunken battleship and had never been able to function with any degree of accuracy since.

The captain of the ship gave out the information that the probable destination was Liverpool and that the course would be very southerly for the first four or five days, after which it would turn at right angles and go almost due north.

June 15. The *Canopic* retook its place in line and was ordered to sail slowly behind the other ships and keep a lookout for the S. S. *Carpathia* which had not been able to keep pace with the others on account of boiler trouble. Officers' school was established and

held in the libraries after tea. Terrain-board work and training bulletins were taken up on alternate days by the First and Second Battalions. A permanent Provost Officer was appointed for the entire voyage, whose duty it was to superintend the policing of the ship. In addition there was an officer of the day, officer of the guard



OHIO RIVER

and a regular guard detail. The instrument details found that the most interesting work they could perform was to gaze at the social activities on board the neighboring ships through their new observation instruments.

The principal amusement of the men seemed to be talking with the members of the English crew, which was composed of a combination of young men and crippled war veterans. One of the crew had a Victoria Cross. The strict rules of no lights at night, and the closing of all portholes, were rigidly adhered to.

June 16. The sea was calm. Until 3.00 p.m. the temperature was exceedingly warm, but during the afternoon the course was changed out of the Gulf Stream and the temperature dropped about twenty degrees in a few hours. The Regimental Chaplain held services in the main dining room which was completely filled both in the morning and the afternoon. These services made a lasting impression on the officers and men. In the afternoon it was discovered that some

one had written along the lower deck "Gott strafe England and the United States." This lent a good bit of excitement to the day. The perpetrator was never discovered. A band concert was held in the afternoon and scheduled for every afternoon for the remainder of the voyage, weather and health of musicians permitting. The ships continued their zigzag courses, each change in direction being made on schedule exactly to the second. Six Sergeants, who were expert signalmen, were placed at the disposal of the captain of the ship for duty on the bridge, as there was constant signaling between the ships in the daytime by semaphore and at night by projectors.

June 17. The *Mananui*, whose place in the convoy was in the right rear of the *Canopic*, seemed to take delight in seeing how close she could come to the latter without destroying both ships. The radio received word from passing ships that they had encountered submarines two hundred miles off the coast of England and also that Austria was suing for peace. The men came to the conclusion to-day that the British live on nothing but fish as that has been the principal article of diet on board since leaving the port of embarkation. The monkey on board has been one of the principal objects of amusement for officers and men as well as the ship's crew.

June 18. Very hazy and sea rough. Fairly large proportion of sickness. Many officers were conspicuous by their absence from school and mess. Regimental Provost Officer trailed an offending photographer and found it to be the aged ship's doctor who had been taking snapshots of men in different parts of the boat. This was contrary to military regulations and the films were destroyed. Officers' school took up the study of "Barrages" as set forth in a document compiled by Gen. Fleming, the Brigade Commander. The convoy was nearing the danger zone and an extra twenty-four hour submarine guard was established which kept about one-third of the officers on guard all the time. Orders were issued that everyone should sleep with clothes on. The night was very foggy and at fre-



EN ROUTE

quent intervals blasts of the ship's whistle were blown as a fog alarm. At night five blasts of the ship's whistle were blown and it was taken by many officers and men to be the danger signal and they started to form on deck preparatory to taking to the lifeboats.

June 19. Very dense fog. It was necessary for the ships to keep in touch with each other by various kinds of whistle blasts. The usual routine of medical examinations took place. The officers who knew nothing about the English monetary system endeavored to teach it to the men, who in the end probably knew less about it than ever.

The fact of the ship having traveled far northward was evident by the increasing length of the days.

June 20. Foggy, and sea was somewhat rougher than usual. Extra lookouts were posted all over the ship. Rumors began to

circulate that an escort of British destroyers would arrive, but the day passed without their appearing. The marine chart showed the position to be 55-22, about 700 miles west of the north end of Scotland. The temperature of the water was very low and the air cooler than heretofore.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

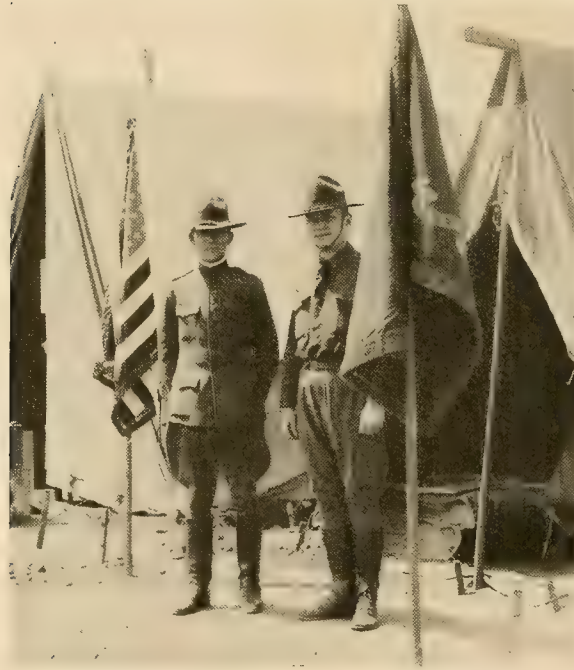
June 21. Everyone spent the day scanning the horizon for the destroyers. A small British merchantman was sighted. It was the first commercial ship seen since leaving New York. In the latter part of the afternoon the cruiser *San Diego* disappeared on the horizon and was never seen again. It was found out when we reached France that it struck a mine on its return to the United States and was sunk with all of its crew. This left the transports in the danger zone without any protection whatsoever, and it was a well-known rule that if one ship were attacked by a submarine, the others would proceed ahead and no attempt would be made at rescue work. This rule was not particularly consoling to the Regiment at this time. It was first announced that the destroyers would arrive at four o'clock in the morning. Later this was changed to eight o'clock in the morning. The next correction of the moment

was twelve noon and this was finally changed to four o'clock the following morning. Almost everyone spent the night on deck as it was realized then, as well as after the voyage, that this was the most dangerous period of the entire trip.

June 22. At 12.02 the first destroyer was sighted, after which they began to appear from all directions until eight were counted, scattered around different parts of the convoy. Everyone on board

immediately had a new sense of security and a brighter outlook on life. Nervous facial expressions gave way to physiognomies wreathed in smiles.

June 23. This was a beautiful Sunday morning. At daylight on the port side some Scotch islands appeared and an hour or so later on the starboard the shores of Ireland could be picked up with field glasses. We then found that we were skirting the north shore of Ireland and entering the Irish Sea through the North Channel. The Giant's Causeway appeared on the right and



GEN. FLEMING,
C. G. 158TH F. A. BRIG.

COL. WARFIELD,
C. O. 322^d

the ships came within a few hundred yards of the Irish Coast. A great number of trawlers were met in the Irish Sea and everyone felt that our destination was nearly reached. The Isle of Man, which was particularly beautiful, was passed in the afternoon. At 7.40 p.m. four sunken masts were seen which belonged to an ill-fated ship which had probably been torpedoed not long before. Toward evening the convoy fell into single file and just at dusk the *Canopic* anchored at the mouth of the Mersey River. The anchor had hardly been lowered when an enormous ship appeared on the port side outward bound from Liverpool. It turned out to be the British ship *Aquitania*

convoeyed by a flotilla of American torpedo-boat destroyers. The American ring to the cheers which the sailors on those destroyers gave as they went by made everyone feel that he was not so far from home.

June 24. Reveille found the *Canopic* still at anchor in the Mersey River awaiting the incoming tide, baggage was placed on deck and officers resurrected their Sam Browne belts. Debarkation officers came aboard, one of whom was a medical inspector, who found two cases of measles in the Regiment. These were ordered to be sent to a local hospital immediately upon debarkation. At 10.15 a.m. anchor was weighed and the regular roofs of Brighton, which had been on the right, gradually disappeared and a sinuous course was followed up the Mersey River, past dozens of camouflaged transports and merchantmen, with a British battleship here and there. It was not until noon that the ship tied up to the dock, and after a hurried luncheon aboard ship, the debarkation began. The debarkation was by units that formed in line inside of the long pier. A baggage detail,



322^d F. A. PLAYING BALL, CAMP MILLS

consisting of three officers and two hundred men, took charge of all heavy baggage and entrained immediately for Southampton. The Regiment, in column of squads, with the band at the head of the column, marched through Liverpool to Camp Knotty Ash, an American rest camp, about five miles away. The line of march was through the principal streets and suburbs of Liverpool, and the reception by the English was most cordial. The Lord Mayor, who was passing in his automobile, stopped and paid his respects to the Regimental Commander, assuring us of a cordial welcome on British soil and wishing the Regiment the best luck in France. Along the line of march, hundreds of small boys accompanied the Regiment and by the time it arrived at Knotty Ash, there were almost as many small boys as there were men in the Regiment. Camp Knotty Ash was in charge of a

detachment of the United States Signal Corps and was large enough to accommodate several regiments.

June 25. The Regiment remained in camp. No passes were allowed for men to go into Liverpool, but each organization organized sight-seeing walks in the vicinity of the camp. The men's acquaintance with the English people was limited to such conversation as could be held through a large, paling fence which encircled the camp. The amount of daylight each day was particularly striking, as one could read a newspaper without artificial light from 4.00 a.m. to 11.00 p.m. Another feature of the climate was the fact that it rained four or five times each day with an occasional ray of sunlight between showers. A few officers went into Liverpool and purchased boots and trench coats. Numerous small boys asked about our cattle ranches and whether or not there were many cattle thieves in America. Judging from our broad hats, the young Britishers

considered us all to be cowboys right off of the plains. Orders received to entrain very early the next morning.



322^d FIELD ARTILLERY AT THE BAT—CAMP MILLS,
LONG ISLAND

June 26. Reveille at 3.15 a.m., breakfast at 4.30 a.m., entrained 7.50 a.m. This was the first view of British rolling stock and it was with

feelings of mingled surprise and amusement that the men entered the small compartments of what they considered a miniature train. A very dapper British officer presented the following letter to each man in the Regiment:

A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VTH

Windsor Castle

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the Armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom. The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you God speed on your mission.

GEORGE R. I.

April, 1918.

The trip through England was an especially interesting one and fleeting views were gotten of Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham and a number of other cities of importance both historically and industrially. A half-hour stop was made at Derby, where coffee was served, and a few American songs were sung for the benefit of the English populace in the railway station. Here was impressed upon everyone the fact that food was a very scarce article in England, as it was impossible to buy even so much as a sandwich at this station, or any other station along the road. Everyone on the train was very happy and cheerful, except for a few moments when a train filled with severely wounded soldiers just back from the Front passed by, and exercised a very sobering influence on the entire Regiment. Numerous British concentration camps and airdromes were seen and everyone felt that he was getting his first glimpse of war. The fields of poppies were also objects of interest. At 3.30 p.m. the Regiment



FAREWELL U. S.—TRANSPORTS OF CONVOY AT DOCKS

detained on the docks of Southampton and it was announced that the Channel crossing would be made that evening. Around the docks were numerous pieces of artillery which had been deprived of their usefulness through the medium of the enemy's guns. There were likewise several ships in dry dock, which had been torpedoed but in some way or other had been able to make their home port. Another one of the numberless medical examinations was held on the dock. This time the object was the far-famed cootie, which was, at that time, somewhat of a stranger to the Regiment, but with which everyone became acquainted later in France. At 6.00 p.m. the entire Regiment, in single file, boarded the small side-wheel steamer, *Monas Queen*. This boat had formerly been an excursion steamer between Liverpool and the Isle of Man and the last thing its designers ever expected it to do was to carry troops. The men were crowded aboard until there was hardly room to move or breathe, but as usual the

men took the entire situation as a huge joke. There was a detachment of British and Colonial troops on their way to the Italian Front, and the men and officers of the Regiment had their first opportunity of coming in intimate contact with Britishers. At 7.45 p.m. the ship pulled out and went down the beautiful bay through a lane of destroyers, transports and various other species of miscellaneous shipping. The Isle of Wight was passed and quite a bit of the English Coast was seen before dark. If any sleeping was done by any one it had to be done standing up.

June 27. The Channel crossing having been made in the night without incident, the *Monas Queen* pulled into the harbor of Le Havre



TRANSPORTS IN NEW YORK

at 4.00 a.m. This harbor was very interesting, and several hydro-aeroplanes were seen skimming along the water. The first observation balloon which anyone had seen in use for actual war purposes was seen above the city, where it could survey almost the entire lane across the Channel. At 7.00 a.m. the Regiment disembarked, and

formed on the quai. From there the local R. T. O. led the way to a rest camp situated on a hill overlooking the bay. This march will be long remembered by everyone in the Regiment. The route of march was through the center of the city and then along a beautiful boulevard skirting the shore for about a mile. When the Regiment had arrived about halfway to the camp, it was met by an officer of the city, who presented the Regimental Commander with a large bouquet of flowers and made a speech of welcome on behalf of the city of Le Havre and the Republic of France. The band played the "Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Children all along the line of march gave the men flowers and the genuine spirit of welcome was so evident on every hand that all past discomforts of travel were forgotten and every man felt glad that he was to have the privilege of fighting for such a wonderful people. A great many Belgians were seen in the streets and in a beautiful villa along the

ocean the Belgian Government had taken refuge and was functioning in spite of being driven from its own country.

A Belgian rest camp was passed on the way to our camp. Before being assigned to quarters in the camp, strict orders were given as to just what procedure would be followed in case of an air raid. There had never been one at the camp in the past four years, but the English Colonel believed in taking every precaution. The men were assigned to conical tents with wooden floors.

June 28. Several units from the 83d Division arrived in camp. It was rumored that some were to go to Italy and some to Château-Thierry. A large German prison camp was situated next to the American camp, and German prisoners were seen for the first time. They impressed everyone as being good physical specimens and greatly in contrast to the prisoners taken later on the Front. They performed most of the manual labor and building around the camp. Artillery firing could be heard occasionally at night, and letters began to go home describing the shells falling in all parts of the camp; the small detail of the camp being located a hundred kilometers from the front lines was overlooked in the description of the shelling. No one was allowed to leave camp, as it was expected that the Regiment would move at any hour.



DAWN

June 29. Dust began to grow thicker and thicker, which, combined with a high wind, caused the camp to resemble the Sahara on a windy Saturday. Information was received that the baggage detail was delayed, and that the Regiment would probably remain a few days in camp. A few fortunate officers went into town and explored the bathing beach, the Café Tortoni, and the Folies Bergères and each organization took sight-seeing hikes in the morning and afternoon. Water was very scarce in the camp and everyone soon found that washing was to be a luxury in France, and that faucets with running water were a thing of the past.

June 30. This was a beautiful Sunday, and on the side of a hill overlooking the bay the Chaplain held services at 10.00 a.m. After

services each organization sung its favorite song, as it marched away. In the midst of the great scarcity of water, there was one very extraordinary feature of the rest camp, which was a steam bath, which every man in the Regiment used as often as he had the opportunity. Never was one encountered before and never has the Regiment seen one since. Firing was heard quite plainly in the evening and it was thought to be a warship firing at a submarine in the Channel. Whether or not this was true was never learned afterwards. Hikes were taken in the afternoon, and the rumor was started that the departure would be the following day.

July 1. At eight o'clock in the morning the order was received from the Camp Adjutant that the Regiment would entrain sometime during the day. Immediately everyone started packing up so as to be ready to depart at an hour's notice. The baggage detail of two officers and fifty men with nearly a dozen trucks was sent down at noon to the dock and took all the barracks bags, locker trunks, and bedding rolls to the rail-



GOOD-BYE U. S.! HELLO FRANCE

road station. At 2.00 p.m. the Regiment was formed and marched directly to the station. Up to this time no one had any idea as to the probable destination, although it was assumed that it would be some training area just behind the Front lines. On arriving at the station the first French troop train was seen, which was composed of fifty-two cars, three being rather antiquated first-class coaches for the officers and the remainder were the famous "Hommes 40 Chevaux 8," which played such an important part in the life of every American soldier who came to France. While the train seemed to be exceptionally long, nevertheless there was not a superfluous cubic inch and the men were very much crowded. There was a canteen at the station which had various sorts of delicacies, but it was of very little interest to the men as no one had been paid for over two months. The first clue to the point to where the Regiment

was going was found on a paster on the car—Messac-Guipry, Ille-et-Vilaine. There was an immediate consultation of French maps as no one could be found in the Regiment or in the personnel at the railroad station who ever heard of the place or who ever knew of anyone who ever heard of it. However, after some study it was found in very fine print about thirty kilometers south of Rennes. Railway officials stated it would probably take about three days to arrive there as the French railways were very much crowded by troop movements to the Front and traffic was exceptionally heavy at this particular time.

At 6.30 p.m. the train pulled out and by dark it had wended its way some distance into Normandy at the rate of about twenty kilometers an hour.

July 2. By morning the map showed that considerable progress had been made toward the regimental objective. The first stop of any consequence was at Laigle where a few fortunate ones got a cup of coffee and a piece of bread from the local



MID-OCEAN

Red Cross. Alençon and Mayenne were the next two cities of importance which were passed. Our next stop was made at Laval. Here the French Red Cross was again in evidence and the men had their second sample of French coffee and French bread. A Russian concentration camp was located in this city and everyone got his first view of Russian soldiers, who were lounging about the station. The Paris express pulled into the station about the same time and it was very interesting to see the international mixture of uniforms of the passengers on this, the first big continental express train which had been seen. Rennes was reached at three o'clock in the afternoon and in the railroad yards were a great many American locomotives which were being assembled to help us take our part in the transportation problems of the war. From Rennes to Messac was a short run through the beautiful valley of the Vilaine River and at 4.00 p.m. the train pulled into Messac-Guipry and the Regi-

ment detrained. A billeting officer of the 308th Ammunition Train was found to be already on the ground and he with the Mayor of the town and the regimental billeting officer proceeded to arrange billeting accommodations for the entire Regiment. Headquarters and Supply Company remained in the town of Messac proper, which was in the immediate vicinity of the railroad station.

Battery A was sent to Bourg de Messac, which is an old part of the town located about half a mile from the railroad station. Batteries B and C were sent to Guipry le Port, which was located just across the river from Messac. Battery D was billeted in the town of Guipry, which was about three-quarters of a mile beyond Guipry le Port. Battery E was billeted in the vicinity of an old château several miles out in the country and Battery F was given the same sort of a place about the same distance away in another direction. The Colonel was billeted in a large château in Messac and the other officers were distributed around in French families as near as possible to their commands.

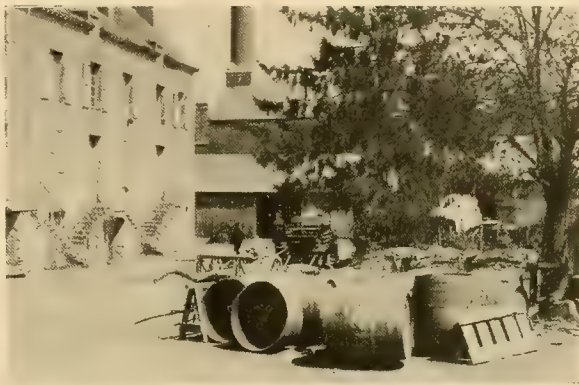


PLACE OF WORSHIP, MESSAC, FRANCE

July 3. Col. Warfield decided to forsake the château and established himself in a tent alongside the railroad station. It was learned that the Regiment would probably remain in this place five or six weeks while awaiting its turn to take the firing course at Camp Coëtquidan, which was located about thirty kilometers away. Several trains of artillery passed through Messac from Coëtquidan

and Meuçon. They were batteries of the 76th and 10th Field Artillery which had finished their course of training, and their destination was thought to be Château-Thierry where the American Army was concentrating to resist an expected attack by the Germans in the direction of Paris. Their tanned faces, overseas caps and wrapped puttees gave them an air of being veterans already, while we were still wearing the old campaign hats and canvas leggings.

At 6.00 p.m. the 323d F. A. with Maj. Hopkins in command passed through Messac. The train stopped about half an hour. They were on their way to their billeting area near by, the principal towns of which were Maure and Loheac. The 324th Artillery did not come



SUPPLY CO. ORDERLY ROOM, MESSAC, FRANCE

as far as Messac but was billeted in Bain de Bretagne. The 158th Artillery Brigade Headquarters had been established several days previous at St. Malo de Phily.



TENTING

July 4. The inhabitants of Messac and surrounding towns suddenly brought to light a great many American flags and the houses were all decorated in honor of our

national holiday. It was decided to establish 1st Battalion Headquarters at Guipry and 2d Battalion Headquarters at Bourg de Messac. A and D Battery therefore exchanged places, the former going to Guipry and the latter to Bourg de Messac. In the afternoon a band

concert was held in the square in front of the railroad station and Col. Warfield was presented with a large bouquet of flowers by a little girl about twelve years old, on behalf of the people of Messac. An interbattery game of baseball was also held in the afternoon.

July 5. One 75 mm. gun arrived for instruction purposes with an expert gun crew from Camp Coëtquidan. This was the first view which the officers and men had of the fieldpiece which they were to use on the Front.

Officers' schools were organized for the battalions and an inten-



K. P. 'ING

sive training program was inaugurated. The hours of the officers' schools were from 8.00 to 11.45 a.m. and from 1.30 to 5.30 p.m., with lectures three nights a week. Lieut. Menut of the 232^d French Light Artillery was assigned as instructor of the 1st Battalion and Lieut. Langenheim of the 76th U. S. F. A. was assigned as instructor of the 2^d Battalion. The schedules of these schools were uniform throughout the Brigade.

July 6. Capt. Fibbich, the Brigade instructor of orientation, lectured to the officers and gave the first demonstration of the much-heralded French goniometer. As there was but one goniometer available for the entire Brigade, it was necessary for the two battalions to

assemble to receive this instruction during the one hour per day in which the Regiment was allowed to use it.

July 7. The advance detachment, consisting of seventeen officers and sixty-one enlisted men, left Messac for Camp Coëtquidan to attend various specialist courses. These courses included radio, telephone, orientation, machine gunnery and instruction for battery executives in 75 mm. matériel. In addition to these specialist courses, the officers were to take the general artillery course along the lines of the course followed by the officers remaining at Messac. The 308th Ammunition Train passed through and went first to a billeting area near Pipriac, but finding this unsatisfactory, finally established

itself at Plechâtel, which is located between Messac and Bain de Bretagne.

July 8. The band inaugurated the custom of having a concert every afternoon, playing in each town in the Regimental area in turn. This seemed to give great pleasure to the local population. With the arrival of motor trucks and various other kinds of army transportation the erstwhile quiet towns of Brittany took on a busy aspect, the like of which had never been known in their history. Messac was made the Brigade railhead and the Brigade Supply Officer established his headquarters near the railroad station. A permanent Provost Officer was appointed and a permanent guard detail made up from members of each battery was established. This obviated having an Officer of the Day and the Officer of the Guard and the usual large guard details, such as had been used heretofore, and a vacant room in a small water tower located near the railway track was converted into a guardhouse.



FRENCH MADEMOISELLES, MESSAC, FRANCE

July 9. Troop trains continued to pass almost daily but it was difficult to find out their destination. In the opposite direction several trains of horses passed daily which were on their way to the various artillery training camps in different parts of France. A few fire-control instruments were received and a small amount of radio equipment was turned over to the radio details. In the officers' schools work with the plane table and goniometer was the principal part of the week's program and the new artillery manual called "Artillery Firing" was taken up for the first time.

July 10. Routine training and school.

July 11. An invitation was received from the priest of Messac for all officers and men to attend memorial services at the church on July 14. Wooden guns were constructed similar to those used in

the earlier days at Camp Sherman, in order not to lose any time in getting the men started on gun drill, which was somewhat different from that of the three-inch pieces which had been used in the States. It was not known when the matériel would be forthcoming, nor was it known how soon the Regiment would begin its target practice. The weather was, in general, very good, but at some time during every day a small rainstorm would suddenly come up, but these were seldom of long duration.

July 12-August 15. This period was spent in intensive training of both officers and men and there was very little to differentiate one

day from another. Daily swimming in the Vilaine River was incorporated in the drill schedules as well as cross-country hikes on which the men were given practice in individual cooking. Baseball games were played two or three times a week and one interbattery boxing match was held in the public square at Messac. Officers' school used a re-



FIELD KITCHEN. SUPPLY Co., 322^d F. A.,
MESSAC, FRANCE

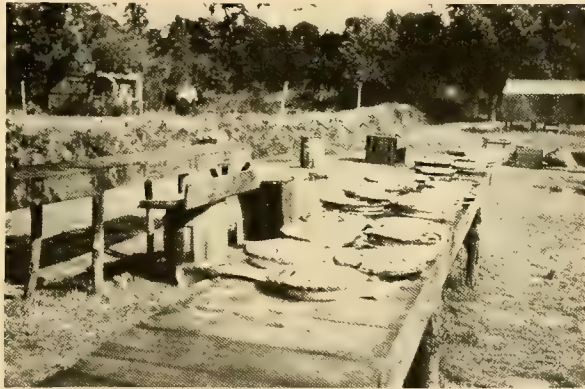
duced terrain for firing problems and had but one gun to use in matériel instruction until the latter part of this period. Lieut. Plunien took a detail to St. Nazaire and brought back the first horses for the Regiment. These were added to later until each battery had about twenty-five horses. Lieuts. Wales, McCaslin and Champ and about one hundred enlisted men were sent on a horse-buying detail with the French Army. Each officer traveled through a different district with a French officer and a detail of men. They shipped the horses to a central point and from there they were shipped to various artillery units. These officers did not rejoin the Regiment until it arrived at Coëtquidan.

About the first week in August the 75 mm. matériel began to arrive and it was not long before the entire Regiment was equipped with its proper allowance of guns. Most of the men had learned how to say "Bokoo," "Ceedre" and "Van Rouge," and seemed to have

little difficulty in making themselves understood by the French people.

A French noncommissioned officer came to the Regiment at the time the matériel was received and gave valuable instruction to the battery noncommissioned officers. A night maneuver by the entire Regiment was one of the features of the training period. It was held under the supervision of the Brigade Commander and one battalion opposed the other. At the conclusion of the maneuver, each battalion was thoroughly convinced that it had completely annihilated the other. The most important day since leaving Camp Sherman was pay day, at which time everyone received a large number of francs which had accumulated during the last two months. These were soon converted into souvenirs of all descriptions and more francs began to circulate in Messac than the people ever thought existed.

In the beginning of the second week in August the usual advance rumors of our departure began to circulate and when the



FIRST PIES IN FRANCE

Commander of the 164th Artillery Brigade arrived with his staff and began to arrange for the billeting of his regiments it was felt that moving orders would soon be forthcoming.

August 16. At 8.00 a.m. the Regiment assembled at Guipry and marched to Coëtquidan by way of Maure and Guer. It was an all-day march on very dusty roads in the hot sun. Dinner was served at a halfway point by the rolling kitchens of each organization. As there were not sufficient horses to transport matériel, the guns were hauled by motor trucks of the 308th Ammunition Train. The first organization arrived at about 5.00 p.m. and it was found that the barracks to be occupied were some which had originally been occupied by German prisoners. However, several American regiments had used them since the departure of the Germans. Camp Coëtquidan was established as a military training camp in the time of Napoleon and there were stables in one part of the camp which had been there since that time. The officers were quartered in small wooden build-

ings which made fairly comfortable habitations, due to the fact that it was midsummer and not midwinter.

August 17. Each organization was assigned stables which consisted of a covered picket line which gave a reasonable amount of shelter to the horses. The last battery of the 128th F. A., whose places we were taking, left camp. With steel helmets and full equipment they made a very striking appearance as they marched down to the railway station and entrained for the Front. Special firing instructors were assigned to the Regiment, Capt. Burke of the 10th F. A. taking over the instruction of the 1st Battalion and Lieut.

Patoux of the French Army being assigned to the 2d Battalion.

August 18-September 19. During this period the regular six weeks' firing course was concentrated into four weeks, which consequently made the training more intensive than other brigades had been given. One battery from each battalion fired every morning and all officers were re-



TEMPTATION

quired to be present with the exception of one officer per battery, who stayed in to give gun drill. Each officer, therefore, fired a problem about every third or fourth day. In the afternoon a terrain-board class was held for all officers, after which there were specialist schools for all officers who had not taken these courses with the advance detachment. In addition to this there were lectures almost every evening for officers.

The full complement of horses was issued to the batteries. Every known kind of fire-control instrument was issued and in addition to these, fourgon wagons, chariots de parc, ration carts and all necessary wheel transportation was issued. The men had received overseas caps and wrapped leggings at Messac, but it was not until they were at Coëtquidan that steel helmets were issued. In the last two weeks of the training the helmets were worn and gas masks were carried continually and the latter had to be worn one hour daily.

The firing course started out with shrapnel adjustment, after which high explosive shell was used with axial, unilateral, bilateral and forward observation. It ended with a brigade problem in which all batteries took part and which consisted mainly in firing various sorts of barrages at different intervals during a twenty-four-hour period.

After the firing course was completed and while the Brigade was awaiting railroad transportation, Gen. Glenn, commander of the 83d Division, came to the camp and made a farewell speech to the officers. It was with deepest regret that everyone felt they were going to the Front as a separate unit from the 83d Division and that we would not have the privilege of going into action under the command of Gen. Glenn. He informed us that the school commander had said that next to one brigade of the regular army, the 158th Brigade had made the best record on the range of all the brigades which had trained at Coëtquidan.



COOKS AND K. P.'S

Travel orders were received and all arrangements made for entraining with the exception of the exact date of the train movement, which was not known until the day before departure.

September 19. We had received orders to proceed to some point on the American Front and on this date troop trains for the 322d F. A. Regiment began to come into Guer, the nearest railroad station. In the afternoon Supply Company, the first organization slated to move, marched to Guer and entrained under the direction of Capt. Dissing. A number of officers were present to acquaint themselves with the difficulties of loading a French troop train. The proportion of box and flat cars in each train was designed to take care of a battery with all its matériel. The first train left Guer at approximately 7.00 p.m. D Battery, the next organization designated to leave, marched to Guer in the evening.

September 20. Organizations of the 322d cleared Guer as fol-

lows: D Battery at 1.00 a.m.; E at 7.00 a.m.; F at 1.00 p.m.; A at 7.00 p.m.

September 21. Balance of the Regiment left Guer as follows: B Battery at 1.00 a.m.; C at 7.00 a.m.; and Headquarters at 1.00 p.m.; Col. Warfield had been ordered to wait until the entire Regiment left Coëtquidan in order to inspect the area after it was vacated. He started for the Front in his Dodge car at about 2.00 p.m. Meanwhile Supply Company reached Souilly after dark, detrained, and made camp in a near-by wood.

September 22. Batteries D, E and F arrived at Souilly at intervals during the day.



Late in the afternoon preparations were made to march toward the Front and immediately after dark Supply Company and the Second Battalion proceeded by way of Ippécourt, Julvécourt, Ville-sur-Cousances, Jubécourt, and Brocourt to Brabant-en-Argonne, Supply Company remaining in the town, and the batteries making camp in

the Bois le Comte near by. A Battery arrived at Souilly too late to go forward that night.

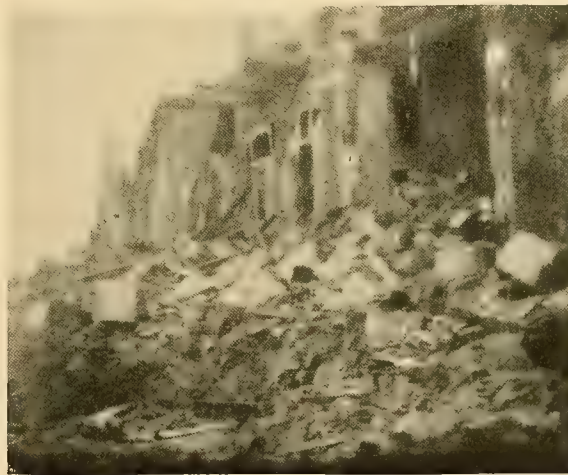
September 23. Batteries D, E and F remained in the woods until nightfall, then marched via Brabant-en-Argonne, Parois and Aubréville to Neuville. From there they started northeast into the Forêt-de-Hesse. D Battery, which was leading, got through to Les Allieux Fme. and camped in the woods to the east. E and F were held up by a traffic block caused by French tractors on the road and were ordered back to Bois le Comte, where they again made camp. Meanwhile, A Battery marched by night from Souilly to Bois le Comte over the route taken by the 2d Battalion. B and C Batteries detrained at Revigny in the morning, for previous to their arrival troop movements beyond this point had been forbidden. They started to march at once by way of Brabant-le-Roi and Laheyecourt to Villotte,



arriving at 11.30 a.m. After resting, they resumed the march at 5.00 p.m. and proceeded via Lisle-en-Barrois, Vaubécourt, Triaucourt, Evres, Foucaucourt and Waly to Bois l'Abbé (south of the Waly-Fleury Road), arriving at 3 a.m., the 24th. Headquarters Company, arriving at Revigny shortly after noon, marched at once to Villotte, which they reached just as B and C pulled out.

September 24. Batteries E, F and A remained in the Bois le Comte until nightfall, when they marched via Brabant-en-Argonne, Parois, Aubréville and Neuville to the vicinity of Les Allieux Fme. At 10 p.m., B and C left Bois l'Abbé and marched via Waly, Froidos and Rarecourt to Bois le Comte, arriving early in the morning of the 25th. Headquarters marched by night via Lisle-en-Barrois, Vaubécourt, Triaucourt, Evres, Foucaucourt and Waly to the Bois l'Abbé.

September 25. B and C left Bois le Comte in the morning and marched via Brabant-en-Argonne, Parois, Aubréville and Neuville to Les Allieux Fme. Headquarters Company left Bois l'Abbé in the afternoon and marched via Waly, Froidos, Rarecourt and Brocourt to Brabant.



It was learned that the First American Army was to attack on the morning of September 26, on a front extending from the Argonne Forest to the Meuse. The 322^d F. A. had been assigned to the 32^d Division but this Division was in reserve. Therefore Gen. Alexandre, commanding the 5th (American) Corps Artillery with Headquarters at Ville-sur-Cousances, assigned the 158th and 58th F. A. Brigades to support the 91st Division. The Fifth Corps was ordered to attack on a front extending from Vauquois (exclusive) to Avocourt to Malancourt (inclusive), with the 91st Division on the left, the 37th in the center, the 79th on the right and the 32^d in reserve. Two of these were National Guard divisions: the 32^d being made up of

Michigan and Wisconsin troops, and the 37th from Ohio. The 79th, from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the 91st, from Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, were National Army units.

On Hill 290 were situated the P. C.'s of the 158th F. A. Brigade, the 58th F. A. Brigade and the 91st Division Commanders. The 322d F. A. was the only regiment of the 158th Artillery Brigade to get into position for the opening of the offensive. As Col. Warfield did not arrive until after Col. Hopkins had been designated to command the Regiment at the opening of the offensive, the latter retained command. Gen. Fleming was commanding the light artillery, which consisted of the 322d, 122d and 124th Regiments. Col. Hackett

of the 124th F. A. commanded the Hackett Sub-Grouping comprising both battalions of the 322d and the 1st Battalion of the 124th.

The normal objective of the Fifth Corps proved to be Montfaucon, Ivoiry and Epinonville. The ultimate objective of the First American Army was to be the Sedan-Mezières line of communications, thus cutting off the German Armies



on the French Front from those in the Metz and Vosges sectors.

In the early afternoon Field Orders were received and barrage data were computed. Owing to the extraordinary concentration of artillery for this attack, the supply of ammunition per unit was limited. Therefore the 322d was not scheduled to deliver Preparation Fire.

As soon as it was dark the firing batteries moved out of the woods to occupy their positions in the farm clearing. B Battery which had just reached this place was the first to go into position at 11.30 p.m. The roads in every direction were blocked with traffic of all descriptions. In order to insure the resupply of ammunition, Col. Warfield

was given unlimited authority to use whatever means he chose to keep the roads open. By pushing several vehicles off the road into the ravines, the way was finally cleared and the last battery got into position less than half an hour before the barrage firing started.

September 26. At 2.00 a.m. Preparation Fire commenced along the entire Front. The prescribed rate for light artillery was one round per gun per minute. Guns of all calibers from the 75 mm. up to the 14-inch railroad guns took part in this demonstration. Military authorities have declared this to be the most intensive artillery preparation ever delivered. The detonations of the guns blended in one continuous thunder and the flare lit the sky for miles. At 5.30 a.m.—the H hour—the infantry jumped off. The barrage fired by the 322^d was followed by the 364th Infantry. The rate of fire was 3 rounds per gun per minute until 6.00 a.m.; 2 rounds per gun per minute from 6.00 to 7.25; 3 rounds per gun per minute from 7.25 to 8.35 a.m.; and 2 rounds per gun every three minutes from then on until almost 11.00 a.m., when the order “Cease Firing” was given.

Liaison with the infantry was maintained as follows: Lieut. Conant with the assaulting battalion; Lieut. J. A. Wright with the C. O. of the 364th Infantry; and Lieut. McConnaughey, representing the Hackett Sub-Grouping, with the C. G. of the 182^d Infantry Brigade.

The greatest difficulty was that of keeping the firing batteries supplied with ammunition. Men and horses worked continuously throughout the night and morning.

It was understood that, as the infantry progressed, the supporting artillery would move up, one battalion at a time. The 58th F. A. Brigade went forward, but just before the 2^d Battalion of the 322^d F. A. was to move, orders were received as follows:



FLEMING GROUPING
91ST DIVISIONAL ARTILLERY

25th September, 1918.

Operations Order
No. 1 (A)
Amendment

I. The following order of the General Commanding the artillery of the 5th Army Corps, U. S. Troops, has been received at these Headquarters:

By order of the General Commanding the 5th Army Corps, U. S. Troops, the batteries of the 158th Artillery Brigade which are in position in the zone of the 91st Division will not be moved. These batteries will later on be grouped with the other elements of the 158th Brigade of Artillery. (Translation—H. L. M.)

II. In accordance with the above order Paragraph II, Operations Order No. 1, is amended by omitting from the list of battalions No. 2 "Hopkins."

By command of Brig. Gen. Fleming:

H. L. MORSE,
Lt. Col. F. A.
Chief of Staff.

HLM-jwr

Col. Warfield resumed command of the 322d F. A. and the Regiment went into camp in the woods at the edge of Les Allieux Fme.

September 27. By this time the attack had carried our line past Epinonville, Ivoirry and Montfaucon. The Regiment was still camped in the woods at the edge of the farm. Preparations were made to defend the original German front line as it existed before the attack opened, in case our troops suffered a reverse. This was merely a precaution considered necessary in the operations. There seemed little likelihood that our infantry would be driven back to such an extent. The 322d was ordered to support the 128th Infantry, 32d Division, which would hold the sector from Vauquois to Avocourt.

Owing to the rapidity of the advance, the resupply of ammunition to the artillery which had gone forward had become extremely difficult. Therefore the 158th Artillery Brigade was called upon to



assist in getting ammunition up to the 55th F. A. Brigade, supporting the 37th Division in the vicinity of Montfaucon. Capt. Watson and Lieut. Wales took thirty-six caissons—six from each battery—and started out to perform this mission. Late in the afternoon heavy rains set in and the camp, which was already knee-deep in mud, threatened to become a swamp.

September 28. Firing data were prepared for the defense of the reserve lines but the guns were withdrawn from their positions to the edge of the woods. Every effort was made to keep evidences of the presence of troops from the knowledge of the German planes, as the Regiment was so closely packed in the woods that a bomb would have caused great loss.

During the day the Headquarters of the 158th Brigade was moved from Hill 290 to Verrières-en-Hesse. In the afternoon Lieut. McConnaughey came back from liaison duty with the 182d Infantry Brigade and reported traffic conditions in the



forward area very bad. All roads leading to the Front were packed with traffic of all kinds and on some roads no movement in either direction had been possible for many hours. Fortunately there had been very little shelling by the enemy and the engineers were rapidly getting roads into shape.

September 29. The situation remained unchanged as regards the 322d F. A., and every effort was made to improve conditions in the camp. Many of the men visited the fortifications on the hill where the town of Vauquois had stood. On the southern slope of the hill there was an elaborate system of French trenches and on the northern slope a still more elaborate German system. Moreover, the Germans had tunneled into the interior of the hill and constructed a veritable cantonment within. This consisted of two main streets with small cross streets, the whole being lighted by a complete electric power plant within the hill. Sleeping quarters for men and officers,

mess halls, dispensaries, storerooms, in fact, all the conveniences of garrison life were there almost directly under their front-line trenches. The crest of the hill where the tunnel had once stood had been completely blown away by mines, and three huge craters, fifty to sixty feet deep and more than one hundred feet wide, marked the place which had once been the village.

Aeroplanes were passing over Les Allieux Fme. at frequent intervals and as some of these were likely to be German, a bugler was constantly on duty to give warning of their approach. At the first note of the bugle all movements ceased and could not be resumed until recall was sounded. This made life about the camp a series of starts and stops.

September 30. The liaison officer with the 64th Infantry Brigade



reported that they were moving to the northern part of the Bois de Montfaucon, as the 32d Division was going up to relieve the 37th Division, the latter going back into reserve. Thus the 322d was now supporting the 37th Division.

Gen. Fleming, with his staff, was ordered forward to take over

the command of the 55th F. A. Brigade, which seemed to be in difficulty.

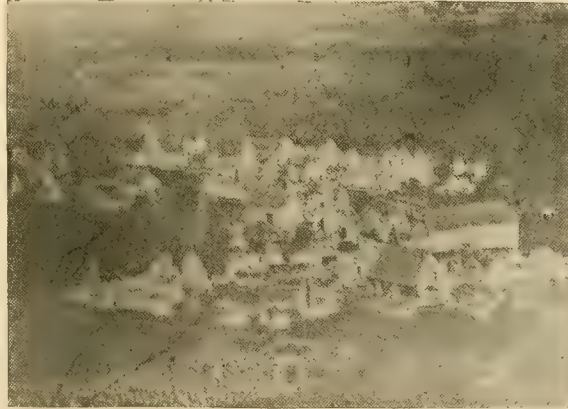
October 1. Capt. Watson and Lieut. Wales returned with what caissons they had been able to get through the traffic, the balance of the thirty-six having been separated and scattered. One of A Battery's caissons and five horses were a total loss as they had fallen into a gully at the side of the road. A little later these two officers went back to get the other caissons.

October 2. By this time the fear of hostile planes had worn off and everyone circulated at will. Fires were built in the woods and in the open. The weather was clear and fairly warm and all took the opportunity to dry out a little.

Much interest was aroused by the arrival of a few newspapers

of a somewhat earlier date, which declared that Bulgaria had capitulated. The more optimistic now declared that the war would be over in a few weeks. Maj. Brumage was found to have a high temperature and was started on his way to the hospital. Capt. Marting took command of the 1st Battalion.

October 3. After a quiet morning, traveling orders were received early in the afternoon to be prepared to march at 5.00 p.m. The entire Regiment was ready to take the road at that time but no further orders had arrived. Therefore at about 5.30 the order was given to unhitch and unharness. At about 8.00 p.m. the march order was received from the 158th Brigade, now under the command of Col. T. Q. Ashburn. At 9.00 p.m. the Regiment moved out with orders to proceed via Rendez-vous-de-Chasse, Recicourt and Dombasle. The order of march was to be 324th leading, followed by the 322d, with the 323d in the rear. The 322d was ordered to clear Recicourt at 12.00 midnight. Unfortunately a battalion of the 324th, parked in the woods three kilometers north of Recicourt, had great difficulty in pulling out of the mud. This forced the 322d column to halt at this point at about 11.00 p.m.



October 4. At 2.00 a.m. the 322d resumed its march, passing part of one battery of the 324th which was still stuck in the mud. The Regiment cleared Recicourt at 3.00 a.m. but owing to the delay the head of our column did not reach the point where the 323d was to take the Verdun highway until half of that regiment had got in ahead. This caused the 322d to halt again. At daybreak the Regiment made another halt near Blercourt. Later it turned south from the Verdun highway near Moulin Brulé. Another delay occurred near Nixéville owing to confusion as to which of the rest camps had been allotted to the 322d. This was straightened out a little later and the Regiment went to Camp Gallieni.

The Regiment was now under the command of the 17th French Corps with Headquarters at Regret, where they were said to have been throughout the Crown Prince's Verdun drive.

A few shells dropped during the day and Nowak of the Band was slightly wounded by a shell fragment.

In the afternoon verbal orders were received to be ready to march at 8.00 p.m. No orders came until after night when a march order containing the following paragraph came from 158th Brigade Headquarters:

322d F. A. Regiment:

One battalion only of this Regiment will take position to-night. The emplacement to be occupied is the emplacement farthest east.



The following road will be followed—Verdun, Thierville, Marre.

This battalion will find in Marre a guide to lead them to their position. Their horses and individual mounts will be brought back to camp.

The 322d will move as soon as ready after receipt of this order.

The 2d Battalion was designated as the one to move that night. They moved out at about 10.00 p.m. and proceeded via Moulin Brulé, Regret, Glorieux, Jardin-Fontaine, Thierville, past Charny to Marre, then across the Meuse River to positions behind the western end of the Côte de Talou, just south of Champ.

October 5. In the morning the Regimental P. C. was moved to one of a row of dugouts beside the railroad track northeast of Cumières. At about 4.00 p.m. the 1st Battalion, Headquarters Company and Supply Company left Camp Gallieni. The 1st Battalion marched to Marre over the route taken by the 2d Battalion and continued on through Cumières to selected positions near the railroad track, two kilometers northeast of Cumières. The first carriage reached the vicinity a little after midnight but it was after 3.00 a.m.

before the last caisson was unloaded and caissons and limbers were on their way back to Marre.

Headquarters Company and the echelon made camp in the Bois de la Magdeleine near the Bamont Fme.

Supply Company moved up to the vicinity of Charny.

October 6. No circulation was allowed in the vicinity of the gun positions and all were thoroughly camouflaged, for the enemy planes were coming over the hill at frequent intervals. After dark ammunition was brought up under the direction of Capt. Watson. In spite of all precautions the enemy shelled the 1st Battalion dump about midnight.



Two shells exploded in a small section of trench right beside a large stack of shells, and another shell, fortunately a dud, entered the ground right at the base of another pile. Except for this, there was no attempt to shell the new positions of the Regiment, but intermittent

shelling of the main roads continued throughout the day. A number of 210's landed near the road past Le Mort Homme, or Dead Man's Hill, where the French are said to have suffered enormous casualties in the defense of Verdun. There was also shelling on the



road leading over the hill from Cumières to Forges.

October 7. The day passed without incident. Orders were received covering the attack to start the next day on the east of the Meuse. The 58th Infantry Brigade of the 29th Division was to jump off north of Samogneux. On their right the 66th and 77th Regiments of the 17th French Corps (Colonial) were to attack. The 58th Infan-

try Brigade was to attack with one battalion of the 115th and two battalions of the 116th on the front line, the 115th being on the left. The 29th Division, composed of National Guard Troops from New Jersey and West Virginia, was to be under the command of the C. G.



of the 17th French Corps. When the attack had carried as far as Consenvoye, the 33d Division (National Guard of Illinois) was to cross the Meuse at that point and continue the advance on the left of the 29th Division. The 322d was to support the attack of the 115th Infantry.

October 8. After a short artillery preparation the infantry jumped off at 7.00 a.m. The attack progressed favorably, especially on the left where very little resistance was met from Austro-Hungarian troops. The 116th experienced more opposition as there were a number of Prussian Guard units on their front. This was also true of the French troops. On the left the 33d Division carried their line to the heights south of Sivry and the south edge of the Bois de Chaume. In the center the 29th Division took the Bois de Consenvoye and the Bois de Brabant-sur-Meuse. On the right the French took the Bois d'Haumont, but were repulsed in their attempts to take the Bois d'Ormont. This wood is on the top of a high hill and was strongly held with machine guns. The operation was reported in the *New York Times* as follows:



DRIVE EAST OF MEUSE ON AN EIGHT-MILE FRONT

AMERICANS CARRY OUT A BRILLIANT OPERATION, CAPTURING 3000 GERMANS

By Edwin L. James

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Special Cable to *The New York Times*

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY, October 8.—While continuing the battle on the left to drive the Germans out of the Forest of the Argonne, the First American Army elements carried out a particularly brilliant operation east of the Meuse River to-day. Attacking on a front of approximately eight miles, they captured Beaumont, Haumont, Brabant, and Consenvoye, occupying the strong points of the Bois de Caures and Bois d'Haumont.



More than 3000 prisoners were taken. This attack was made by the French and Americans, all a part of the First Army. Our artillery did most effective work, in one instance landing shells on the German position at the rate of ten per minute. Part of the attackers moved across the Meuse

River. The drive was made in a heavy rain.

This attack makes an important rectification over the line which developed following our attacks below the Aisne and the Meuse. In the region from where the Germans have been driven has been bitter fighting in the Crown Prince's attempt to take the Verdun fortress. In the Argonne fighting we captured the village of Cornay during the day and maintained our advance further south, made early this morning.

By noon the Front was practically out of range of the 2d Battalion, which prepared to move forward, meanwhile bringing its echelon up to Marre. The 1st Battalion remained in position and the men, feeling that the enemy had been driven back sufficiently, built a number of fires toward nightfall and prepared to make themselves comfortable. Shortly afterward a familiar sound was heard and a bomb landed in the immediate vicinity. In a remarkably short time all fires were extinguished and the men had sought cover in the near-by trenches and dugouts.

October 9. The attack continued. The resistance on the right continued to be stiff. The French again failed to take the Bois d'Ormont.

The 2d Battalion marched by daylight via Champ, Neuville and Samogneux to positions in the valley 400 meters southeast of the village of Haumont, which was reached about 4.00 p.m.

In the late afternoon there was a remarkable concentration of Allied airplanes over the lines. Some persons counted as high as two hundred visible at one time. The German anti-aircraft guns were very active but no German planes

ventured into the air while this demonstration was taking place.

Late in the afternoon Field Order No. 3, 158th F. A. Brigade, was received. The following is an extract from this order:



I. SITUATION

9 Oct. 18. The 33d Div. took Sivry-sur-Meuse and the Bois de Chaume, from which last place it was thrown back by an enemy counter attack at nightfall; it expects, however, to recapture it in the morning of 10 Oct. 18.

The 58th Brig. has reached the normal objective, except on the right of its front.

The 66th and 67th Regts. have repulsed enemy counter attacks.

We have taken about 100 prisoners by a raid into the Bois d'Ormont, including an entire Bn. Staff.

II. 10 Oct. 18. The front should arrive at the following line: Ravin of Plat-Chêne, Farm Molleville, Ravin of Molleville, Ravin de la Reine,



road crossing of the Croix Antoins, western part of the Bois de Moirey, eastern point of Bois d'Haumont.

In order to realize this objective:

1. The 115th Inf. will make a forward movement to take part in the attack which will be executed at six o'clock by the 33d Division in order to recapture the Bois du Chaume, and will support by all means at its disposition the attack of this division;



RHINE RIVER

2. Pursuant to orders of C. G. 17 A. C. (French) the 113th Inf., up till now A. C. reserve north of Samogneux, will be placed between the 58th Inf. Brigade and the 66th Regiment (French).

The C. G. of the Army Corps has implied that

when the above operation is complete, the 113th Inf., 116th Inf. and 115th Inf. would pass under the orders of the C. G. 29th Div.

III. The Operation will be executed under conditions herewith:

The 113th Inf. leaving its bivouac at three o'clock will be assembled at five o'clock;

Two Bns. in the southern part of Bois de Brabant-sur-Meuse (east of Meridian 26), in which it will relieve elements of the 116th Inf., which are there at present:

The 3d Bn., in reserve, will be disposed in attack formation facing north, one Co. in the ravine of Walon-sevaux, and to the east, one Co. to the west of this ravine.



PIER ON THE RHINE

The C. O. 113th Inf. at P. C. of Col. Comdg. the 66th Inf., in the trench of the Mamelie, north of Haumont, at point 66.78.

The 113th Inf. will attack at eleven o'clock, the left Bn. facing north; objective the Ravine of Molleville: the right Bn. on the southern part of the Bois de la Reine; objective: entire Bois de la Reine.

At this time the 1st Battalion of the 323d was in position in the Ravin du Bois des Caures, not far from the 2d Battalion of the 322d. The 2d Battalion, 323d, was near Malbrouck on the Brabant-Malbrouck Road. The 1st Battalion, 322d, was ordered to move on the 10th to positions northeast of Brabant in the vicinity of the Brabant-Malbrouck Road. Therefore the 2d Battalion, 322d, and the 1st Battalion, 323d, were grouped under Col. Warfield and assigned the mission of supporting the attack of the 113th Infantry. The 1st Battalion, 322d, was grouped with the 2d Battalion, 323d, under Lieut. Col. McKinlay and given the mission of supporting the 58th Infantry Brigade.

The greater part of the night was spent in bringing ammunition to the battery positions.

October 10. The echelon cleared Marre about 6.30 a.m. and fell into column behind the firing batteries of the 1st Battalion near Cumières. From there they marched via the Cumières-Regnéville Road and crossed the

Meuse to Samogneux. The echelon went into camp just off the main road near the junction of the road leading up to Haumont. The 1st Battalion continued on through Brabant-sur-Meuse to positions on top of the hill just south of the Brabant-Malbrouck Road, which they reached late in the afternoon.

Meanwhile the 2d Battalion started firing Preparation Fire at 10.45 at the rapid rate of 4 rounds per gun per minute. At 11.00 the 113th attacked. The 2d Battalion, 322d, delivered Covering Fire as follows: 11.00 to 11.15, 2 rounds per gun per minute; 11.15 to 11.30, 1 round per gun per minute; 11.30 until further orders, 20 rounds per gun per hour.

As the 1st Battalion was marching toward Samogneux, a German plane came over our lines in the direction of two Allied observation balloons south of Samogneux. As it approached the first balloon, the observer was seen to jump. A few seconds later the balloon went down in flames. Meanwhile the Boche had banked sharply and appar-



COBLENZ R. R. STATION

ently started back toward his own lines. After going a short distance he banked again and started toward the second balloon. An attempt was made to pull it down, but it was too late, and the observer was forced to jump. This balloon also went down in flames and the Boche flier returned safely to his own lines.

In the afternoon a number of shells of large caliber landed at intervals in the village of Haumont. Suddenly one of them, apparently a wild shot, landed in No. 1 gun of E Battery; two men were killed outright and five others were wounded.

In the evening Field Order No. 4, 158th F. A. Brigade, was received. The following are extracts from this order:

I. SITUATION

(a) The first American Army continues its advance east and west of the Meuse. The 17th Corps has in the past three days captured over 4000 prisoners; of these, approximately 1800 were taken by troops of this division. The advance will be continued to-morrow.

(b) The 29th Division (less 57th Infantry Bri-

gade, which will operate under command of the 18th Division, French), attacks under its own Commander, October 11, 1918, at six o'clock.

II. ORGANIZATION OF COMMAND MISSION

(a) Sub-Grouping McKinlay (2/323 and 1/322) will support the 115th Infantry Regiment.

(b) Sub-Grouping Warfield (1/323 and 2/322) will support the 116th Infantry Regiment.

October 11. At 5.30 each battery started to fire 160 rounds as preparation. At 6.00 a.m. the 58th Brigade attacked, the batteries delivering Covering Fire as follows: 6.00 to 7.30, each battery firing 40 rounds; 7.30 to 8.30, each battery firing 60 rounds; 8.30 until further orders, each battery limited to 28 rounds per hour.



RHINE AND MOSEL RIVER

Liaison

Normal liaison will be secured and maintained between Artillery sub-grouping and group (battalion) commanders on the one hand and regimental and leading battalion commanders of the infantry on the other.

The Division Commander directs that sub-grouping and infantry regimental commanders have their P. C.'s at the same place not later than 21 hours, 11 Oct. 18.

Ammunition

Corps orders reduce the expenditure of ammunition on the 11th instant to one-half (1/2) day's fire except in emergency. Therefore, all fire on request must be reduced accordingly.

By Command of

BRIG. GEN. FLEMING.



KAISER WILHELM I AND MOSELLE

Acting on these instructions, Col. Warfield moved up late in the afternoon to the P. C. of Col. Kelly, commanding the 116th Infantry. This was on Malbrouck, in a dugout just south of the bend in the road, thus making Col. Warfield's P. C. the most advanced element of his command.



THE RHINE

Thus far the 116th had not been able to gain a foothold in the southern edge of the Bois de la Grande Montagne, owing to the fierce machine-gun fire from this woods and an enflading fire from the corner of the Bultry Bois. The 115th was able to advance several

hundred meters northward into the Bois Plat-Chêne, and the left of the 116th carried into the southeast corner of the Bois de la Grande Montagne. Unfortunately the failure of the remainder of the 116th to carry the Molleville Fme. left the right of the 115th exposed and a general rectification of the front line was necessary.

At noon Field Order No. 5, 158th F. A. Brigade, was received. The following are extracts:

I. The enemy occupies the Kriemhilde Line with advanced detachments strongly supported by machine guns in the southern edge of Bois de la Grande Montagne. The 115th Infantry occupies an east and west line in the Bois Plat-Chêne with its right in the vicinity of the crossroads at the southwest corner of the Bois de la Grande Montagne. The front of the 116th starts at these crossroads and extends south along the edge of the woods, then east along the northern edge of the Bossois and Molleville Bois.



STARS AND STRIPES ON THE RHINE

II. Since the beginning of the present operation our army has captured over five thousand prisoners and about sixty cannon. Over two thousand prisoners were captured by our Division.

The 58th Brigade will to-morrow hold the line it now occupies. No attack will be made to-morrow but demonstration will be made in support of the attack of the 18th French Division of the Bois d'Ormont.

III. (a) As far as possible the day will be devoted to recuperation and reorganization of units.

(b) The ammunition supply will be increased and maintained as follows: At the guns two days' fire less full amount necessary to completely fill all ammunition-carrying vehicles pertaining to firing batteries and combat trains.

(c) Field trains remain at Charny. Two days' reserve rations and one day's short forage will be maintained at the echelon, where one field and one forage ration will also be delivered daily. Three days' rations and forage will be kept on hand in each supply train in Charny.



SCENE ON THE RHINE

(d) Horse echelon will be maintained under cover near battery positions, where every effort will be made to graze and recuperate the animals.

IV. The Brigade P. C. is located at Vacherauville (Telephone Fleming P. C.).

A. S. FLEMING,
Brigadier General F. A.

The order also included a schedule for offensive counter preparation and defensive barrages.

October 12. The day was comparatively quiet. The batteries fired a demonstration in their own sectors and assisted the 18th French Division in its attack on the Bois d'Ormont. This attack was only partially successful, for although the French troops penetrated into this wood, they were unable to clear it entirely and thus when



PONTOON BRIDGE AT COBLENZ OPENING

the day ended the woods were occupied by both French and German troops. In order to push our attack toward the northeast it was necessary to take this woods, which dominated the adjacent country. The enemy, realizing this, had made it one of their strong points and had fortified it

heavily with concrete machine-gun emplacements. Thus, although it was subjected to heavy artillery fire before each attack, the machine-gun crews merely went down into the concrete shelters while the artillery fire was on them and when it lifted for the attack they went back to their guns.

October 13. In spite of the date, this was one of the quietest days in some time. Our batteries delivered some harassing fire on various enemy sensitive points. This drew retaliation fire from the German batteries, and Lieut. Brenner of E Battery was seriously wounded by fragments from a shell which landed near the battery position. For several days the 2d Battalion, 322d, had been shelled harder each day, and nearly every night gas shells fell in the valley, which by then was known throughout the Regiment as "Death Valley." On the other hand, the 1st Battalion, in a very exposed position on the hill above Brabant, had had very few casualties. The

enemy shelled the roads near Haumont almost continuously as these constituted the main lines of communication for the French on our right. In this way the 2d Battalion received a great many shells not intended for them.



YANKEES ON THE RHINE

October 14. Following the great aerial demonstration on the 9th, there had been a noticeable absence of Allied planes over our sector. Therefore the enemy planes came over our lines unhindered and adjusted artillery fire on the batteries near Haumont. On the morning of the 14th,

five German planes came over Malbrouck and directed their machine guns on the American troops occupying the trenches there. They were particularly active in the vicinity of Col. Kelly's P. C. Two telephone linemen were killed by their fire. No Allied planes appeared either during or after this demonstration.

During the afternoon Lieut. Morrison crawled out beyond the infantry outposts to the north edge of the Bossois Bois and adjusted fire for the 2d Battalion. He registered the directing guns of each battery on the road



RUINS OF RHEINFELS

running east and west along the southern edge of Bois de la Grande Montagne. The enemy was shelling our front line at the time, but Lieut. Morrison completed the adjustment with the greatest coolness.

In the early evening Field Order No. 6, 158th F. A. Brigade, was received at the echelon. Capt. Webber, with this order in his hands, was sitting in the Dodge car with Lieut. Plunien beside him and Staton, the driver, on the running board, when a 77 H. E. shell hit

beside the car. Staton had his leg blown off, and the Field Order was never seen again. Capt. Webber and Lieut. Plunien had a



U. S. BOAT NEAR THE LORELEI

miraculous escape, for the former was uninjured except for a small splinter in his finger when the papers were blown from his hand, and the latter merely had a slight scratch on his wrist from which his watch was blown away. Copies of the field

order were secured from Col. McKinlay. It read as follows:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

14th October, 1918.

15.00 o'clock.

Field Order }
No. 6. }

Map: Verdun B. }
Brandeville } 1/20000

I. SITUATION

(a) This division attacks on its present front on day D at H hour, in conjunction with the 33d Division on the left and the 57th Brigade operating under the 18th, French, Division on its right, with the object of taking the heights of the Grande Montagne.

(b) *Zones of Action, Objective and Parallel of Departure:*

115th Infantry, between parallels 24 and 25.

116th Infantry, between parallels 25 and 26.

Objective

The first objective of exploitation which is the general line: 24.0-82.8; 25.0-83.1; 26.0-82.9.

On reaching this objective the troops will entrench and prepare to hold it against counter attack.

Parallel of Departure

116th Infantry—present line.

115th Infantry—prolongation of line of 116th Infantry to the west, so that no part of the line is nearer the road crossing at S.W. corner of Bois de la Grande Montagne than 500 meters. The left element of this line on the 24th meridian must not be north of the 82d parallel.



FRENCH PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE RHINE

(c) The infantry will attack with regiments side by side, each with one battalion in the first line; rate of advance, 100 meters in six minutes.

II. ORGANIZATION OF COMMAND

Same as Field Order

No. 5 except Warfield P. C. 55.92, and Battery C, 322^d F. A. designated as fleeting target battery.

III. Firing schedule in accordance with Appendix III, a, b and c attached.

Present liaison personnel with infantry will be maintained with the following addition:

At H hour one officer and two liaison agents from the McKinlay sub-grouping will be with the C. O. 58th Infantry Brigade because the mission of this group requires it to support temporarily the entire Infantry front after this attack.

The following will be observed by the battery working with aeroplane.

The pieces are presumably calibrated.

Upon indication by the aeroplane of a fugitive target (by coördinates) the battery will fire with the greatest speed possible, four volleys so that the mean point of fall (pattern) can be readily observed. If necessary the aviator will send the error of the mean point of fall with reference to the objective and the battery will correct by this error. A great



THE LORELEI

rapidity of fire being indispensable, it is important that the pieces be well adjusted and that it be unnecessary to adjust each piece separately.



CRUISING

In case fire by piece should be asked by the aviator, each piece will fire at the command of the aviator a certain number of rounds as rapidly as possible in such a way as to make a distinct pattern.

IV. Orders concerning ammunition, combat trains and field trains remain unchanged.

V. The Brigade P. C. is located at Vacherauville (Telephone Muzzle through Joe or Mockingbird).

By command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Captain F. A.
Operations Officer.

About the same time the following memorandum was delivered:

HEADQUARTERS 29TH DIVISION

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

FRANCE

15.00 o'clock, 14 Oct. 1918.

Secret Memorandum:

D day is 15 October 18.

H hour is 8.00 o'clock.

Artillery Preparation begins at 7.30 o'clock.

By command of Maj. Gen. Morton.

W. S. BOWEN,
Lieut. Col. General Staff.
A. C. of S. G-3.

Acknowledge receipt at once by telephone; also by return receipt with courier delivering this message.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Captain F. A.
Operations Officer.

October 15. At 7.30 a.m. the artillery preparation began. The fire was delivered in certain designated zones at the rate of 3 rounds per gun per minute and was largely for the purpose of neutralization. Battery C was held in readiness to fire with an aeroplane, but no

aeroplane appeared at any time during the attack. At 8.00 a.m. the infantry jumped off and the batteries commenced delivering Accompanying Fire at the rate of 3 rounds per gun every two minutes, which was maintained until 10.40 a.m. The 115th Infantry were able to carry their lines to the high ground in



CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS

the northern part of the Bois Plat-Chêne. The left of the 116th Infantry advanced to a depth of several hundred meters into the Bois de la Grande Montagne. But the center and right of the 116th were unable to cross the Molleville Fme. clearing on account of heavy enfilading machine-gun fire from the corner of the Bultry Bois and the southwest edge of the Bois d'Etraye. Meanwhile the left of the 116th in the Bois de la Grande Montagne had run out of ammunition and the men started to drift to the rear, leaving the right of the 115th exposed and causing a general

withdrawal at this part of the line. This movement was finally stopped and the line reformed. At the same time the 1st Battalion of the 322d delivered a heavy concentration in the Bultry Bois and one battery swept the slope of the Bois d'Etraye from the southwest edge up past the Observatory. This enabled the infantry to cross



REST

the clearing and gain a foothold in the southern edge of the Bois de la Grande Montagne.

Shortly after the attack began, Lieut. Morrison was instantly killed by machine-gun fire as he sat on a bank on the edge of the clearing. He was serving as liaison officer with the assaulting battalion of the 116th. The Battalion Commander and several other infantry officers and men in the same party were all killed or wounded within a short time after the attack started.



COL. WARFIELD LEAVING THE 322^d F. A.,
WITTGERT, GERMANY

When the attack was well under way, the C. O. of the 116th moved his P. C. up the road toward the Molleville Fme. to a dugout near the road about half a kilometer south of the edge of the clearing. Col. Warfield moved into the forward dugout thus vacated by the 116th and shortly afterward went on up to the advanced infantry P. C.

The casualties of the 116th were extremely heavy, and during the night our front lines were very thinly held. Therefore the artillery delivered several protective barrages during the course of the night.

October 16. Early in the morning Field Order No. 7, 158th F. A. Brigade, was re-

ceived. This gave the situation as follows: "The Division will continue the attack of 15th October 1918 at H hour on D day. The formation remains the same. Artillery preparation will commence at H-30." The objective was given as the heights running east and west near the northern edge of the Bois Plat-Chêne and then curving southeast toward the Bultry Bois. Thus the attack was to be in the nature of a turning movement with the pivot at the northeast corner of the Molleville Fme. clearing. Shortly after the receipt of the Field Order, the following memorandum was delivered:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

16th October 1918.

Memorandum to Sub-grouping Commanders; Baldwin, Hopkins, McKinlay, Warfield, Ashburn and C. O. 308th T. M. B.

1. Your daily return will include 32 more men.
2. Your horse return will account for 25½ bales excess hay.
3. Receipt of memorandum will be acknowledged immediately by phone.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Capt. F. A.
Operations Officer.

By subtracting the day of the month from the amounts of men and hay given, it was determined that D day was the 16th and H hour 9.30. Therefore at H-

30, or 9.00 a.m., Preparation Fire began at the rate of 2 rounds per gun per minute. At 9.30 a.m. the infantry attacked and the artillery delivered Accompanying Fire at the rate of 1 round per gun per minute until 11.45 a.m., when the infantry was presumed to have



SHOW TROUPE, 322^D F. A., MONTAUBAN, GERMANY

gained its objective. This proved to be the case, and in the afternoon a program for Concentration Fire was received. This called for short, sharp bursts of fire upon certain definite points behind the enemy lines. The first volley was required to be "On the Way" within six minutes after the receipt of orders at the battery.

The enemy artillery reacted sharply after our fire abated and some casualties occurred.

October 17. By this time the action had settled down to an intermittent artillery duel. Col. Warfield returned to his P. C. on Malbrouck. Gen. Fleming with Capt. Borelli, his French artillery adviser, reconnoitered positions just north of Malbrouck for the 2d Battalion, 322d, and the 1st Battalion, 323d, with a view to returning them to their respective regiments. Late in the evening the following Field Order was received. It read [in part]:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

17th October 1918.

20:00 o'clock.

Field Order }
 No. 9 }

Maps: Verdun B }
 Brandeville } 1/20000

I. According to Division Orders the objective of this Division has been attained. The sector Grande Montagne will be organized, effective at eight o'clock, 18 October 1918.

Sub-sector blue from Y line 24 to Y line 25.8 with two centers of resistance—Richene and Molleville Farm.



COLONEL'S 'BUS'—OFFICERS ONLY

Sub-sector gray from Y line 25.8 to Y line 26.6 with one center of resistance Bultruy.

The 58th Infantry Brigade is assigned to sub-sector blue, the 115th Infantry being assigned to the center of resistance Richene and the 116th to the center of resistance Molleville Farm. Sub-sector gray is assigned to

the 57th Infantry Brigade with the 113th Infantry in line. The 114th Infantry will constitute Divisional reserve.

The Infantry P. C.'s are located as follows:

57th Infantry Brigade—60.68 (Modest).

58th Infantry Brigade—43.93 (Mold).

II. ORGANIZATION OF ARTILLERY

1. 158th F. A. Brigade

Brig. Gen. A. S. Fleming.

P. C. Vacherauville (Phone Muzzle).

Sub-grouping Warfield:

P. C.—52.09 (Phone Myriad).

Marting Group—1st Bn. 322d F. A.

Hopkins Group—2d Bn. 322d F. A.

Sub-grouping McKinlay:

P. C.—40.81 (Phone Myro).
 Baldwin Group—1st Bn. 323d F. A.
 Fibich Group—2d Bn. 323d F. A.

Sub-grouping Ashburn:

P. C. 47.67 (Phone Mystic).
 Brice Group—1st Bn. 324th F. A.
 Nash Group—2d Bn. 324th F. A.
 Sackett Group—3d Bn. 324th F. A.

308th Trench Mortar Battery:

Capt. McGill—P. C. 53.11.

308th Ammunition Train:

Lieut. Col. Cole (Nixeville).

2. Artillery Mission as shown on attached tracing, Appendix III-2-a.



ON PASS TO PARIS

- III. 1. (a) Daily Firing Schedule. See Appendix III-1-a.
 (b) Harassing and Interdiction Fire. See Appendix III-1-b.
 (c) Barrage and O. C. P. See Appendix III-1-c.

2. *Liaison:* All liaison between units will be normal.

IV. *Trains and Ammunition:*

Orders concerning trains and ammunition remain unchanged.

- V. The 158th F. A. Brigade P. C. remains at Vacherauville (Phone Muzzle through Joe or Mockingbird).

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
 Capt. F. A.
 Operations Officer.

October 18. Col. Hopkins made a further reconnaissance of the positions for the 2d Battalion and finally selected one between Malbrouck and the southern edge of the Bois de Consenvoye.

The enemy artillery continued to fire on Malbrouck and the neighboring valleys. The 322d F. A. delivered Concentration and Harassing Fire according to schedule.



MOTORCYCLES, HDQS. CO., 322^d F. A., WITTGERT, GERMANY

October 19. The 2d Battalion moved up to its new positions south of the Bois de Consenvoye. In the afternoon Lieuts. Bacon, Parker and Briggs went up to the southeast corner of

the Bois de la Grande Montagne to attempt to establish an observatory from which to direct Adjustment Fire on the road running into the town of Etraye. Unfortunately there was at this point a gap of nearly three hundred meters in the lines of the 116th and the enemy had pushed forward machine-gun outposts into the corner of the woods. After getting within a few meters of one of these outposts without finding a suitable place for an O. P., the attempt was given up. The batteries continued to deliver Harassing Fire.

October 20. The day passed without incident.

The enemy continued to shell Malbrouck heavily, the regimental radio finally being shot away. There was also considerable shelling on the roads through the woods on the north of Malbrouck. As yet the 2d Battalion was not subjected to any organized shelling and the 1st Battalion continued to escape the attention of the enemy artillery. The batteries continued to deliver a program of Harassing Fire.



ALL ABOARD, 322^d F. A. SHOW TROUPE, GERMANY

October 21. The enemy continued to deliver Harassing Fire, especially at mealtime. About half an hour before each meal, the German artillery opened upon P. C.'s and points where they believed kitchens to be; the batteries of the 2^d Battalion had apparently been



322^d F. A. REGIMENT WAITING FOR PERSHING

located, for they received a number of shells evidently intended for them.

Late in the afternoon the following Field Order was received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

21st Oct. 1918
15:00 o'clock.

Field Order }
No. 10. }

Maps: Verdun }
Brandeville } 1/20000

I. SITUATION

(a) A combined attack by the 29th and 26th Divisions will be made D day, at H hour, with the purpose of taking the ridge of the Bois d'Etraye.

(b) The possession by 29th Division of the Grande Montagne gives an opportunity for attacking in an easterly direction. Consequently, the 29th Division and the adjoining element of the 26th Division will both attack facing



322^d F. A. MOUNTED, READY TO PASS BEFORE PERSHING

east from the present sector Grande Montagne.

(c) The artillery of both Divisions, of the Corps, and of the 15th Colonial Division [Fr.], will participate.

(d) This Brigade supports directly the attack of our Division.

II. (a) ORGANIZATION

158th F. A. Brigade, Brig. Gen. A. S. Fleming, Commanding P. C. Vacherauville.

<i>Sub-Grouping</i>	<i>Group</i>	<i>P. C.</i>	<i>Unit</i>
Warfield		55.91	322d F.A.
	Marting	47.84	I/322
	Hopkins	56.97	II/322
McKinlay		40.81	323d F.A.
	Baldwin	51.99	I/323
	Fibich	51.90	II/323
Ashburn		47.67	324th F. A.
	Brice	47.67	I/324
	Nash	48.68	II/324
	Sackett	40.69	III/324
McGill		58.13	308th T. M. B.



GEN. PERSHING INSPECTING 32^D DIVISION NEAR DIERDORF, GERMANY

(b) MISSIONS

- (1) Preparation fire per appendix III-1-a;
- (2) Barrage and accompanying fire per appendix III-1-b;
- (3) Covering fire per appendix III-1-c.

Warfield Sub-grouping:

Rolling Barrage. Battery F designated as infantry battery under orders of Commanding General 57th Infantry Brigade.

Battery C to fire on fleeting targets on aeroplane call or on targets with terrestrial observation. When not engaged in this work its fire will be superimposed on that of the remainder of its group.

McKinlay Sub-grouping:

Battery E designated as infantry battery under orders of Commanding General 58th Infantry Brigade.

2d Battalion (less Battery E) Barrage superimposed on that of Warfield Sub-grouping.

NOTE: In the event of any enemy attack from the north, these two batteries will be prepared to deliver defensive barrage already arranged.



322^D FIELD ARTILLERY



GEN. PERSHING INSPECTING 32^D DIVISION

1st Battalion: Two batteries raking fire in the sector of attack covered by Warfield barrage. One battery will deliver covering fire north of sector of attack.

Ashburn Sub-grouping:

Covering fire and rolling barrage.

Trench Mortar Battery:

Destructive fire per Appendix III-1-b.

(c) Sub-grouping and group commanders will transmit requests of the infantry for fire to the Divisional Artillery Commander. Two batteries have been assigned to the Infantry and the others will not be diverted from their

missions. In the event of grave emergency when communication with the Divisional Artillery Commander fails, the following batteries may be temporarily used by sub-grouping commanders, provided the emergency justifies it:

Warfield Sub-grouping. Battery C.

McKinlay Sub-grouping. The battery delivering fire north of the sector of attack.



GEN. CRAIG AND COL. HOLLYDAY OF 322^d F. A.,
BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

(d) Upon completion of the schedule of fire for the attack, sub-grouping commanders will take immediate steps to arrange temporary defensive barrage, the Warfield sub-grouping covering the 113th and 116th Infantry Regiments and the McKinlay sub-grouping the 115th Regt. Inf. Until this is done the last accompanying and covering fire executed will be utilized in the event of counter attack.

III. (a) For plan of Artillery preparation see Appendix III-1-a.

(b) For plan of barrage and accompanying fire see Appendix III-1-b.

(c) For plan of covering fire see Appendix III-1-c.

(d) The present liaison will be maintained.

The importance of getting information to the rear is reiterated. Every effort will be made to maintain telephonic communication. When this fails, runners must be utilized. Messages should be sent to the next higher liaison officer at least once per hour, in any case, giving the location of the front lines



INSPECTING RATION-CARTS

and resistance encountered insofar as can be ascertained. These hourly messages will be additional to those calling for immediate transmittal.

Forward observation posts will be utilized insofar as their occupation has been found possible. Arrangements will be made to man and utilize those previously reconnoitered as soon as their secure possession by our infantry is assured.

IV. Usual orders for trains and supplies remain in force. Three days' fire will be at the battery positions prior to D day.

V. The Brigade P. C. remains at Vacherauville (Telephone Muzzle through Joe or Mockingbird).



MAJ. GEN. LASSITER COMMENTING ON RESULT OF INSPECTION

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Capt. F. A.
Operations Officer.

October 22. A memorandum was received giving 23d Oct. 1918 as D day, and 6.15 a.m. as H hour. Liaison details were furnished to

the 113th infantry. Col. Warfield's suggestion, that the infantry be withdrawn several hundred meters before starting the attack, was accepted. This was to permit the Preparation Fire to start on our front lines, for in previous attacks the German machine-gun emplacements were so close to our front lines



THE LAST INSPECTION IN GERMANY

in the woods that our artillery fire fell beyond them.

In the late afternoon a 77 H. E. shell exploded inside the entrance of Col. Warfield's P. C. None of the telephone detail or the Colonel's

staff was injured although Sgt. Driver was blown downstairs. The dugout was filled with H. E. fumes and telephone lines were all shot out, but except for the temporary inconvenience, no harm was done.

The enemy had begun to use a large proportion of gas shells in his Harassing Fire and about 10.00 p.m. one of these exploded so close to Lieut. Goodall of Battery E that he was badly splashed and had to be evacuated.

October 23. At 5.30 all the batteries except C, the airplane battery, commenced delivering Preparation Fire at the rate of 100 rounds per gun per hour. This was

largely for the purpose of neutralization. At 6.15 a.m., the H hour, the infantry jumped off and the artillery delivered a Rolling Barrage at the rate of 100 rounds per gun per hour. This lasted until 11.00 a.m. The attack developed favorably although the 116th met with considerable opposition

in their attempt to cross into the Bois d'Etraye. The 26th, on their right, cleaned out le Houppy Bois and carried their lines into the southern part of the Bois d'Etraye. They also advanced into the Belleu Bois but during the night a strong counter attack by the enemy forced them to

withdraw to the northern edge of the Bois de la Reine. On the whole, the attack was successful, as the possession of the heights near the observatory in the Bois d'Etraye was of great strategical importance, and counter attacks at this point failed to drive back our lines.

October 24. Except for considerable artillery activity on both



LOADING HEAVY BAGGAGE—PREPARATORY TO LEAVING GERMANY



THE LAST MORNING IN GERMANY

sides, the day was uneventful. In the afternoon the following Field Order was received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE
A. E. F.

Field Orders }
No. 11. }

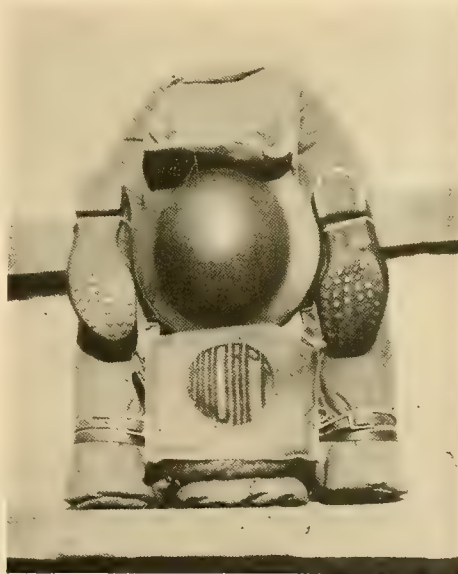
24th Oct. 1918.
18:00 o'clock.

I. SITUATION

The result of the last operation necessitates a reassignment of sectors between Divisions and also a modification within the Division.

The boundary between the 26th and 29th Divisions is Northeast from Molleville Bois through the Houppy Bois along the northern edge of the Belleu Bois, thence northeast. This new boundary will be in effect on and after 25th October at 6:00 o'clock. The sub-sectors within the 29th Division are assigned as follows. Sub-sector *gray*: From right of Division sector along edge of Houppy Bois to northeast tip, thence northwest past Observatory to the edge of the woods near the Molleville Fme.-Etraye Road, 57th Infantry Brigade.

Sub-sector *blue*: From left of sub-sector *gray* southwest along edge of Bois d'Etraye to the edge of the Bois de la Grande Montagne, thence north through the Bois de la Grande Montagne to the center of the northern edge of the Bois Plat-Chêne. The front on this sector is equally divided between regiments of the 58th Infantry Brigade, 115th on the left and the 116th on the right.



BOYLE PACK

II. ORGANIZATION OF BRIGADE

1. *Grouping.* Sub-grouping and groups remain unchanged.
2. *Missions:*
 - (a) Division of sector.
 - Warfield sub-grouping—Support of Sub-sector *gray*.
 - McKinlay sub-grouping—Support of Sub-sector *blue*.
 - Ashburn sub-grouping—Support of 29th Division sector.

(b) *Barrage:*

- Normal Sub-sector *gray*—2 groups—Warfield.
 Sub-sector *blue*—2 groups—McKinlay.
 Eventual Sub-sector *blue*, part assigned to 116th Infantry.
 1 Group—Warfield.
 Sub-sector *gray*—1 Group—McKinlay.

(c) *O. C. P.:*

Normal—Points designated in daily firing schedule within assigned sector.

Eventual — Warfield and McKinlay—points in adjoining sub-sector.

Ashburn — points one kilometer beyond sector limits.

(d) Harassing, retaliation, etc., as ordered daily.

(e) Special Missions—Batteries designated for



HQRS. CO., 322^d F. A.—HAVING A LITTLE 'JAZZ' MUSIC
 THE MORNING OF OUR LEAVING GERMANY

fleeing targets and with aeroplane, C/322, B/323, B/324.

3. *Liaison.* Normal.

4. All opportunities for adjustment with balloon, aeroplane and terrestrial observation will be utilized.

III. Orders for train, ammunition and supplies remain in force.

IV. Brigade P. C. same location, Vacherauville (Telephone Muzzle through Joe or Mockingbird).

By Command of
 Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
 Captain F. A.
 Operations Officer.



HQRS. CO., 322^d F. A., LEAVING WITTGERT, GERMANY,
 FOR U. S. A.

October 25. Throughout the day and night the batteries delivered intermittent Harassing Fire on points in the vicinity of Etraye. At noon the following Field Order was received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE
A. E. F.Field Order }
No. 12. }25th Oct. 1918.
10:15 o'clock.

I. There is no change of moment in the hostile or friendly dispositions. Our line is not yet definitely located. The ground gained by the Corps in recent operations will be re-organized defensively, but also with a view to prompt resumption of the offensive at any time.

The sector of the 29th Division and its sub-division is as stated in Paragraph I. Field Order No. 11, these Headquarters, 24th Oct. 1918.

II. (a) This Brigade will assist in the defense of the Division sector and to this end the groups are reassigned positions as follows:

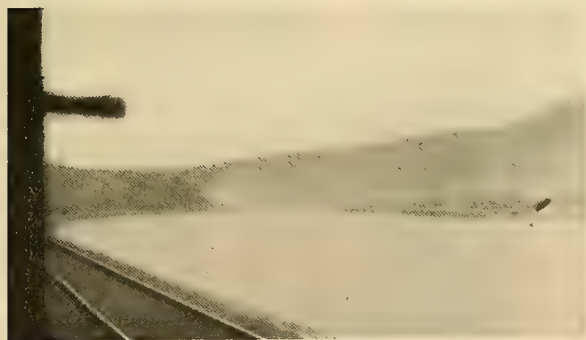
Hopkins Group:

Northwest quarter of square N 49 and northeast quarter of square N 39, but avoiding the southwest corner of the Bois de Consenvoye including the Rav. de Jinvaux.

Marting Group:

Ravine east of the Brabant-Consenvoye road and south of X line 79. No guns will be emplaced within 100 meters of the Brabant-Consenvoye road nor east of X line 23.5.

The artillery occupation of this area will be subordinated to that of the French troops now there.



MOSELLE RIVER, GERMANY

Baldwin Group:

The area now occupied by Hopkins and Baldwin groups southwest of Côte 338.



NEUWIED, GERMANY

Fibich Group:

Trench system and vicinity near point 47.80.

One group (battalion) to be designated by the Commanding Officer 324th F. A. is assigned an area in square N 34 north of the Meuse. The other two groups will occupy in general their present positions.



A VIEW FROM OUR 'PULLMAN'
EN ROUTE FROM GERMANY TO
BREST, FRANCE

Col. Warfield will select or construct a P. C. in the vicinity of one of his groups or between them.

Col. McKinlay will select or construct a P. C. in the vicinity of the Fibich group.

Battery positions will be well separated from each other and the guns of each battery should be well separated, and emplaced at abnormal intervals, and echeloned

from front to rear, if practicable, so that they will not be in line.

Order of work:

Selection and reconnaissance of positions;

Construction of camouflage;

Topographical operations;

Minimum construction necessary for emplacing guns;

One day's ammunition supply;

Installation of communications;

Occupation of position;

Completion of digging in.



OUR 'BOX CAR SPECIAL' GLIDING THROUGH
GERMANY

The above work will be started immediately and rushed to completion. Whenever any battery positions are ready for occupancy immediate report will be made of this fact so that the necessary order can be issued from these Headquarters.

(b) ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMAND

Warfield Sub-grouping—Hopkins and Marting Groups (1st and 2d Battalions 322d F. A.).

McKinlay Sub-grouping. Baldwin and Fibich Groups (1st and 2d Battalions 323d F. A.).

Ashburn Sub-grouping. Brice, Nash and Sackett Groups (1st, 2d and 3d Battalions 324th F. A.).

Coördinates of P. C.'s of sub-grouping and group commanders, and of batteries will be announced later.

III. (a) Instructions concerning firing Schedules, barrage, O. C. P., etc., continue in force until modified.

(b) One battery will be designated from the Fibich group by the sub-grouping commander for close forward defense. This Battery Commander will report to the D. C. A. for instructions.

(c) Normal liaison will be arranged in accordance with the above assignments and missions, to go into effect when these become operative.

(d) O. P.'s near point 57.23 and point 50.28 will be manned and operated

under the instructions of the sub-grouping commanders of the corresponding sub-sectors. The 324th F. A. will find an O. P. near Gercourt. It will also establish, as soon as practicable, an O. P. near the Pylone Obs in the Bois d'Etraye.

(e) P. C.'s of battery and group, group and sub-grouping, sub-grouping and the D. C. A. will all be connected by two parallel lines. The group com-

manders of each sub-grouping will be similarly connected as will the Hopkins and Baldwin groups. Parallel lines will also be laid to O. P.'s.

IV. (a) Dressing stations will be established under the direction of sub-grouping commanders and their location published to all concerned.

(b) Ammunition dumps will be established as follows:

Warfield Sub-grouping: At the intersection of the Brabant-Consenvoye



MESS TIME



A FRENCH FIELD AS VIEWED FROM THE TRAIN

road with the narrow-gauge road at point 26.86. The narrow-gauge road running northeast from this point will be repaired and used to supply the Warfield Sub-grouping.

McKinlay Sub-grouping: One near point 46.84 and one near Baldwin Group.

Ashburn Sub-grouping: Suitable dumps on the Samogneux-Brabant road for the two groups near the Côte de Roche. For the Group west of the Meuse: One at Samogneux and one where the road leading north from Marre crosses the Canal.



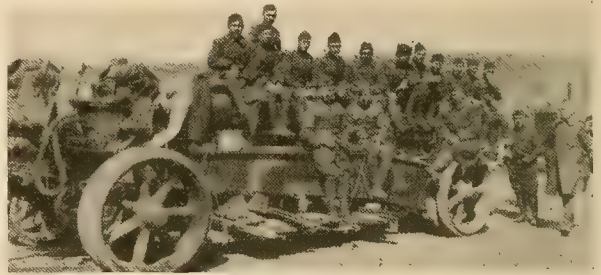
SOME OF THE PLEASURES THE GERMANS MISSED BY
SIGNING THE ARMISTICE

Ammunition will be transported by the trucks of the ammunition train as far forward as possible. Orders will be issued later concerning the carrying of ammunition by horse transportation between dumps and battery positions.

(c) Echelons and Supply Companies will remain in their present positions.

IV. Brigade P. C. remains at Vacherauville (Telephone * Muzzle through Joe or Mockingbird).

By Command of
Brig. Gen. Fleming.
A. L. RICHMOND,
Captain F. A.
Operations Officer.



322^D MEN SITTING ON LONG-RANGED GUN

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

25th October 1918.

MEMORANDUM. *Supplementing Field Order No. 12*

Maps attached	Zone of advance posts.	Extract of
	Centers of resistance.	
showing Sub-sectors	Artillery Covering Line.	A. C. orders.

I. Battery positions selected under the general offensive-defensive Mission (Field Order No. 12) should fulfill following conditions:

1. *Large horizontal field of fire, and short minimum ranges.* As a rule, field of fire: 1600 mils per gun whenever practicable. Each Sub-grouping commander will organize his system of fires so as to insure in his sub-sector, close Artillery protection in front of each center of resistance and in front of the Artillery Covering line. If too great difficulty is met in any particular, the fact will be reported to the DAC in order that arrangements may be made for flanking fire from the adjacent Sub-groupings.

2. *Defensive organization of Battery and Battalion positions as Centers of Resistance* (i.e., surrounding the positions with barbed wire, tactical distribution of Machine Guns for defensive fire, proper supply of hand grenades). Without delaying the progress of work in Field Order No. 12, the Sub-grouping Commanders should arrange this defensive organization by conference with the Infantry Sub-sector Commander, as both Infantry and Artillery will have to coöperate in its utilization.

3. *Camouflage arrangements* will be carefully studied, and the suggestions of the Brigade Camouflage Officer, Lieut. Hewes, carried out. Copies of all orders for the enforcement of camouflage discipline will be furnished to these Headquarters.

4. *Ample protection* should be provided for the personnel, both from hostile fire and possible explosion of guns. Shelters will be started as soon as possible, without delaying the fulfilment of the tactical mission, so as to insure protection against splinters, and progressively im-

proved into deep dugouts protecting against heavy calibers. At least two exits will be provided for the latter.

5. Attention is again called to the necessity for the prompt rendering of all reports required concerning change of position, i.e., coördinates of B. P.,



RED CROSS GIRL HANDING OUT CIGARETTES AT
TOUL, FRANCE



RENNES, FRANCE

reports on O. P.'s and P. C.'s, panoramic sketches, visibility charts and dead space charts.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Captain, F. A.
Operations Officer.

October 26. The batteries continued to deliver Harassing Fire. This drew a certain amount of retaliation from the enemy, largely gas shells.



FRENCH CHILDREN ASKING FOR HARD-TACK

October 27. Early in the morning the following Field Orders were received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

Field Order }
No. 13 }

23:00 o'clock.
26th October 1918.

Maps: Verdun B * }
Brandeville } 1/20000

I. SITUATION

The 26th Division will attack 27th Oct. 1918 for the purpose of gaining possession of Belleu Bois, Carrefour de la Croix Antoine, Bois d'Ormont, the western triangle of Bois de Moirey. To protect their left flank and insure liaison with our right flank the coöperation of the 29th Division is necessary. The right flank of the 29th Division will accordingly withdraw during the preparation and conform in the advance so as to maintain contact.

II. ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMAND

1. Same except Sub-grouping McKinlay is changed to Sub-grouping Hopkins, and Group Hopkins becomes Group Garfield, assuming the P. C.'s of the former commanders.

2. *Missions:*

(a) Preparation see Appendix III-1-a-b-c.

Standing Barrage Warfield—1 Group.

Warfield—2 Batteries—superimposed.

Interdiction Warfield—1 Battery (also for fleeting targets).

Hopkins—2 Groups over northern front.

Ashburn—3 Groups over entire front and in barrage sector.

(b) *Support of the attack:*

Warfield—1 Battery.

Covering Fire Hopkins—2 Groups.

Ashburn—2 Groups and 1 Battery.

Rolling Barrage Warfield—1 Group.

Warfield—2 Batteries—superimposed.

Raking Ashburn—1 Battery in barrage sector.

(c) *Covering Fire after Barrage:*

Warfield—1 group on barrage sector.

Warfield—1 group on normal sector.

Hopkins—2 groups on normal sector.

Ashburn—3 groups on normal sector.

III. (a) Plan of Artillery preparation see Appendix III-1-a.

(b) Plan of Artillery accompanying fire see Appendix III-1-b.

(c) Plan of Artillery covering fire see Appendix III-1-c.

(d) Liaison organization normal.

IV. Usual orders for trains, supplies, and ammunition remain in force.

V. No change in Brigade P. C.



A LITTLE EXERCISE WHEN OUR TRAIN STOPPED

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Captain F. A.
Operations Officer.

At 10.00 a.m. the batteries started to deliver Preparation Fire at the rate of 1 round per gun per minute. At 11.00 a.m., the H hour, the 26th Division with the right of the 29th Division attacked, and the batteries delivered a Rolling Barrage at the rate of 2 rounds per

gun per minute, advancing 50 meters each 3 minutes. This continued for 50 minutes when the artillery changed to Covering Fire. This consisted of a standing barrage lasting until 12.30. The attack was successful, the 26th gaining possession of the entire Belleu Bois. At three o'clock the batteries resumed



SOME OF THE INMATES OF OUR BOX CAR SPECIAL

their schedule of Harassing Fire, which they continued throughout the night. In the afternoon the following order was received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

Field Order

No. 14

27th Oct. 1918.

13:00 o'clock.

I. SITUATION

There is no change of note in the situation. In accordance with Division orders a reassignment of sectors will occur as follows:

The 115th Infantry relieves the 116th Infantry on the night of October 27-28, taking over the sub-sector *blue* with one battalion in each C. R. The 116th Infantry reverts to the Brigade Reserve.

The 114th Infantry during the night of October 28-29 takes up the disposition indicated holding the C. R.'s Etraye and Wavrille.



BREST

II. ORGANIZATION

1. Grouping, Sub-grouping and Groups remain unchanged.
2. *Missions*:
 - (a) Division of Sector:
 - Warfield Sub-grouping—Support of Sub-sector *gray*.
 - Hopkins Sub-grouping—Support of Sub-sector *blue*.
 - Ashburn Sub-grouping—Support of Sector Grande Montagne.

III. EMPLOYMENT OF ARTILLERY

1. *Barrage*:
 - Normal Sub-sector *gray*—2 groups—Warfield.
Sub-sector *blue*—2 groups—Hopkins.
 - Eventual Sub-sector *gray*—1 Group—Hopkins.
Sub-sector *blue*—1 Group—Warfield.
2. *O. C. P.*:
 - Normal Points designated on daily firing schedule.
Warfield—Points in adjoining sub-sector.
 - Eventual Hopkins.
Ashburn—Points 1 Km. beyond sector limits.



GERMAN PRISONERS AT BREST, FRANCE

3. Harassing, retaliation, etc., as ordered daily.
4. Special missions—Batteries designated fleeting targets and work with aeroplanes C/322, B/323 and B/324.
5. Liaison—Normal.
- IV. Orders for trains, ammunition and supplies remain in force.
- V. Brigade P. C. same location.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Capt. F. A.
Operations Officer.

October 28. In the morning orders were received calling for the relief of the 158th F. A. Brigade by the 52d F. A. Brigade. The

relief of the 2d Battalion, 322d, was effected during the afternoon and evening and about 9.00 p.m. the 2d Battalion marched via Brabant, Samogneux, Bras, Montgrignon, Thierville, Glorieux, R  gret and Moulin-Brul   to Camp Gallieni.

October 29. The 2d Battalion reached Camp Gallieni.



A BUSY CORNER AT CAMP PONTANEZEN

About noon the following Field Order was received:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

Field Order }
No. 16. }

29th October 1918.
10:00 o'clock.

Maps: Region de Verdun 1/50000

Verdun B 1/20000

I. The 52d F. A. Brigade will continue the relief of the 158th F. A. Brigade on the night of 29-30 October.

II. The remaining units will move and take station as follows:

1. 29-30 October.

(a) III/324 will move out as soon as its accumulated mission has been taken over by the 106th F. A. Movement in units of one section.

Route—Bras, Montgrignon, Thierville, Glorieux, Dugny, Ance mont to Bois Cinq Fr  res.

(b) Caissons III/324



LAUNDRY AND DELOUSER AT PONTANEZEN

will join column at crossroad 57.56 and proceed empty with Battalion to destination.

(c) Hq/322 and I/322 at 22:00 o'clock move out via Brabant and Samogneux.

Route—Bras, Montgrignon, Thierville, Glorieux, Regret, Baleicourt, Bois le Ville, to Camp Gallieni.

(d) Hq/323 and II/323 at 22:30 o'clock move out via Brabant and Samogneux.

Route—Bras, Montgrignon, Thierville, Glorieux, Regret, Baleicourt, Bois le Ville to Bois Claude.

(e) Caissons I/322 and II/323 at 22:00 o'clock move out in one column from Côte du Talou, via Marre and Charny to Remy Pré near

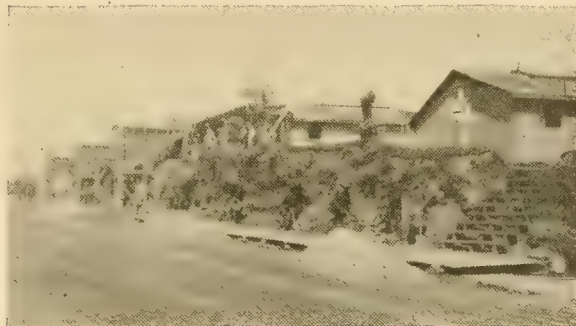
Thierville where each battalion will load 1500 rounds of ammunition and proceed by routes assigned to Battalions to destination.

(f) All remaining Regimental and Battalion equipment will accompany the respective units at the time of their movement.

(g) Batteries will move closed up. Distance between batteries 25 meters; between battalions, 50 meters. Mounted men will march in these open spaces to forbid them being filled by infiltration from side roads. They are left solely for the convenience of faster passing transportation. These men will also serve to maintain



DUCKBOARDS AT CAMP PONTANEZEN



GERMAN PRISONERS WORKING ON ROAD AT CAMP PONTANEZEN

these distances and act as route markers in case of delay of rear elements.

III. (a) Each Regiment, Battalion and Battery will leave an officer with its replacing unit for 24 hours after its departure.

(b) No ammunition will be carried from positions. Caissons will start empty and refill at dumps noted in II, 1, e.

(c) Telephone operators with their instruments will be left in their present

positions until relieved by operators of the 52d Brigade or by order of the Commanding General, 52d Brigade.

(d) All observation posts will be turned over to new units before move of October 29th.

IV. (a) No battery will move pieces from firing positions until notification is received from the Regimental Commander that its mission has been taken over by another unit.

(b) Arrangements will be carefully made by appropriate commanders with corresponding officers of the 52d Brigade to effect the following transfer of Mission:

Previous to movement:
Accumulated mission of
III/324 to 106th F. A.

At or before 22:00
o'clock.

Accumulated missions of I/322 to 104th F. A.

Accumulated missions of II/323 to 105th F. A.

(c) Notification of transfer of mission will be immediately telephoned to Brigade Headquarters.

V. The General Commanding the 52d Brigade will take command of this sector at 8:00 o'clock 30 October. After 8:00 o'clock 30 October the 158th F. A. Brigade P. C. will be located at Dieue.

By order of
Col. Ashburn.

A. L. RICHMOND,
Capt. F. A.
Operations Officer.



WHEN THE WASH HOUSE AT CAMP PONTANEZEN WAS
ON THE BLINK



A GAME OF BALL AT BREST

During the afternoon the relieving of the 158th F. A. Brigade was completed and at 10.00 p.m. the 1st Battalion and Headquarters of the 322d marched over the route taken by the 2d Battalion to Camp Gallieni.

October 30. The 1st Battalion reached Camp Gallieni at 10.00

a.m. The entire Regiment remained in this camp throughout the day and night.

October 31. The Regiment remained in camp until 4.00 p.m., when it resumed the march, going via the Nixéville-Sivry la Perche Road to Fromeréville, thence westward through Bethelainville and the Forêt-de-Hesse to a point in the woods just south of Avocourt, where it went into camp at 2.00 a.m. on November 1.

November 1. The Regiment resumed the march at 8.00 a.m., going through Avocourt to the Bois de Montfaucon where it went into camp.

November 2. Orders to march at 1.00 p.m. were received so late that the Regiment did not get on its way until 7.00 p.m., when it proceeded via Montfaucon and Nantillois to the Bois de Cunel where the last organization went into camp at 4.30 a.m.



OUR LAST MAIL IN FRANCE



CHANGING FRENCH 'FRANCS' AND GERMAN 'MARKS' TO REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS AMERICAN 'JACKS'

November 3-6. The Regiment remained in camp in the Bois de Cunel, being now again attached to the 32^d Division, which was temporarily in reserve.

November 7. The Regiment remained in camp in the Bois de Cunel. A patrol consisting of Lieuts. Rondthaler and Hayes, Sgt. Baumberger and Pvt. Montgomery went forward to Dun-sur-Meuse to make an artillery reconnaissance. Passing through Dun they proceeded north on the National Highway. After leaving Dun they saw no American troops and at a point about $3\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers beyond the town they came upon

a German officer and four men. These were unarmed and signaled their desire to surrender. The patrol advanced toward the Germans and as they drew near about fifteen Germans rose from a ditch and opened fire with rifles. Lieut. Rondthaler was severely wounded and



LINED UP FOR MESS

crawled into a ditch at the side of the road. Sgt. Baumberger was also severely wounded in the shoulder but succeeded in mounting one of the horses. Two of the horses were disabled. Lieut. Hayes and Pvt. Montgomery mounted the remaining horse and with Sgt. Baumberger, rode back

under the fire of the Germans. Lieut. Rondthaler lay in the ditch for many hours, finally being picked up by a passing ambulance.

November 8. The Regiment remained in camp in Bois de Cunel.

November 9. The 1st Battalion marched from the Bois de Cunel at 4.00 a.m. via Cunel, Bantheville, Aincreville, Doulecon, Dun-sur-Meuse, Liny, past Vilosnes to the vicinity of Haraumont, where they went into camp. The balance of the Regiment left the Bois de Cunel at 4.00 p.m. and marched over the same route to Haraumont, where they camped with the 1st Battalion at about 3.00 a.m. on the 10th.



FIXING THE CHOW FOR OUR MEALS AT CAMP PONTANEZEN

November 10. The batteries went forward to positions in the neighborhood of Brehéville and Ecurey. The regimental P. C. was established at Ecurey. Lieut. Thompson, going forward to make a reconnoissance, was badly wounded in the back by fragments of a shell which exploded near him. Capt. Mather and Lieut. Lane, each

with one platoon of A Battery, were assigned to accompany the pursuit of the infantry. Lieut. Lane's platoon, with the 127th Infantry, was not called upon to any great extent by the Infantry, although they pushed well toward the Front. The platoon under Capt. Mather with the 128th Infantry saw considerable action which was subsequently reported by Capt. Mather as follows:

"The infantry jumped off at 6.00 a.m. and by 7.00 a.m. the 2d Battalion was clear of the town of Ecurey and I started. No incident

occurred until just before we reached Peuvillers, about 8.30 a.m. The town and railroad were being heavily shelled, and I rested for ten minutes, until it subsided. Very heavy mud at this point delayed

us at least forty minutes more, and it was nearly 9.30 a.m. when we emerged from the far side of Peuvillers. Here an infantryman halted us with the information that the Germans were counter attacking, and were very close. This seemed incredible, as I was at least an hour behind the second wave, and had seen no signs of



PUTTING THE DUCK IN DUCKBOARD AT CAMP
PONTANEZEN, FRANCE

action ahead. However, I left the platoon in the edge of Peuvillers, and went north along the road to investigate. About fifteen or twenty infantrymen, all privates, were in the ditch on the east side of the road, firing desultorily. When I had advanced about two hundred meters, a small group of Germans appeared on the road, where it



PLACE WHERE WE WASHED MESS KITS AT CAMP
PONTANEZEN

disappeared over the crest, two hundred meters ahead. The Americans were flanked, and broke and ran across the fields west of the road; a few surrendered to the Germans. After calling vainly to them to stop, I called back to the guns, 'Action Front,' and ran



FRENCH AWARDDING MEDALS TO 322^d F. A.,
BREST, FRANCE

back to the village. One gun got into action in the road in time to get off five shots, direct fire, at the group of Germans and Americans on the hill.

"They ran back over the crest, suffering no casualties, as far as I could tell.

"I got the other gun into position beside the road, put my machine

gun on one flank, and put out flank guards. I kept the limbers right in the village with me, less than one hundred meters away. The only American infantrymen in sight were a few scattered individuals, and on going up to the crest of Hill 207.7 I could see no Germans north or northeast of me, nor was there any machine-gun or rifle fire. German shells were falling in the valley of the Thinte, between me and the Bois de Mange. My only conclusion was that I had met an isolated German patrol but I did not dare advance without a screen of infantry. Presently some



FRENCH PRESENTING MEDALS, BREST, FRANCE

Germans appeared around the buildings at Pont de la Chaux. At this point an officer brought me word that Col. Meyer of the 128th Infantry was in Peuvillers.

"I sent a message that I was held up by a German patrol, and the American infantry was out of sight ahead. He sent back word

to do what I could toward cleaning out the nest of Germans ahead of us. In the meantime I had a telephone line run up to me on the hill, and on receipt of his directions, opened fire on the buildings at Pont de la Chaux and other sheds along the crest east of that point. No Germans disclosed themselves in the valley of the Thinte, and after an hour's intermittent firing no more appeared anywhere on the crest northwest of the Bois de Mange. All had disappeared over the crest. Before long some appeared along the eastern edge of the Bois de Lissey and I fired a few shots over there, which scattered them. Shortly after noon Col. Meyer sent me word that he was going to send up a combat patrol of eight men to see if the Germans were cleaned out. Lieut. J. D. Thompson, of our



PRESENTING MEDALS, 158TH ARTILLERY BRIGADE

322^d F. A. LEAVING AFTER PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

Regiment, on liaison duty with Col. Meyer, went forward with the patrol to show it where to go. They advanced in safety across the bridge, and up the hill to their left. I watched them, firing a few shots well ahead of them, at what was left of the sheds. They went over the hill and out of sight. I then fired a few shots at the Bois de Lissey, but soon desisted, as I could not tell where Lieut. Thompson and his patrol were. I learned later that they advanced some distance, but eventually were forced to retire by fire from the north and west, in which Lieut. Thompson was wounded.

"Between one and two o'clock the German artillery fire on the vicinity of Peuvillers increased and the number of American wounded

and unwounded who came back past us from the direction of the Bois de Mange increased rapidly. I learned from them that the Germans were counter attacking strongly and were rapidly approaching Peuvillers and at the same time one of my advance liaison agents with



HARBOR OF BREST. FAREWELL, FRANCE

the first Battalion Commander returned with the same information. Machine-gun and rifle fire increased all around us, so at about two o'clock I gave 'March Order, Limber Front and Rear.' A few infantry officers on the road just north of Peuvillers informed me that they intended making a stand along that road.

"The platoon was ready when I reached it, and we started back through Peuvillers. I stopped at Col. Meyer's P. C. to inform him that I was retiring about a mile back along the axial road, and that my ammunition was more than half gone. He confirmed the fact that the infantry were going to hold the line of the road north of Peuvillers.

"I found a position about 83.75 and laid the guns on the steeple in Peuvillers ready to fire at about 3.15. I sent a message to Col. Meyer giving my location, and stating that I would try to give him some help.



A FULL VIEW OF THE PLATTSBURG BEFORE EMBARKING

From a rise of ground in front of the battery I could see all the way to Peuvillers and on both sides of the town. Almost immediately the Germans laid a heavy barrage along the road and our line broke. I could see the infantry falling back on both sides of Peuvillers. With two guns on a front of between two and three kilometers, I felt helpless, and although it seemed like leaving the infantry in an emergency,

I decided to pull back a kilometer farther to the line of hills through Brehéville and Lissey.

"I sent word to Col. Meyer of my action, and withdrew again to a position at the cemetery just outside La Petite Lissey. By the time I got there it was dusk and the firing ahead had died. I laid the guns due east with the goniometer, and sent word back to my Battalion Commander in Ecurey, who had a telephone line up to Col. Meyer, of my new location. The runner returned with news that the infantry were holding, and that I would have no firing to do that night. My mission really ended at this time, although I did some firing the following morning, by map, as part of the preparation for a new attack."

November 11. At 6.30 a.m. the batteries started to deliver Preparation Fire for an attack by the 64th Infantry Brigade. At 7.00 a.m., the H hour, the artillery changed to Accompanying Fire, but the infantry was ordered to remain in position and shortly after that the artillery was told to cease firing. By this time everyone knew that the Armistice had been signed and would



322^d MEN WAITING TO PUT FOOT ON THE PLATTSBURG.
THE LINER IMPERATOR, WHICH GERMANS HAVE
TURNED OVER, IN BACKGROUND



322^d F. A. BOARDING THE PLATTSBURG IN THE HARBOR
OF BREST

go into effect at 11.00 o'clock. In spite of this the enemy continued to fire upon our lines and about eight o'clock shells began to land in Ecurey. Harris, Lee, O'Neill and West of Battery C were wounded by shell fragments and Wert of the same Battery lost his leg. Wilson

of Supply Company was severely wounded and subsequently died. It seemed too bad to wait passively while the enemy continued to shell us, so the Colonel called up Brigade Headquarters and got permission to fight back. Thereupon the batteries commenced firing again and soon the hostile fire died down. However, both sides did



PASSING AWAY THE TIME ON THE PLATTSBURG

some firing up to a few minutes before 11.00 a.m., when all firing ceased for the first time in four and a half years. The French took the situation in a characteristic way and ran out into the streets cheering and congratulating each other. The American troops were equally happy but more reserved in the expression of their joy.

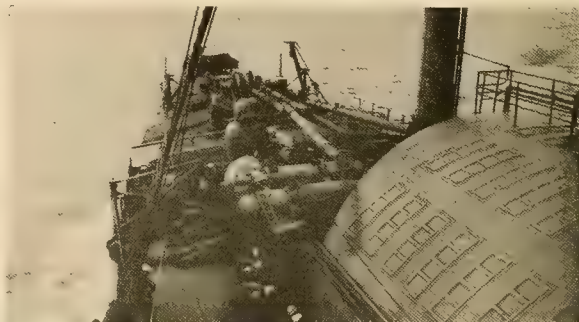
November 12. The first morning after the Armistice found all the guns still in position with barrages prepared. Although the chief desire of all was to get cleaned up and rested, a schedule was immediately put into effect, which aimed to restore the high standard of drill and discipline unavoidably relaxed by service at the Front.

The following Order was issued from the G. H. Q., A. E. F.:

General Orders }
No. 203 }

France, Nov. 12, 1918.

The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who, by their heroic efforts, have made possible this heroic result. Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill, always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant privation, toil and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom might live. I thank you



NOSING OUR WAY THROUGH THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of American history.

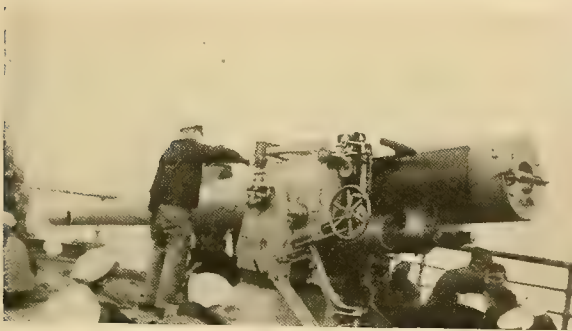
Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will be sadly dimmed. But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in con-

duct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of

to-day to pass unnoticed by friend or foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear



SOME 322^d F. A. OFFICERS ON BOARD U. S. S. PLATTSBURG, MAY, 1919



THE REAR BULLDOG OF THE U. S. S. PLATTSBURG

yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love that every American feels for your uniform and you.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

OFFICIAL:
ROBERT C. DAVIS, Adjutant General.

November 13. The officers and noncommissioned officers of the Regiment were addressed by Maj. Gen. Haan, Commanding General of the 32d Division, who brought the news that our Brigade had been assigned to the 32d Division and would accompany it on the march to the Rhine, the Division having been selected as a part of the Army of Occupation because of its unusually excellent record at the Front.



ENGINE ROOM—PLATTSBURG

Preparations for the march were begun at once, a requisition being forwarded for immediate supply of all shortages of equipment. A muster of the Regiment showed 52 officers and 1232 enlisted men present, 6 officers and 196 men having been dropped from the rolls as wounded or gassed in action.

November 14. The 2d Battalion moved from Brehéville to Ecurey, rejoining the rest of the Regiment.

November 15. Preparations for the march to the Rhine continued.

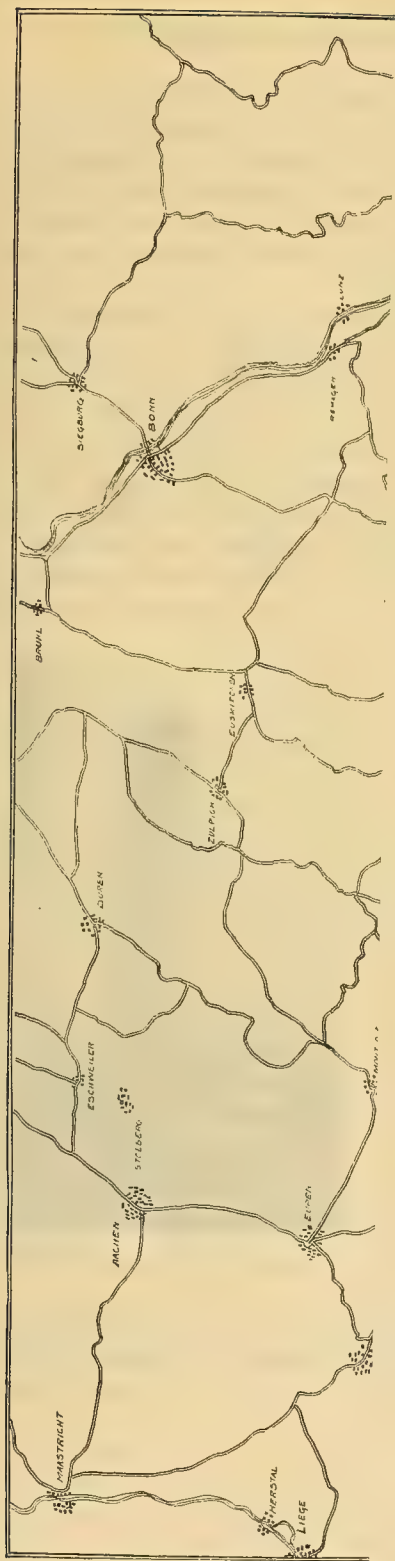
November 16. Thirty-second Division Field Order received, setting the time of departure as 5.00 a.m. on the following morning.

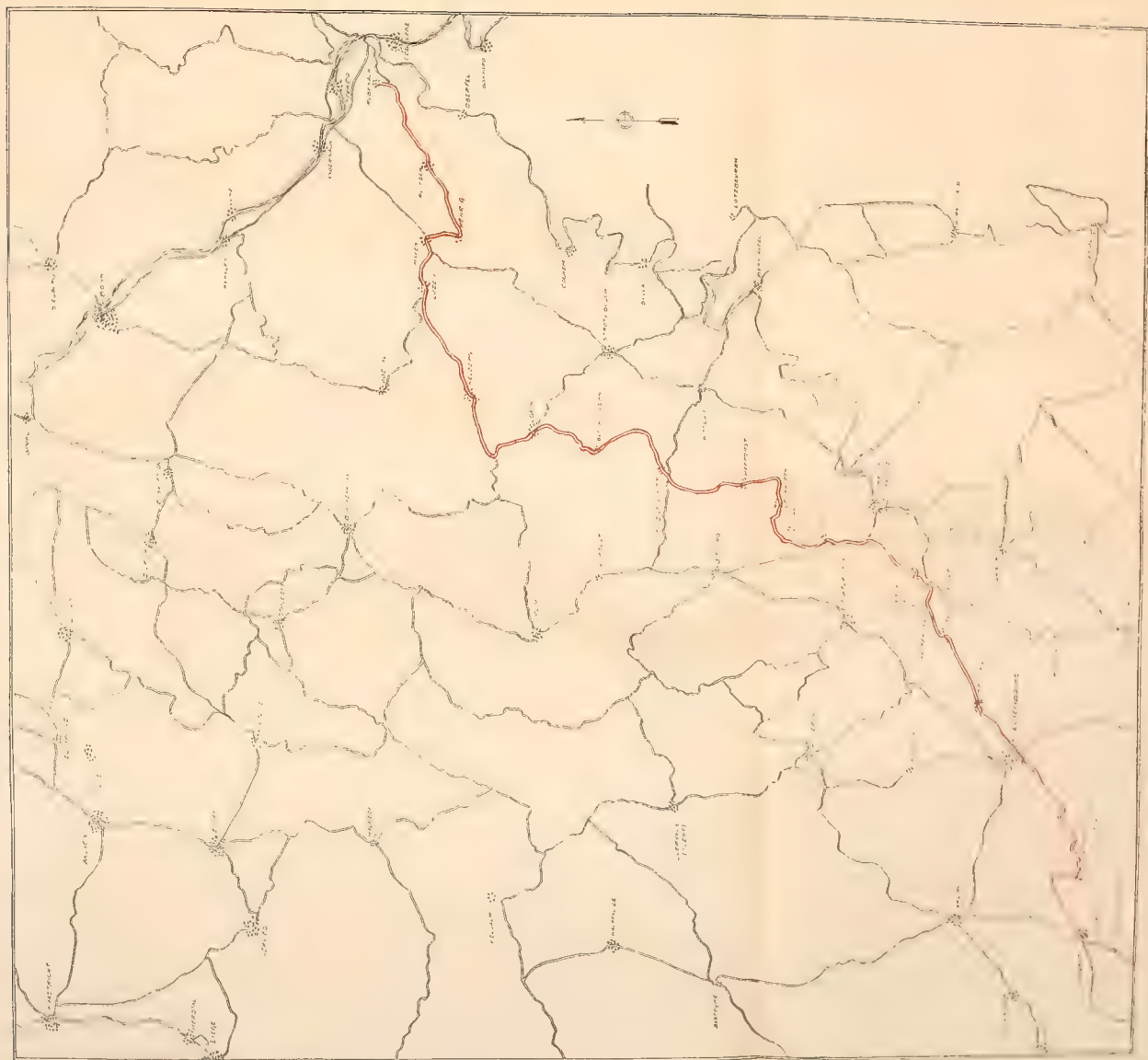
November 17. Battery A, with the advance guard of the 64th Infantry Brigade, marched to Arrancy, while the balance of the Regiment was billeted in Sorbey. The exuberant joy of the inhabitants of this region, evacuated only a few hours by the German troops, who had told the people nothing of the Armistice, or anything else that had occurred, was thrilling to witness and made a lasting impression on all.



FIRING BOILERS ON THE U. S. S. PLATTSBURG

November 18. Battery A advanced to a position near Mexy, while the Regiment marched to Cons-la-Grandville. Here unusually good billets were found, Regimental Headquarters being in the historic château occupied during the Battle of Verdun by the Crown Prince and Field Marshal von Hindenburg.





November 19. A stopover was given here, and the morning was spent in preparation for a dismounted inspection by the Division Commander. Battery A rejoined just in time for the inspection which finally failed to materialize, other duties preventing the General from coming.

November 20. The march was resumed through the ancient Fortress of Longwy and across the French border to Differdange, Luxemburg. Just outside Longwy the Regiment passed before the Chief of Artillery and

Division Commander, exciting very favorable comment, and producing the comfortable feeling that all the effort of the previous day had not been wasted. The Field Train was declared the best yet seen by the inspectors. Battery E was on advance guard to-day. Maj. Brumage rejoined the Regiment at Differdange. Although not as enthusiastic as the French, the people of Luxemburg everywhere welcomed the Americans as liberators from German domination.

November 21. Starting at 8.00 a.m., the route led through the outskirts of the city of Luxemburg to Neudorf, one of its suburbs, where the night was spent. Division orders prevented our going through the city of Luxemburg, a fact regretted by all, and a view of the historic cathedral from the road outside the city was all we saw.

November 22. A short march of eight kilos brought the Regiment to Sennigen about 10.00 a.m. Here the Regimental and National Standards were unfurled for the first time since leaving Coëtquidan, they having been stored at Le Mans in the meantime.



THE FORE WATCH ON THE U. S. S. PLATTSBURG



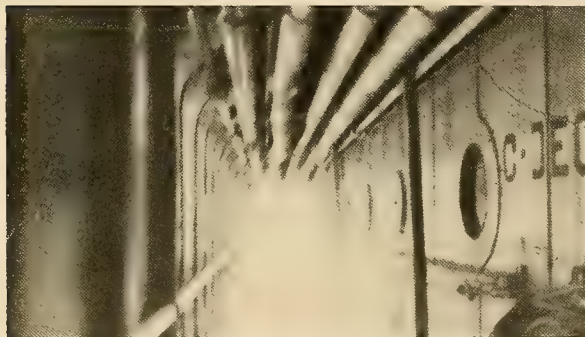
A DECK OF THE PLATTSBURG

November 23. During the morning the Regiment marched to Manternach, a town only three or four kilos from the German border, where a week's halt was announced, it being understood that the time was given to allow the British north of us to reach the border also, in

order that all might enter Germany together.

November 24. Drill schedules were drawn up, to go into effect on the morrow, the aim being to permanently get rid of the persistent "dugout" appearance and discipline.

November 25. The entire day was devoted to cleaning equipment and matériel.



WAVES COVERING C DECK ON THE PLATTSBURG

November 26. A tactical problem compiled by the Regimental Commander took all the batteries out on the road and into positions where firing data were figured for targets on German soil.

November 27. Maj. Amos Ashley was this date assigned to the Regiment and placed in command of the 2d Battalion.

November 28, Thanksgiving Day. The necessity of preparing for an inspection by the Division Commander on Saturday, caused most of the day to be spent in special cleaning



"ROLL ON, THOU DARK AND DEEP BLUE OCEAN, ROLL"

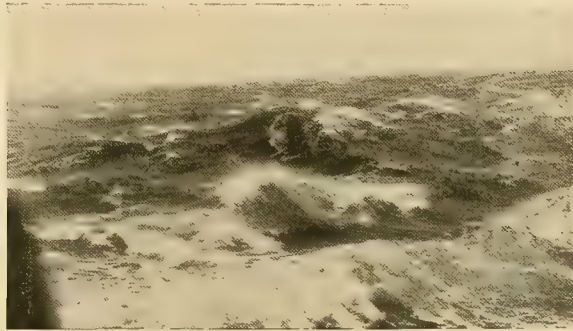
work. However a period from noon until 2.30 was allowed all the men in recognition of the day.

November 29. Preliminary inspections by the Brigade and Regimental Commanders were the chief business of the day, but more interest was later aroused by the arrival of the Division sleeve insignia—the barred red arrow, symbolic of the fact that in every drive

in which the 32d Division took part, it was assigned the position of driving wedge, and the point of the wedge pierced the German defenses on every occasion.

November 30. The inspection by the Division Commander again failed to materialize, but the arrival of a considerable amount of new clothing fully counterbalanced the loss.

December 1. At 7.30 a.m. the Regiment left Manternach, crossed the Sauer River at Langsur into Germany, and proceeded through Trierweiler to Möhn. Battery F was on advance guard duty.



SLASHING WAVES ON THE ATLANTIC

December 2. Battery C relieved Battery F, and the Regiment marched over a rough and very hilly road to Orenhofen, where the night was spent.

December 3. A short morning's march brought the Regiment to Herforst where Battery C rejoined.

December 4. The Regiment remained in Herforst where the usual program of cleaning was varied by the receipt of pay.

December 5. A long but unusually beautiful march took the Regi-

ment to the village of Bleckhausen, where sufficient billets were found only with considerable difficulty.

December 6. This day brought the longest march of the whole journey, thirty-four kilos to Kelberg, where we were together with the 323d F. A.

December 7-8. The Regiment marched to Luxem where another



HURRAH NEW YORK! AS SHE LOOKED THE MORNING
WE PULLED IN

stopover was granted, and where Gen. Fleming inspected the Regiment, and condemned several horses for evacuation.

December 9. Accompanied by the horsed battalion of the 308th Ammunition Train, the Regiment passed through Mayen and Allenz, coming to Kehrig for the night.



APPROACHING OUR LANDING PLACE IN THE U. S.

December 10. After leading the Regiment to its billets, the two Battalions in Kerben, Headquarters, Supply, and the Ammunition Train in Ruitsch, the Colonel, accompanied by Lieuts. Briggs and McConnaughey, reconnoitered advance posi-

tions for the batteries and in the course of his work crossed the Rhine, a feat which few would have predicted a year previously.

December 11. An easy march of seventeen kilos brought the Regiment to Rubenach, the last town west of the Rhine in which we stayed.

December 12. While the Regiment remained in Rubenach, the following order was received from Brigade Headquarters:



BAND GIVING US A WELCOME HOME AS WE APPROACH THE PIER

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

General Order }
No. 55. }

12th December, 1918.

1. In the period of less than three months that has elapsed since the Brigade left its training camp for the Front it has traversed France; fought in four Divisions and three Corps; borne its full share of the great offensive,

first west of the Meuse, then north of Verdun, then again west of the Meuse, which it once more crossed in pursuit of the vanquished enemy.

And on every occasion the guns of the Brigade have responded fully to all the needs of the Infantry. This has been rendered possible only by the untiring labor and the devotion of its personnel, both commissioned and enlisted.

2. Since the signing of the Armistice, the Brigade has marched through part of Belgium, crossed Luxembourg and all of Germany west of the Rhine. During the march to the Rhine there has been

a marked and constant improvement in the march discipline and march efficiency of the units of the Brigade. The conditions under which this march was undertaken and has been conducted have afforded no adequate opportunity for the reëquipment of the troops; yet by their continued efforts the

organizations of the Brigade have done much to rehabilitate their war-worn equipment.

3. The Brigade Commander, who is surely its severest critic, feels great pride in these achievements of the Brigade and congratulates all officers and men, who have contributed to them, on the results obtained.

4. The high standard which has been insisted upon by the Brigade Commander is within reach, but the price of its attainment and maintenance is unceasing and unremitting effort by every member of the Brigade.



HURRAH U. S. A.! PLATTSBURG. LANDING AT PIER



RED CROSS WOMEN WELCOMING OUR RETURN AT PIER

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

S. R. HOPKINS,
Lieut. Col. F. A.
Adjutant.

An excellent picture of the way most of us felt during this long hike to the Rhine is given in the words of a song by a member of the 23d Infantry, 2d Division, sung by the author at a performance given for the Regiment by the 23d Infantry Theatrical Troupe, during the winter in Germany:

HIKING THROUGH LUXEMBOURG

The gallant old 3d Army
Crossed the line to Germany,
The boys were marching route-step,
A lovely sight to see.

The majors they were leading us
Upon their noble horses,
While the poor buck privates in the rear
Were like a bunch of corpses.



AFOOT AGAIN IN U. S. A.

We hiked many and many a kilometer
Until our poor feet came down with a thud,
Then a motorcycle comes along
And covers us with mud.

We had blisters on our shoulders,
We had blisters on our feet,
And for a hiking outfit
The old 3d Army can't be beat.

I have hiked in the roads of France,
I've done it at double time,
But I have never seen such winding roads
As those that lead to the River Rhine.

I'll curse the hills of Germany
Until the day I meet my death,
It was on those little mountains
That every moment I would lose my breath.

Oh! did you see the good railroads?
We hiked right by its side,
But what I would like to know is,
Why didn't they let us ride?

Did you notice the Lieutenants?
With canes and nice web belts,
They had an awful load, boys,
Gee! I wonder how they felt.



OUR FIRST 'LINE UP' IN U. S. A. AFTER LEAVING
THE PLATTSBURG

Can I fall out, Lieutenant?
I've got to drop this pack.
Give way to the right, you fellows,
Is the answer we'd get back.

This outfit always will be moving,
In a big town we will never stop,
But just hand me a hay barn
Where I can take a flop.

Give us plenty of good rations
And we will soldier all the while,
But when I get a pack on my back
That's the time I can never smile.

Now everything I say, boys,
Is nothing but a compliment,
But how can a fellow soldier
When he hasn't got a cent?

The name of the old 3d Army
Will be heralded throughout the States,
But won't it be nice to get back home
And have chow on mother's plates?

You dug right in and fought, boys,
Never did you lag,
But after all is said and done, boys,
It was for our grand old flag.

CPL. ALLAN CONNOR.

December 13. Leaving Rubenach at 8.00 a.m., the Regiment proceeded through Rubenheim, Mailust, Jagerhausen, Schone and Urmitz, crossed the Rhine on the Engers Bridge at about 1.00 p.m. and then marched through Engers to Sayn, where Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Company, Supply Company and Battery E were billeted in the historic castle, the other organizations being not far away. Thus in



READY FOR OUR TRIP UP THE HUDSON

the same day came the fulfilment of the words of two of the old songs, "You'll find us soon in file across the Rhine" and "In my castle on the River Rhine." The castle was crowded with statues in armor, weapons and magnificent paintings, more than equalling any expectations we may have had.

December 14. The 1st Battalion went into its permanent billets, marching through Eisenberg, Kausen and Breitenau to Deesen, where Batteries B and C, and Battalion Headquarters were stationed, Battery A going on to Ellenhausen. Some weeks later Battery C moved to Breitenau.



THE Y. M. C. A. GOING OVER THE TOP
WITH CIGARETTES

December 15. The remainder of the Regiment marched to its

permanent billets, Batteries D and E, and 2d Battalion Headquarters in Giershofen, Battery F and Supply Company in Bruchrachdorf, and Regimental Headquarters, with the Headquarters Company, to Oberhaid, which they abandoned a few days later for Wittgert.

December 16, 1918-April 21, 1919. For more than four months after the march to the Rhine, the Regiment remained in its billets awaiting the order to go home. For officers and men alike it was a period of weary tedium, and of no great interest. Only a few of the more important events and some general notes on our experiences will be mentioned in this chronicle.

Our relations with the Germans were similar to those of other troops in the Army of Occupation. At first we were eager to accept their hospitality and the good things to eat from which we had so long been deprived, and this desire

fostered friendly feelings. It was not a great many weeks, however, before this attitude was replaced by one of wholesome dislike, as we became more intimate with the people, and learned to know their real character. Perhaps to some of the men the Frauleins appeared different from the other Germans but



LEAVING THE PIER AT NEW YORK FOR A HIKE
OVER THE HUDSON RIVER TO
ALPINE LANDING



ENTERING HUDSON RIVER

this was not the rule. No cases of intermarriages are recorded in the Regiment.

Drill schedules were faithfully prepared each week, but were rarely as faithfully followed. Too many other necessities took precedence. Visits by inspectors were always too frequent, and the Generals also seemed to take a peculiar interest in us. Still further

diversion was afforded by many threatened inspections which never took place, but which were valuable in that they always caused a thorough cleaning of the well-known harness, equipment and matériel. It was the firm belief of the Germans that we made a practice once

each week of telling them Gen. Pershing would be around, in order to insure their putting the town in the best possible condition.

During the week from Christmas to New Year's, the men were given every afternoon off, with the usual exceptions of necessary duty, which included the care of the horses.



THE 322^d F. A. ON THE HUDSON RIVER

As this was the chief occupation of all, anyhow, the afternoons did not mean as much as they might have. It was not long after this that practically all afternoon work was called off permanently, and athletics substituted. During the coldest weather it was difficult to do much in the line of outdoor sports, but even during January and February there was enough mild weather to permit of football and some baseball, although no actual interbattery games were played until April, just before we left.

Our chief interest at all times was the horses, who developed a beautiful epidemic of mange, necessitating much creoline treatment and clipping to say nothing of the well-remembered midnight trips to the dipping vat at Dierdorf, which always came on the coldest and windiest nights. Then there was the constant stream of new horses which always came just as we had successfully weeded out and got rid of all the worst of our old ones. More than once we felt that we should have been called the 322^d Remount Squadron.



'OUR BOYS' ON THE HUDSON RIVER

In February and March came the horse show, first Battalion, then Regimental, then Division, and finally 3d Corps, in which the Regiment won a blue ribbon for the 32d Division with our 2d Battalion Medical Cart. We left too soon to have any part in the 3d



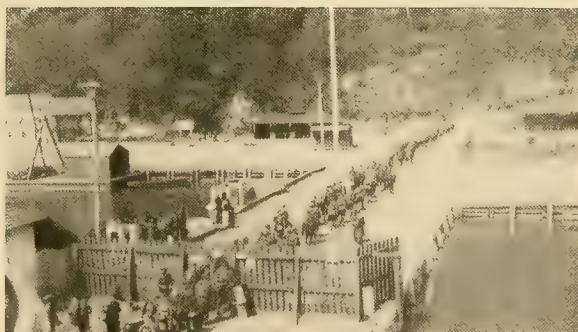
322D F. A. NEARING ALPINE LANDING ON THE HUDSON RIVER

Army show at Coblenz.

A great many men were away from the Regiment at all times during our stay in Germany. Not only were the authorities extremely liberal in granting passes to Coblenz and to Neu-wied, leaves to Paris, French leave areas and other points in France, which were al-

ways under-applied for (with the exception of the Paris leaves); but also a great number of opportunities to attend schools and colleges in France and England were afforded. A number of officers and men went to British and French universities where they remained until June 30, never rejoining the Regiment, while others went for shorter periods to various A. E. F. schools, some returning to us and others meeting us at the port of embarkation.

On Christmas Day all the officers were invited to a celebration at Brigade Headquarters at Rengsdorf, and on New Year's Day to a similar one at Division Headquarters in the same town. It was during this week that the 322d Theatrical Troupe, known as the "Pas Bon" Entertainers, was organized, in compliance with instructions from Division Headquarters, by Lieut. Burton C. Houseman. It was part of the general scheme of entertainment for the troops, arranged



THE LAST BOAT RIDE OF THE 322D F. A. ALPINE LANDING ON THE HUDSON RIVER

by G. H. Q., but thanks to the indefatigable energy of Lieut. Houseman, the genius of the famous "Slim" Balger, the skill of Linke, who directed the orchestra, and the earnest support of all the members of



THE BEGINNING OF A LONG, LONG, HILLY TRAIL

the troupe, as well as the co-operation of the whole Regiment, the show went nearly as far towards putting the 322^d on the map, as our work at the Front.

A very successful tour of the Division resulted in our troupe being one of those selected to tour the 3^d Corps area. Great popularity was enjoyed in both the 1st and 2^d

Divisions, to say nothing of a week in Coblenz which resulted in an invitation to play in Trier. The troupe had completed its week in the latter city and plans for a tour of the A. E. F., including a visit to Paris were being completed when the orders to go home put an end to the performance. In a contest before Gen. Lassiter, commanding the 32^d Division, Y. M. C. A. judges awarded the decision to Balger as putting on the best stunt of the evening. Each organization troupe in the Division sent its best act to compete in this contest.



THE FIRST 'FALL OUT' ON OUR TRAIL UP THAT LONG AND HILLY PATH

THE "PAS BON" ENTERTAINERS

322^d FIELD ARTILLERY

ARMY OF OCCUPATION

A

Overture

Pas Bon Orchestra Onward, U. S. A.

B

Minstrel

Jolly Minstrel Boys	Entire Company
Oui, Oui, Marie	George Risch
Keep the Glow in Old Glory	George Feyock
I'll Make the Waiters Work Over Time	Niel Johnson
All the World Will Be Jealous of Me	Thomas Cahill

*Introduction of the Premier Comedians**"Slim" Balger**Formerly with Al. G. Field's Minstrels**"Bunny" Dull**Late of Thomas H. Ince's Triangle Productions*

When the Kaiser Does the Goose Step	"Bunny" Dull
Ev'ry Little While	Albert Wright
Aunt Dinah's Daughter Hannah	"Slim" Balger
Grand Finale	Entire Company

End Men

"Slim" Balger	"Bunny" Dull
Niel Johnson	George Risch
Charles Gulling	Finis Lightfoot
Interlocutor	Thomas Cahill

Circle

Albert Wright, George Feyock, Albert Bergmeier, George Myers, Rolland Ford, William Clevenger, Lloyd Woodrow, Carl Balonier, Raymond Myers, Frank Seaver, George Reynolds, Samuel Quinlan

Orchestra

James West, Howard Palmer, Herman Linke, Harry Griffith, Perry Shroyer, Elmer Miller, Frank Timpano, Floyd Miller

C

Overture Pas Bon Orchestra

D

The Man on the Wire Frank Mason

E

A Little Bit of Everything "Slim" Balger

F

The Tumbling Tumblers Ford, Myers, Woodrow

G

The Mysterious Gulling Professor Gulling

H

The "Rolling" Artist Floyd Miller

I

The Boys Who Play the Blues Away

Dull, Linke, Shroyer, Seaver, Timpano

J

Comedy Sketch Produced by "Slim" Balger

When the Mad House Turned Loose

Caste of Characters

As They Appear

I. McNutt, Proprietor of Hotel	Thomas Cahill
Willie Work, Looking for a Job	"Slim" Balger
Sweet Little Buttercup, Looking for a Queen	Albert Wright
Bad Ike, Looking for a Fight	Niel Johnson
Ambition, You'll find Out	George Feyock
Willie Live, Looking for Trouble	Finis Lightfoot
Maids and Bell Hops, by	Members of Company
Closing Selections from the "Pas Bons"	Entire Company

Supervisor and Officer in Charge	Lieut. Burton C. Houseman
Orchestra Leader	Herman Linke
Stage Manager	"Slim" Balger
Master of Properties	John Snyder
Keeper of Wardrobe	Albert Wright
Electrician	Raymond Myers

As early as December 22, the first of the many rumors heralding Gen. Pershing's visit was received. By January 27 they again became persistent enough for the Colonel to issue the following order, which may serve to recall many pleasant incidents.

Hq. 322d Field Artillery,
American E. F.
Wittgert, Germany.
27th January, 1919.

Memorandum for all Organization Commanders:

1. Attention is again invited to the fact that Gen. Pershing, Commanding General, American Expeditionary Forces, is expected to visit this sector sometime during this week, and that some organization or organizations will be turned out for his inspection.

2. Upon the first intimation that Gen. Pershing is due, all other work will cease and organizations will at once prepare for inspection, harness cleaned, matériel cleaned, animals groomed, billets cleaned, men's clothing inspected and the men warned about saluting promptly and snappily, all coat collars turned down, caps worn in the proper condition, coats buttoned, shoes cleaned and given a coat of dubbing.



THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

3. Burgomasters will be required to at once sweep the streets, cover all manure piles, straighten up and line all wagons along the side of the streets and in the yards, and an effort made to place everything in the very best possible condition.



BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY 322^d F. A. WHILE AT CAMP
MERRITT, NEW JERSEY

4. A certain amount of O. D. paint is on hand in all the batteries and a certain amount on hand in the Supply Company, to start painting the artillery carriages and Quartermaster Corps vehicles. If

this painting has not been started, it will be started at once.

5. No officer or enlisted man in this Regiment will ever reply to any question asked him by an Inspector of any grade, by "I don't know."

6. It is the business of every officer and enlisted man of this Regiment to know.

7. Every enlisted man in this Regiment will be furnished a typewritten sheet, giving the following information:

Name and rank of the Commanding General, of the Am. E. F., and how his automobile may be recognized; name and rank of the Commanding General, 3d Army, and how his automobile may be recognized; name and rank of the Commanding General, 32d Division, and how his automobile may be recognized; name and rank of the Commanding General, 158th F. A. Brigade, and how his automobile may be



recognized; name and rank of the Commanding Officer, 322d Field Artillery; name and rank of his Battalion and Battery Commanders, and the location of his Battalion and Battery P. Cs.; the name of the town in which he is stationed; the names and ranks of all officers of his organization; the name of the First Sergeant of his Battery; the name of his Chief of Section; where the picket line of his Battery is; and where the harness of his Battery is kept.

All of this information need not be contained in the typewritten sheet, but such of it as is not typewritten will be communicated to the man by the Battery Commander by word of mouth.

8. All men must salute and salute promptly and quickly, all officers of whatever rank when officers pass them. All officers when approaching a superior who is inspecting, will approach that superior, saluting and reporting in the manner that has been previously prescribed.

9. Organization Commanders will have the manes, tails and fetlocks of all horses trimmed at once.

10. The Regimental Commander feels that the good name of this Regi-



OUR HOMES AT CAMP MERRITT

ment, gained by its previous record of efficiency in the field and garrison, depends on the results of this inspection. The Regimental Commander makes personal request to every officer and enlisted man in this Regiment, to stay on the job every minute and make this coming inspection a success.

11. The Regimental Commander directs that every enlisted man in this Regiment be informed of this impending inspection and told that it depends upon him personally and individually, as well as upon the combined efforts of all, to make this inspection a success and a credit to the Regiment, and to all concerned.

12. All special details, Headquarters, Regimental Headquarters, Battalion Headquarters, Battery Orderly Rooms, all billets of the officers, noncommissioned officers and enlisted men, who are not usually and generally included in inspections will be particularly looked at.

13. All animals and equipment, that have newly arrived in the Regiment, and have not yet been placed in condition, all wagons, carriages, and so forth, not actually in use will be placed in some inconspicuous location.

14. Now that the ground is frozen hard, all artillery equipment, guns, caissons, limbers, etc., will be placed in a suitably arranged park, with the proper intervals. Apply liberal coats of "Eye wash."

15. Battalion Commanders will notify Regimental Headquarters by telephone that this memo-



ARCH OF VICTORY ERECTED IN NEW YORK CITY

randum has been read by each officer of their Organizations, not later than noon the 28th instant.

By order of Col. Warfield.

OFFICIAL :

GEORGE S. WEBBER,

Captain and Adjutant, 322^D F. A.



A STREET IN CAMP MERRITT, NEW JERSEY

Unfortunately, however, before the time of Gen. Pershing's actual visit, Col. Warfield, who had been in command of the Regiment continually since the day it was organized, and to whose untiring and indomitable efforts, organizing ability and energy of decision its early and continued success was in large measure due, left us, being transferred at his own request to duties in the Quartermaster Corps, where he had been prior to the declaration of war. The Colonel's familiar figure, the best known in the Regiment, was missed by every



READY TO START FROM CRESSKILL, N. J., TO CAMP
SHERMAN, OHIO—OUR LAST LONG RIDE

one of us; and his loss left a vacancy which was never quite filled. He was so closely identified with everything in the Regiment from the very beginning, and made his personality felt in such a way that the men of the 322^d will always continue to think of him as their Colonel.

His place was taken temporarily by Lieut. Col. Hopkins, for many months Major of the 2d Battalion, who was soon relieved by Col. Thomas W. Hollyday, formerly of the 321st Field Artillery. Col. Hollyday commanded the Regiment at the review of the 32d Division before Gen. Pershing, and had the satisfaction of receiving the following commendatory orders as a result thereof:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

201.1 (Commendations)

Rengsdorf, Germany, 16 March 1919

From: Commanding General, 32d Division, American E. F.

To: Commanding Officer, 158th F. A. Brigade, American E. F.

Subject: Commendation.

1. A general order issues to-day from division headquarters informing the division of the high commendation which the Commander-in-Chief passed upon the division as a result of his review and inspection of yesterday.

I wish, however, to express to you in this more personal way my very high appreciation of the fine spirit which so obviously animated the troops

under your command. The 322d Field Artillery, the 323d Field Artillery and the 324th Field Artillery, in their soldierly bearing, in the appearance of their mounts, of their tractors and of their equipment generally, made a showing of which they may well be proud. The light regiments in passing in review stirred to enthusiasm all who watched them. The 324th Regiment reached all the expectations of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Division Commander in that so soon after being motorized and under such unfavorable conditions they had their tractors and guns on the reviewing ground ready for inspection and brought to such a high standard of cleanliness and obvious efficiency.

(Signed) WM. LASSITER,
Major General,
U. S. Army.

Hq. 322d Field Artillery,
A. E. F., Wittgert, Germany,
16th March, 1919.

Memorandum:

The Regimental Commander is in receipt of the following order from the Commanding Officer, 158th F. A. Brigade:

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

General Order No. 17.

15th March, 1919.

1. The Commanding General of the Third Army Corps, Maj. Gen. Hines, has directed the Brigade Commander to convey to the Commanding Officers, officers and men of the 158th F. A. Brigade his congratulations upon the splendid appearance presented by the Brigade in to-day's Review and inspection before the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. John J. Pershing. He has also directed me to convey his appreciation of the splendid spirit which has enabled the Brigade to accomplish such gratifying results under the present conditions.



HOMEWARD BOUND

2. In conveying these sentiments of the Commanding General, Third Army Corps, to the officers and men of this Brigade, the Brigade Commander desires to express his profound gratitude for the willing spirit of coöperation and overcoming of difficulties which has char-

acterized this Brigade from its inception, and it is a matter of great pride to him to feel that he had the honor of organizing a Brigade capable of winning such commendation from the Corps Commander.

3. The Brigade Commander directs that this order be published to every officer and man of this Brigade in order that they may feel that their efforts toward making this the best Brigade possible has won such commendation from such military authority as the Corps Commander.

By order of Col. Ashburn:

S. R. HOPKINS,
Lt. Col. F. A.
Adjutant.

The Regimental Commander feels that every officer and enlisted man can be justly proud of the above commendatory remarks of the Corps and Brigade Commanders and he desires to also express his great appreciation for the splendid results of the hard work of both officers and men in preparing for the review and inspection before the Commander-in-Chief.

This order will be read to Hdqrs. Company and 1st Battalion which will be assembled for the purpose Monday afternoon, March 17th, 1919, and to the 2d Battalion and Supply Company which will be assembled Tuesday afternoon, March 18th, 1919.

By order of Col. Hollyday.

OFFICIAL:

GEORGE S. WEBBER,
Captain and Adjutant, 322d F. A.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Rengsdorf, Germany

General Orders	}	28 March, 1919.
No. 23.		

1. It is with sincere pleasure that the Division Commander publishes to the command the following letter from the Commander-in-Chief:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
Office of the Commander-in-Chief.

Maj. Gen. William Lassiter,	France, March 24, 1919.
Commanding 32d Division,	
American E. F.	

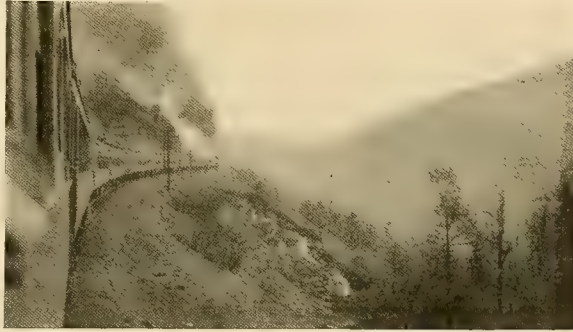
My dear Gen. Lassiter:

Please extend to the officers and men of the 32d Division my sincere compliments upon their appearance and upon the splendid condition of the artillery and transportation at the review and inspection on March 15th. In fact,

the condition of your command was what would be expected of a division with such a splendid fighting record.

After training for several months following its arrival in February, 1918, it entered the line in Alsace and held this sector until the time of the Aisne-Marne offensive, when it moved to that active front. On July 30th, it entered the line on the Oureq, and in the course of its action captured Cierges, Bellevue Farm and the Bois de la Planchette. The attack was resumed on August 1st, the division pushing ahead until it crossed the Vesle, and captured the town of Fismes. On August 28th it again entered the line and launched attacks which resulted in the capture of Juvigny at the cost of severe casualties. During the Meuse-Argonne offensive the 32d Division entered the line on September 30th and by its persistence in that sector it penetrated the Kriemhilde Stellung, taking Romagne and following the enemy to the northeastern edge of the Bois de Bantheville. On November 8th, the division took up the pursuit of the enemy east of the Meuse until the time when hostilities were suspended.

Since the signing of the Armistice the 32d Division has had the honor to act as a part of the Army of Occupation. For the way in which all ranks have performed their duties in this capacity, I have only the warmest praise and approval. The pride of your officers and men, justified by such a record, will insure the same high morale which has been present in the division during its stay in France. I want each man to know my appreciation of the work he has done and of the admiration in which he is held by the rest of his comrades in the American Expeditionary Forces.



A REAL TRAIN, A REAL COUNTRY, AND A REAL
DESTINATION—CAMP SHERMAN

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.

2. This order will be read to the troops at the first formation following its receipt and will be posted upon bulletin boards.

WM. LASSITER,
Major General, Commanding.

It was not long after this that the ever persistent and closely hovering rumors of a retrograde movement in a westerly direction

received a rude jolt in the form of an authentic order, detaching the 158th F. A. Brigade from the 32d Division and attaching it to the 2d Division. This caused many wild outbursts of grief, and not a few of humor, of which latter the following is worth recording:

HEADQUARTERS LOST BRIGADE,
AMERIKANISCHE BESATZUNGS TRUPPEN,
RENGSDORF, GERMANY.

Stencil Order }
No. 13 }

23d March 1923.

THE LOST BRIGADE (158th F. A. Brigade)

1. Below is a sketch of the proposed insignia that should be authorized and should be worn by all officers, second lieutenants, and enlisted men of the 158th F. A. Brigade (Lost Brigade).

2. The meaning of the insignia of the Lost Brigade which supported the Lost Battalion lost by the Huns in the Argonne is defined as follows:

"The color 'red' of the background denotes the 'fiery' spirit of this Brigade due to the notoriety and publicity this Lost Brigade has received

for its brilliant work done in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The color 'black' of the balance of the insignia denotes that as far as G. H. Q. is concerned this Lost Brigade is 'dead.' The meaning of the large 'L' stands for 'Lost' and the large 'B' for 'Brigade.' The significance of the number '13' is such that it requires hardly any comment other than that this lost Brigade has been fortunate in being in quiet



OUR BARRACKS WHEN WE RETURNED FROM
FRANCE—VACATED

(dead) areas; for instance, Vraincourt, Verrieres en Hesse, Hermont, Hill 290, where the Lost Brigade lost the Lost Battalion, Verdun, Vacherauville, Charny, Brabant, Samogneux, Bois de la Grande Montagne, Montfaucon, Nantillois, Farm de Magdeleine, Bois de Cunel, Dun-sur-Meuse, and finally arriving at Ecurey where we received our final issue of gasses, Boche 77's, M. G. missiles and packages from the efficient air delivery service of the Hun. Shortly after the Armistice was signed The Lost Brigade proceeded on its famous March to the Rhine via 'Etat-de-la-Hobnail Express,' reaching its destination on December 14, 1918. The number '23' signifies the date of the Lost Brigade's departure from Souilly and midnight march to the front

(a night never to be forgotten by the 'live' members who participated); and from that time on most of the travel orders of the Lost Brigade bore this same number, even to this day. The uneven edge around the insignia denotes the course of travel of the Lost Brigade and the enlisted personnel during the war and up to the present date; in 'broken French' these uneven lines denote the 'wicked curves.' In addition to the distinguishing marks of this insignia there was also to be included the image of a goat but someone has made off with it so it has been decided to eliminate it temporarily. The Lost Brigade fought and ate with the following Divisions: 91st, 18th French Colonials, 79th, 32d, 29th and at the present time is temporarily attached to the 32d Division for rations and mail until they embark for the States."

3. It might be well for the enlisted personnel of this Brigade to familiarize themselves with the foregoing so that if perchance one should be asked by tourists to describe this insignia it can be done without any hesitation.

By Command of Major General PASSEM:

L. Ostabuck,
G-1, Passer.

SKETCH OF INSIGNIA

Background "Fire Red"

Balance "Mourning Black"



Foreign Newspapers please copy.

E. J. D.	}	Headquarters Detachment "Lost Brigade."
I. H. N.		
K. H. S.		
C. L. M.		
W. S. B.		

But when there is so much smoke there is sure to be a fire somewhere; and the darkest hours come just before dawn. Unexpectedly, which is a rule in the Army, an order came sending the 158th Brigade back with the 32d Division after all. The Division was practically ready to start, so that it necessitated the most concentrated and immediate efforts to prepare the Regiment for its departure. But no troops could have failed in such a task, and long before the appointed day, all the fire-control equipment, guns, ammunition, vehicles, harness, horses, surplus clothing, and all other odds and ends which had been accumulated during the long stay in Germany were packed and turned in.

158TH F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

General Order }
No. 20. }

17th April, 1919.

I. The following letter of the Division Commander is, by his express desire, published to the Regimental Commanders and to the Regiments of the Brigade:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Rengsdorf, Germany, 17th April, 1919.

Brig. Gen. Adrian S. Fleming, Commanding,
158th Field Artillery Brigade,
American Expeditionary Forces.

My dear Gen. Fleming:

Before the 158th F. A. Brigade starts on its way home I desire to express to you and to the Brigade in what high estimation I hold the services which the Brigade has rendered while in France and in Germany.

The Brigade came under my command as a part of the 32d Division when I took over the command of that division for the march to the Rhine. On this long and arduous march, so trying on men



322D F. A. STABLES AS THEY APPEARED UPON RETURNING
AFTER THE WAR

and animals, the artillery always showed up to advantage. Its good discipline and high spirit carried it successfully through all the obstacles and difficulties to be overcome. Since we have been in the Coblenz Bridgehead I have always felt that I could rely upon the artillery to meet any new development which might arise. Their situation has not always been easy, in that they have been transferred from Division to Division during the active operations and so have had to get established in each new organization; but I can testify that with the 32d Division their capabilities have been recognized and relied upon. The regiments of the Brigade, the 322d Field Artillery, the 323d Field Artillery and the 324th Field Artillery have the right to take back with them to the United States the consciousness of work well done.

I would ask you to convey to the regimental commanders and to the regiments of the Brigade my congratulations on their fine accomplishments.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WM. LASSITER,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding 32d Division.

II. This letter is a tribute to the loyalty, devotion to duty, and patriotism of every officer and enlisted man who contributed to the results which earned it.

Previously, during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, the Brigade supported, in battle, the 91st, 18th (French), 29th and 32d Divisions; and with all of these Divisions this work of all of its units was of the same standard as that to which the Division Commander bears testimony.

“The right to take back with them to the United States the consciousness of work well done” is an achievement of the highest order and an honor second to none. They have earned this right and are entitled to the pride and distinction of its possession.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

OFFICIAL:

A. L. RICHMOND,
Major, F. A., Acting Adjutant.

Before our departure Col. Hollyday was reassigned, and our old friend, Lieut. Col. Hopkins, came to take us home. Everyone was glad to have him with us again. On April 22 the Regiment entrained for Brest at Niederbieber, just outside of Neuwied, after being brought down to the entraining point in trucks. The journey consumed more than three days and three nights, meals being served en route from a kitchen car in the center of each train. The route lay first down the valley of the Moselle, through Trier, crossed the battle front at Pont-à-Mousson, the right hinge of the St. Mihiel attack, and then swinging far south of Paris, through Bourges, Tours, and old friend Rennes, on out to Brest.

The stay in Camp Pontanezen was much longer than we had anticipated, and although the frightful days of its mud were a thing of the past, there was entirely too much delousing, and too many fatigue details involving all-night shifts to suit a bunch whose thoughts were far ahead of the Army Transport Service. It was here, however, that we received our first and only hand-out of *Croix de Guerre* from a French General; the entire Brigade being assembled in Brest to witness the decoration of thirty-four of its members, thirteen being members of the 322^d.



BATTERY D STABLE WHEN WE RETURNED
FROM FRANCE

It was not until Wednesday, May 7, that we were placed on board the S. S. *Plattsburg*, an old American liner, and started on a voyage that brought much in the way of rough weather, and yet a good deal in the way of enjoyment also. The whole Regiment (with the exception of fifteen Second Lieutenants, who volunteered to sleep on the floor or anywhere if they could come, but in vain) was on board, as well as a large number of casuals and convalescents. It took an endless time to serve so many at mealtime and conditions were quite congested, until the second

or third day out Father Neptune furnished a counter attraction which made many lose all interest in eating, which improved matters considerably for those who still stood in mess line.

The latter part of the voyage was made under exceptionally pleasant conditions, and all on deck enjoyed the frequent concerts by our own band and the ship's. These culminated, the last day out of New York, in a joint concert by the two bands, which marked the last time the 322^d F. A. band played, as their instruments were turned in at Camp Merritt, and the musicians scattered to all parts of the country. This concert, arranged by L. P. McCall, bandmaster, U. S. A., and G. M. Wagstaff, bandmaster, U. S. N., was declared a great success by all who heard it.

On the morning of May 16, the *Plattsburg* docked at Hoboken, and

by noon the Regiment was in Camp Merritt, New Jersey. Here the process of delousing and reissue of uniforms, which we thought had ended in Brest, was renewed with fresh energy. This time the men all had the pleasure of receiving cotton uniforms to go home in, which necessitated much scurrying to local tailors for alterations.

Here, also, as described in the following order, the Regiment ceased to exist as a unit, and was broken up into detachments for the various demobilization camps throughout the country.

Headquarters 158th F. A. Brigade.
Camp Merritt, N. J.
May 14, 1919.

General Order }
No. 23 }

1. The policy of the War Department for demobilizing troops returning to the United States from the A. E. F. results in the beginning of the disintegration of commands upon their arrival at the port of debarkation. Even now the 158th Field Artillery Brigade, as such, has virtually ceased to exist. The personnel of the various units is being segregated into groups which will be sent to various points for muster out of the service. Neither the Brigade nor any of its units will ever again be assembled as an organization.

2. It is with profound regret that the Brigade Commander realizes that this magnificent Brigade must cease to exist. The record of its units, the 322d Field Artillery, the 323d Field Artillery, the 324th Field Artillery, the 308th Trench Mortar Battery, and the 308th Ammunition Train, is without blemish during their service in France. Their promise during the period of training was more than fulfilled during the battles of the entire Meuse-Argonne Offensive. After the Armistice the standard attained in marching to the Rhine, during the intensive training as a part of the Army of Occupation in the Coblenz Bridgehead, and during all the preparations attendant upon their return to the United States was second to none. This record of achievement and the traditions



FORMER HOME OF THE 322^d F. A. AFTER THE WAR THEY ASSUMED A DIFFERENT LOOK

acquired thereby are imperishable, and will constantly be the source of pride and inspiration to every member of the Brigade.

3. The Brigade Commander desires that this order be promulgated throughout the Brigade. He also desires to express to every officer and enlisted man of the Brigade his appreciation of the loyalty and faithful devotion to duty of the members of the Brigade. He hopes that they will carry with them into civilian life, and wherever their future may lead them, the pride of accomplishment which is theirs, by virtue of achievement.

By Command of Brig. Gen. Fleming.

OFFICIAL:

A. L. RICHMOND,
Major Field Artillery.
Adjutant.

On Wednesday, May 21, the Camp Sherman Detachment, comprising all the original men of the Regiment, left Camp Merritt, and followed the route through Philadelphia, Maryland and West Vir-



EVEN THE 'Y' WAS DESERTED WHEN WE RETURNED
TO CAMP SHERMAN

ginia, which many had taken a year previously in the opposite direction. The enthusiasm showed by the people along the way had not diminished in the least all that time and they gave us as enthusiastic a greeting as if we had been the first troops to return from overseas instead of (so it seemed to us) nearly the last.

If in their hearts they thought, "What, some more of those fellows!" they never showed such a feeling to us. We felt that America was still proud of us and glad to see us.

Friday morning found the bulk of the cars already standing in Camp Sherman. The others arrived within a few hours. A popular vote had killed the plan of a parade in Columbus, so nothing remained but to get discharged. It was a blow to find that we were not going to our own Section Q, but indeed everything about the camp was so different that we should probably not have recognized it if we had. Without delay the process of going through the demobilizing machine began. There was a great deal to be done, including the return to

woolen clothing laid aside but a few days before at Camp Merritt—an episode which filled us with amazement at the wonderful efficiency of the army, accustomed as we were to its achievements—and a great many men waiting for discharge; but nevertheless, progress was made, and by Tuesday, May 27, those men who did not have on “Civies” were at least sporting another little chevron on their arm, and the soldiering days were already becoming a memory as the homefolks welcomed us and the plans and hopes of the new future began to engage our attention.

Let us hope that we may never again be called on to leave our homes and fight in defense of the right, but if the time should ever come, none of us could ask more than to serve again in an organization with the same spirit of fellowship, and the same determination to have an efficiency second to none, which the Three Hundred and Twenty-second Field Artillery was always justly proud of possessing.

CONFIDENTIAL & SECRET

For *distribution by aeroplane*

HINDQUARTERS, 1st Army, Aef.
Second Section, General Staff.

Bull No. 50.

SUMMARY OF UNINTELLIGENCE

November 10, 1918

Part I

I. GENERAL DEPRESSIONS OF THE DAY

The enemy reacted violently all over the sector. Strong attacks west of the Meuse were thrown back easily by us. Small local attacks by our troops succeeded in driving the enemy from his positions. During the afternoon, violent counter attacks appear to have caused us to readjust our lines slightly to a depth of ten kilometers.

The day was quiet. Otherwise, there was nothing to report.

The enemy appears to place his main reliance on machine guns, infantry, artillery and aeroplanes to resist our attack. This is taken as an indication of something very significant, namely, the tremendous shortage among the enemy of all other branches. Otherwise there is nothing to report.

Two men were seen entering a ravine near (Chrilely?). This confirms prisoner's statements of a general withdrawal to the Frideg-Stellung.

On the right, the enemy are extremely nervous. They showed their nervousness by raiding our trenches and throwing hand grenades at us.

II. ENEMY FRONT LINE

The enemy line follows ours in a general way, except in one or two places where it runs south of it. East of the Meuse, it runs in an easterly direction to the left (inclusive). W. of the Meuse, it runs in the opposite direction (exclusive). Thence it runs in a N. E. direction (inclusive) turning due N. for 200 M. Thence due S. for 200 M. From here on, there is no change. This has not been confirmed.

III. ENEMY DISORDER OF BATTLE

(a) *Identifications*

12th Meulskinners—A prisoner of the 12th Meulskinners recently captured confirms the belief that this is not the 12th Meulskinners at all but the 115th Schutzenfests. Order of battle confirmed.

11th Jaeger Wullens—A prisoner from this division captured between 3 hrs. last Wednesday, states that this regiment was recently disbanded and transformed into the 10th Flanelrapper Battalion. Order of battle confirmed.

3.33 KUKs—The 3.33 KUKs have been replaced by the 17th KAKs. Order of battle confirmed.

449th Gesundheits—The 944th Butterbrots have been identified as the 449th Gesundheits. They recently came from the Uskub front. Order of battle confirmed.

(b) *Presumed Enemy Order of Battle*

The efforts of the enemy to fill the gaps in his line appear to have resulted in a confused order of battle. There are divisions on the right and left. Apparently some are in the rear. Others are on the roads between these points. Several prisoners recently captured state that they have no idea what the enemy order of battle is. This shows the extreme confusion in the enemy ranks.

(c) *Comment on Enemy Units*

42d Landwhere Balloon Kumpanie—A prisoner from the Kumpanie states that when our attack started they were 40 kilometers to the north. When the news of the attack reached them, however, they came down immediately.

Prisoners report that the 402d Landsakes Division now opposite our front is composed entirely of one-legged men impressed into the service from the great SauerKraut Factories at Essen. This and other documentary evidence indicates the terrible internal disorders in Germany.

(d) *Enemy Intentions*

That there is great indecision on the part of the German General Staff as to the point to which the line will be withdrawn is indicated by the statement of a prisoner of the 77th Krapshooter Battalion. When questioned on this point he replied significantly "I don't know."

It is generally supposed that the enemy will fall back first into the Katzundjammer Stellung (From a captured map dated April,

1913). From here he may fall back into the Meuse. There is every indication that a stand will be taken at La Trine.

IV. ENEMY INFANTRY ACTIVITY

The enemy infantry were extremely active during the day, jumping up and down and climbing trees. A number of nests have been observed in the Bois de Bandylegs. Perhaps it is safe to venture the assumption that these were made by machine guns. A counter attack during the morning succeeded in establishing a deep pocket in our lines in the region of the Hullabelloo Bois Woods. Later in the day our troops turned this pocket inside out.

V. ENEMY ARTILLERY ACTIVITY

The artillery now opposite our front readily lends itself into two main groupings: (1) The East Meuse Grouping; (2) The West Meuse Grouping. It is very significant that since the beginning of the attack all batteries reported in action have been in one of these two groups.

A careful study of the terrain shows the river Meuse separating the country on the right of it from the country on the left of it. The country varies from hilly to flat with woods and open spaces. Roads run between the towns. All conditions make the country ideal for the artillery which we are safe in presuming to assume is there.

During the day (and night) the firing all appeared to come from a northerly direction. The preponderance of fire was from 77s, 105s and 150s. Gas, H. E. and shrapnel were chiefly used.

A battery at J 0000 was reported by a prisoner. This was confirmed by photographs which show nothing at this point.

Mangey-Anne was shelled with duds during the afternoon. Battery J. 7.11 was immediately counter-butted. This was apparently effective for toward morning the shelling stopped.

Our artillery successfully counter-battered 17 batteries (enemy) during the day (and night).

Two batteries were reported in action; J. O. 789 and J 098.7. Upon reference to the Plain Director one of these appears to be in the middle of the Meuse River. Our only explanation of this is that the enemy must be using torpedo boats.

VI. ENEMY MOVEMENTS

Visibility: Poor and intermittent during the night.

Railways: No unusual activity observed. Most of the railroads seemed to remain in the same place during the day.

Roads: An old man in a wheel chair going from Bar-devant-Meuse to Bar-derriere-Meuse tends to confirm the belief that the enemy is retreating.

At 12.64, 600 men were seen going from Vandyanne to Andyvanne. It is thought that this move was made by the enemy with a view to increasing the circulation of his troops.

During the day an old man was seen sitting outside a house in Vingt-et-Un. No other unusual activity was observed round the town.

At 15.82, 12 wagons, believed to be a battery, were seen on the Ancy-Buzancy Road going in both directions.

Two men were seen to come down the Harricourt-Barricourt Road and enter a small wooden hut at 322 X 11.4.5. This is thought to indicate a relief.

VII. ENEMY WORKS

Fox-holes and occasional rat-holes have been observed in front of the Bois de Bois Woods.

A captured German map has been found showing a new Stellung. This Stellung is indicated by a line scratched across it in pencil. This is undoubtedly the point on which the enemy will fall back Thursday. The map fails to show the Stellung east of the river. We have drawn in the missing portion on the attached map.

A study of recent photographs confirms the presence of the Meuse river as shown in the Plain Directors.

A STUDY OF THE MEUSE

Photographs show that the Meuse River runs in a northerly direction to Stenay. From here it turns in a westerly direction. This tends to confirm the Plain Director. There are no unusual bridges between the towns and many of these have been destroyed. No photographs north of this point are available, but there is every reason to suppose that the river does not end here.

(Be sure and get to-morrow's study; "Wild Towns along the Meuse.")

VIII. ENEMY AERIAL ACTIVITY

The enemy was very active during the period, particularly on the right and left and in the center. Most of the enemy planes crashed. Otherwise there was nothing to report.

Enemy balloons were observed north of Verdun, west of Souilly, and east of Bar-le-Duc.

IX. MISCELLANEOUS

Extract from a captured German document:

“I received your letter and was glad to hear that you are sending down on extra pair of knitted socks. Since I put on the last pair you sent me, six months ago, I have never been without them.”

(Signed) WILHELM.

This is undoubtedly a message in code from the Kaiser and is thought to contain the order to fall back on the Kurzundlang-Stellung, thus confirming our previous assumption. Order of battle confirmed.

X. ACTIVITY OF OUR OWN TROOPS

Our troops spent the day tightening their lines and improving their positions which were very awkward.

XI. OUR AERIAL ACTIVITY

The dampness made the day impossible for flying. In spite of this, our planes were up in great numbers destroying numerous enemy planes, and taking dozens of photographs in spite of the dense fog which rendered visibility impossible.

Our scout patrol of three planes met 20 Fokkers. The Fokkers immediately burst into flames and crashed.

The ceiling was so low that at times our planes were forced to run along the ground. In spite of this, we penetrated deeply into the enemy's territory bringing back invaluable information as to the location of towns, rivers and roads behind his lines.

Lieut. Cholmondelay Brown destroyed three enemy balloons in their beds by descending upon them so suddenly that they became tangled in the bedclothes and were unable to escape.

Lieut. Dunwiddy brought down a balloon at dawn. Owing to the darkness, Lieut. Dunwiddy brought down one of our own balloons. Luckily it was an old one. The observer jumped but was not seen to land. Confirmation is requested.

XII. ORDER OF BATTLE CONFIRMED

NOTE: Be sure to get our next number: “The *War* Number.”
Sbw.

HISTORY OF BATTERY A

Throughout its vicissitudes, from the time of its formation up to and through the memorable trip culminating in a realistic "American Wacht am Rhine," Battery A has successfully and uniformly maintained its initial proclivities of primacy.

By this time, especially the original members of this organization have a wealth of reminiscence behind them, back to their first glimpse and first impressions of those interminable vistas of identical wooden structures vanishing in a distant and monotonous perspective.

That was Camp Sherman, and in one of these wooden buildings, in Section Q, the Battery was organized, as far as the main part of its enlisted personnel was concerned, on September 19, 1917. That building was to house us for many months to come, and from under its roof we were to step forth at a future time, to do our hitch over in war-stricken France.

How crude and unmilitary was that beginning, and how quickly things developed into form. We can still recall when our later efficient though ever crude Cpl. Musgrave, upon being asked from what locality he had been drafted, innocently, but with gusto, informed the Captain, "Billtown, by God"; several times the question was reiterated, eliciting the same reply, till Musgrave, in utter disgust of the Captain's geographical ignorance, shouted out, "Williamstown, we call it Billtown for short."

At that time, though, little did we understand or realize the grave task which confronted us. Little by little the rudiments of military life dawned upon us. Slowly but surely we became impressed with



EXECUTIVE OFFICER, BATTERY A,
LIEUT. LANE

the true nature of what it all meant. So much so, in fact, that in several weeks we had all learned to kick about the chow. The first example of what was to be expected in the future was demonstrated when we were apprized of the fact that a competitive drill would send the best-appearing and best-drilled platoon back to Dayton to show the folks at home what two-months-old soldiers could do.

Battery A decided to cop that honor, and cop that honor she did; so handily, in fact, that the judges were unanimous in their minute selection.

As before stated, this was just the beginning of the long trail of our future victories and aggressiveness. We organized a football team and had very little trouble in defeating the other teams of the



MAJ. GEN. GLENN ADDRESSING SOLDIERS ON
MOTHERS' DAY

Regiment. Right here we wish to state, that for everything the Battery has gained, for every victory on the gridiron or diamond, for every honor on the drill ground and later on the battlefield, we have our efficient and ever willing officers to thank. For it was they who taught us all we

know about military bearing, courtesies and duties. Capt. Marting to us always seemed to have two ambitions in life: first, to be the best soldier in the army; second, to lead the best organization in the army. How well he succeeded in both, every man in our outfit will attest.

As days were whirling by at Sherman, and each day brought with it a further enlightenment as to what our duties really were, so started the real organization of Battery A. Non-coms were appointed, and of these men who were then appointed Corporals the following have graduated to commissions: Thomas Brubaker, George A. Shell, Joe G. Turpin, Robert R. Lighthiser and Robert S. White, not to say anything of our congenial and ever willing Regimental Sergeant Major, Harry J. Nichols.

Corporals soon became Sergeants, and then the real work began. After playing for many weeks with toy wooden cannons, somehow or other the Regiment acquired four three-inch guns, and along with

them came plenty of horses, and we believe it was just about that time when we first heard that melodious command, "Stand to heel," an order that has caused many a weary driver since then to express his opinion of how he would run an army.

Coincident with the above-mentioned fact, if memory serves us right, we started to sing before mealtimes and if the singing was not to the liking of the Mess Sergeant, someone was going to eat rice and prunes for breakfast.

Time passed fast, and Battery A with the passing time was slowly but surely being recognized, not only as the best Battery in the Regiment, but also as the best-drilled organization, which was proven at the divisional review held about that time when we copped first place for having the best alignment when passing the reviewing stand.

We will never forget our first Halloween as soldiers, when, in our lower squad room, we first learned the true meaning of "Buddie," a word that meant much to each and every member of the A. E. F. Yes, we played "Where are



ye, Moriarty?" and drank beaucoup cider. Later came Thanksgiving and with it a wonderful dinner, never to be forgotten and muchly appreciated. And Thanksgiving was followed by Yuletide, and from the size and number of Christmas packages, the innocent bystander would have imagined that we were blessed sons of the idle rich.

Changes were being made in the personnel of the Battery. Through transfer we lost some of our most esteemed men from time to time, among these being Corporal Cohagen, Lester Sawyer, Fred Clear, "Tack" Lownsberry, Edward Megahy, "Fat" Vandevender, Howard Brookey and a great many more.

In reviewing our experiences at this time, we cannot conscientiously omit the thrilling and freezing days at Stony Creek. How well can we recall the first thrill, the first experience, the initial sensation of firing our first shots, even if they were at imaginary targets.

The five days of our stay at the range were filled with novel and interesting experiences, for there it was that we were first organized as an artillery unit. The severe weather, if twelve degrees below zero can be termed such, was no hindrance again to the ever present spirit of our men, for their work, both with the guns and horses, was commented on by the Regimental Commander. In speaking of some of the pleasant recollections at this time, we must recall Pride, Ohio's never-to-be-forgotten pies, specialized by its first citizen and merchant, Morgan Wood, nor can we forget when our housewife, the congenial Supply Sergeant, went out in the bitter cold to gather up



DON'T WAKE US IN THE MORNING

coal along the track only to return empty handed, Lester Sawyer having raked the entire vicinity before him. Nor can we refrain from snickering when we think back to the time when this same young man upon being questioned upon how many candles were burning in each tent daily, spoke up by saying "two," while the order to blow out the additional six in his own tent was at once enforced.

We returned to Sherman, then, to take up the tactical part of the artillery school. Firing the piece and grooming horses were no longer thrilling episodes, so firing-data became the topic at non-com schools and among cannoneers. Our erstwhile Sgt. Dadisman used to express so clearly his views upon the breech-block.

Transfers played havoc with our roster and for a time there were hardly enough men to take care of the horses. And along with the transfers came also a change among the special duty sergeants. R. S. Fisher became First Sergeant and Thurman L. Matthews, Stable Sergeant.

Days were flitting by with nothing out of the ordinary happening, unless occasionally we would have Stanley or Grimes sitting up guarding a corpse on their bunks for most of the night. Inspections were held more frequently than comfort would permit, and then, night hikes were added to the weekly drill schedule, and if there ever was a hazy blue streak of misusing the English language, we could always be certain it was time for another night hike.

Right here, we should stray away just slightly to recall some of A Battery's better known, namely: 1st Sgt. R. S. Fisher, who by this time had learned to blow that whistle, which at a later date was to play such a big part in running the war. Our Sgt. Trautman, we believe, ran out of shoes at Sherman and hasn't caught up with us yet; but boys, there always have been plenty of sox, so why grumble. Then Sgt. Matthews, ever willing "Matty," passing on down the line with the command, "Refill feed bags here." Our Sgt. Hirsch, who, unfortunately for all, as well as for himself, served our prunes and rice, could best be remembered to us, not as much for what he gave us to eat, as for the fact that he took it upon himself to report the band present at reveille on several occasions with the result that the band actually had to stand the formation after that. Sgt. Henry Norwick, smooth, clever, Bohemian Henry, with a line of talk that would fathom any Hun into total submission, and enabled our Henry, while at Sherman, to send his blue denims back to the stockroom, even as he accepted them, totally unsoiled and untouched.



BATTERY A—1917

Nor can we forget our friend from Tennessee, Sgt. Patten, who, besides eating, did his share of telling 'em how. When Pvt. Sillin wasn't cutting hair one day, they made him a Corporal, so he shot craps, etc.—Eh, Kelly? Can we ever recall the *Bingville Bugle* and not remember a true example of its leading character come to life in Cpl. Pierson? Besides getting more furloughs than the rest of the Battery combined, our Elvin did quite a little eating and inquiring. Cpls. Ehrhart and Barney, affectionately dubbed the "Siamese Twins," are still bunking together with the score two to one in favor of Barney getting into the mess line, pay and candy formation first. Cpl. Armentrout, once a prominent candidate for O. T. C., finally decided to soldier in the orderly room next to Harry J. Nichols, and right here, let us eulogize our mail clerk for the pep, minuteness and speed in getting our missives to us. All hail Joe Devanney—built for comfort, not speed.

Another never-to-be-forgotten incident, marked down in A Battery records, Pvts. Dowling and Creed, discussing with "Snail" Oswald and "Fat" Vandevender, who the ugliest man in the Battery was, and when the vote was finally taken, it was a tie between Cpl. Wilkin and Henry Grimes, whereupon Henry said he would forego the honor and passed it on to the ever-ready-to-accept-anything-for Jim. It was hard to remember Sgt. "Jack" Idlet walking post No. 2 on exterior guard with zero weather, but we do; and then our own "Guinea" Geis, the boy with the violin voice and the funny little giggle; Sam Wertz, whose only worry in life is "Serg., what are we going to have for dinner?"

Neither must we omit to mention the boy with the constant smile, none other than "Smally." No one enjoys military life any better than Dave Bolen and in case there could be his rival for pep, the name or person hasn't been brought to our notice. How well do we remember Cook MacConaughy in his inimitable way, "Well, what's the matter with you, young man?"



"CORONA"

And so on through the entire Battery we have our little fun,

without which life indeed would be a dreary affair.

The more finished our training became, the more we were taught, the closer it came home to us that soon we were leaving Sherman for actual battle. Spring approached, and with it the first intimation of just when we were leaving Q 31, Camp Sherman.

We organized a baseball team, and, as our football record, we kept our diamond record free from defeat. On this team were such men as Sgts. Fisher, Dadisman, Rosenkranz and Sever, as well as Nichol, Quinlin, Davis, Stewart and Smith, men who played baseball even as they soldiered, the keynote, as it ever is in good old Battery A, being system. As spring faded away, and summer came to us, we were standing at attention awaiting our call to go further on. Our Division Commander had returned from Europe and had given us the assurance that soon we were to join and be part of the A. E. F.

The boys seemed restless, their sole ambition being to get into the world conflict. Our tailor, Pvt. Tom Ruffa, wanted to return to

Italy, Sgt. Eyler to Frankfort, Ohio, and Bugler Quinlan to Fort Laramie. So they figured as well as the rest of the bunch, that the sooner we came over here and finished it up, the sooner we could return again to our respective homes.

Besides quartets, crap games and guard duty, we were kept busy, then, for a few weeks in moving out of our barracks into the different homes of the other organizations of our Regiment, which was rather a hardship on every one in Battery A with the exception of the cooks. Much of interest did not materialize around this time with the possible exception of the continued rumor that we were to leave shortly to go to some place, in fact, anywhere from Camp Taylor to Camp Merritt. The only thing regarding our departure that wasn't quite clear to any of the boys, was how each one of us was going to carry a barracks bag, haversack or saddlebag, blanket roll, canteen, some trunks and the numerous other things that went to make up our full equipment at Camp Sherman.



CAMOUFLAGE FOR GUN-PITS

Finally, on Sunday, May 4, we were to take part in the last review held by the 83^d Division, before its departure from camp, this parade also being held in honor of Governor Cox. An immense crowd was at Sherman that day, and for a few days previous we had much drills and close order formations. This, then, was more than a review, it was a farewell to our governor and to thousands of our friends and fellow citizens.

That is why, on that bright spring afternoon, midst the glare of music and sunshine, each man marching with head erect and eyes straight to the front, realized the importance and felt the thrill of the occasion, for in a few short weeks, they were to take that journey for which they had trained so conscientiously and faithfully these many months. They were soon to do their duty on the firing line and make a name for Regiment and organization, which at a not distant

date was to be the fireside story in many an American, and principally, Ohio home.

But even with the review over, and rumors flying thick and fast, A Battery was still at its minimum strength in numbers.

Drills had stiffened, discipline had been enacted more exacting, it is true, but we still lacked some fifty or sixty men to bring us up to our required strength. But that wasn't as grave a matter as it seemed. The Depot Brigade was drawn upon for unassigned rookies, and the Battery was immediately at war strength.

About the middle of May, we learned rather authentically, that we could expect to be ready for departure at approximately the first of June. Though rumors were common dope these days, we felt that for some reason this time we'd go. So applications for extended

passes began to present themselves in interviews with the Battery Commander, and everyone prepared to take leave of his relatives and friends for a more or less extended stay abroad. All who could show a legitimate reason for a short leave received a liberal pass, as far as passes could be given.



STABLE POLICE

Finishing work in gun drill and equitation was rushed along, and extended lectures on packing and deportment during the trip, constituted the program for the next few days. About June 1, packing harness and other equipment was rushed through, and pounding could be heard far into the night and even into the early morning hours.

On the morning of June 2, there was a long train of cars on the siding at the east side of camp, and we realized that we must bid good-bye to our garrison life at Camp Sherman. For several days, friends had spent as much time as they could with the boys at camp, but now, their visits must end. At 1.00 p.m., we were marched up to the string of waiting cars. We were admonished, in assembly there, by the Battalion Commander, to make the trip a credit to the good name of the Regiment. A few last touches were given to the

police work at the barracks, for we were to establish a record in that line, and we piled aboard the cars. At 3.00 p.m. adieus were waved to the friends who lined the platform, and we were on our way. It can candidly be said, that entering upon this, the second phase of our military career, was not as hard as breaking away from civil life to go to Camp Sherman.

A train of day coaches was what we drew. We had rather expected sleepers, since it was to be a trip of a couple of days, but even at that, we didn't know that we had really secured comparatively good accommodations. Possibly, it might have taken many a fastidious boy's breath, if he could have visualized himself a few weeks later, knocking about Europe in a "side door pullman" and packed in tight. A little A Battery ingenuity converted a lot of the seats into bunks which we occupied later in the evening, as the train neared Cleveland, Ohio.

Our route carried us by way of Cleveland and Syracuse, near to Albany, and was interrupted on the second afternoon as we drew into Ravenna, New York, without orders. There we detrained, and under direction of the Battery Commander, took the travel kinks out in calisthenics. Then Battery B challenged our prowess in a game of baseball, and regretted it—score was thirteen to nothing with Battery B on the little end. This was regrettable, for now we were doomed to suffer the fate of conquering heroes, and had to follow in triumphal procession behind banners and colors, and the band of the townspeople. We marched and sang, but soon groaned and grunted and ditched the outfit, leaving the band and procession to go on down the hill alone, while we continued toward our train, which we boarded.

Some time in the night the train pulled out of Ravenna and, without further stop, bowled on down to New York, where we arrived in the morning, over on the Jersey side. The ferry conveyed the outfit down the Hudson, around the south end of Manhattan and up the East River, circling around wonderful lower New York, a new and



bewildering view to many, and greeted as an old friend to others, both views being equally impressive and pleasing. Passing under the wonderful suspension bridges, the ferry diagonaled across the river to its pier up at Queens, Brooklyn, where we debarked.

The Long Island Railroad whirled us up Long Island through beautiful Forest Hills, Garden City and a few of the other charming residence suburbs of New York City. A short distance from Camp Mills, near the Country Life station, we got off the train, and made it on foot, with all our personal equipment, to the camp. Mills was a squad tent camp, and we had to accustom ourselves to its outdoor conditions, the cold Long Island nights and the open-air showers of cold water. Adjoining it was Mineola Aviation Camp, and airplanes

and all the possible feats they can be subjected to, soon became a common scene.

A short distance away was located Hempstead, a beautiful old and historic village of the old Dutch Colonial days of our country. There we could go at practically any time in the evenings without much restriction. Taps



BATTERY A EN ROUTE TO ARTILLERY RANGE—
FEBRUARY, 1918

being blown at eleven, a fellow might even take a chance on making Jamaica, if he found Hempstead a little inadequate for his needs. Norwick and Ross tried it once and would have gotten by fine except for Norwick's unaccountable attachment to a strange girl, who evidently had him spellbound as they stood there seeing busses and cars going back to Hempstead as though that meant nothing. The trips extended a little further, too, but by special pass. These were twenty-four-hour passes, and a good many initiated themselves into the mysteries of New York City.

A little close-order drill and calisthenics were on the daily program, and were accepted as a matter of course, but we did get something new in the way of fire-control instruments—one B. C. telescope, prismatic binocular, and one range finder, and the officers after having tried them out themselves, and boned up on the possibilities of their use, sprung them on the unsophisticated N. C. O.'s as a new and

higher phase of the artillerists' training. The prismatic binocular was some tool, and great for observing some aerial gymnastics which were pulled over Mineola. By means of the range finder one could determine within a few thousand meters the distance to or from any distant object.

Since this is written incognito, we don't hesitate to recall the almost daily inspections which were inflicted upon us at this camp; it's really painful, but must be touched upon, but as lightly as possible, in the interests of an accurate chronology. These inspections consisted in a complete display of everything in our possession, and the possibilities for camouflage were rendered almost nil by the fact that the tent had to be draped around the center pole, eliminating all friendly shadow. The folds of the canvas were called upon to hold any unlawful excess. Things in the way of clothing and other equipment were issued, which, if they didn't fit, at least provided a method of transporting this stuff to Europe.

Early on the morning of June 12, we left Camp Mills, and if you'll look back a few paragraphs and reverse the order of the ride, it'll answer for our ride to the steamer. Instead of landing on the Jersey side of the Hudson, however, we steered towards a pier on the Manhattan side. Our ferry glided alongside and passed a lot of big transports, camouflaged by every conceivable flight of the fancy in the art of paint slinging. We studied these en passant, and having nothing else to do, conjectured as to which of these might become our ocean home.

We disembarked from the ferry into one of the immense, typical piers of the New York water front, on each side of which lay one of the big transports. But we didn't have much occasion to go into any transports of joy when we beheld our White Star *Canopic*. The customary interim which usually prefaces such movements was taken up by a few more check roll calls, listening to a speech by somebody,



"BREAKING THE ICE"

perhaps an embarkation officer, whose duty it was to boost any organization, and their home state, which happened to be embarking. We wrote to our homes some cards announcing the fact that we had arrived safely "over there," and partook of a beverage resembling coffee which was circulated by a few ladies of the Red Cross.

Then we boarded the *Canopic*, receiving at its gang plank, for the mere announcement of our names, a card which decided for us our fate on board, decided between a stateroom or a steerage bunk in the hold. For strategic reasons, the exact hour of departure of the boat was to be kept secret. The men were to be off deck and lights doused.



FIRST SECTION, BATTERY A

Under the conditions there was nothing much to do but to turn in to one's assigned accommodations, or anything better that was to be obtained, and the next morning found us at sea with still a distant glimpse of land visible.

After the last lingering gaze at our native land, the attention was arrested by the proximity of other

troop transports. We were not aware of the number of transports that our convoy was to consist of until we were out on the high seas and they began to assemble, forming the complete fleet of thirteen under the protecting convoy of a U. S. cruiser.

Life on board could hardly be other than a repetition from day to day. Besides the immensity of the ocean, we had only our companion vessels to observe, but that alone was a spectacle which no pleasure tourist had ever witnessed or ever would. Thirteen huge liners with their unique camouflage, riding the waves in constant view of each other, and the vigilant cruiser, crossing and recrossing their path with a speed which enabled her to navigate circles about us. But caution and vigilance were observed throughout the fleet, constantly, many lookouts were on post, and at night all exterior lights were scrupulously avoided.

The entire 322^d Regiment was on board the *Canopic*, taxing its capacity to the limit, hence all available room was used. Down in the

hold, with the order for closed portholes prevailing at night, we enjoyed anything but a salubrious atmosphere. When rolling into the bunk at night, natural sleep was unnecessary, a comatose condition shortly followed, like an anaesthetic, during which the little crawling biological specimens could operate without pain to the victim. Reveille was occasionally missed by inability to come to quickly enough.

There being rather a few more men on board than the normal capacity of the liner called for, the eating proposition was divided into three sittings. Of course, it was possible, without making oneself conspicuous, to attend all three, but the desire was lacking, for two reasons: one, that the English menu didn't quite seem to conform to our American stand-

ards, and secondly, the apparent difficulty on the part of many of the men to retain what they had eaten. Especially during the first few days of the trip, the Atlantic received its daily contributions, and many a time the end of a formation on deck was marked by a rush



SECOND SECTION, BATTERY A

for the railing. Many a man missed a formation by being seasick, and absentees were excused or reprimanded in direct ratio with the physical condition of the B. C.; even his husky physique suffered, but when he was feeling well, he couldn't see his way clear to condone sick leave.

In order to try to preserve to a certain extent, our customary habits and prevent stagnation, calisthenics and games were had in the limited space on the decks. The balance of our time during the day, according to the orders, had to be spent in the open air on deck, in order to counteract as much as possible the atmosphere between decks. There was a canteen up on deck, which was patronized freely, and especially by those who couldn't get away with the issue diet. Inspections, of course, had to be, and here on board took the nature of daily, so-called, "medical inspections."

Sometime during the night from June 21 to 22 our cruiser left us and the early morning, as the fog lifted, revealed some ten or

twelve destroyers visible on the horizon at various points, and bearing towards us. Their number, by noon of that day, was augmented to about twenty of these fleet and elusive little vessels darting in and out among the troop ships. Our course by this time was pretty well to the north. The ships passed around the northern part of Ireland and entered St. George's Channel, and then into the Irish Sea. The first sight of land was a joy, and after eleven days of ocean travel the debarkation was anticipated with pleasure.

Liverpool was our immediate destination, where we arrived on the night of June 23, lying in the harbor that night. On the morning of the 24th we were tugged through Liverpool's complex system of docks to our pier of debarkation. Carrying all of our effects, we started on foot through a section of Liverpool, mostly uphill, and continued some eight miles through the outskirts of Liverpool to one of the so-called rest camps. Knotty Ash was the name of this beautiful suburb. We arrived there in the evening, absolutely tired from the long hike.



COMMUNICATION AT B. C.
STATION

Camp Knotty Ash was a comfortable place, well situated and with beautiful natural surroundings. The English tents were spacious double tents with wood floor. The camp itself was a pleasant one, and it was only through the conditions under which we occupied it that we still bear it a lingering grudge. Since we were restricted to the confines of the camp itself, our knowledge of the vicinity is based on that gained on a little exercise march the day after we arrived. Age, and constant uniformly directed development, had made this country in parts resemble a well-kept garden, with an equally well-kept adherence to musty traditions and customs.

The following morning, on June 26, we were ready to leave again, on our way to France. We boarded the train just back of Knotty Ash, and by way of Nottingham, Birmingham, etc., we rode on to Southampton, our first experience in the European compartment railroad carriages. These trains were about like playthings compared to our life-size American rolling stock. At Southampton, the Battery arrived and unloaded in the wharf district at about 2.30 p.m. After a short hangover in one of the big freight sheds, we started on our way towards evening along the piers and dry docks of South-

ampton to the old side-wheel steamer that was to take us across the Channel to Le Havre. Besides the Regiment, there was on board this crowded old boat an interesting mixture of Australian, Canadian and English soldiers returning to the Front after leave or duty in England. This was really our first personal contact with such men, and especially the Colonials were interesting, as their views seemed to emphasize our half-formed impressions of the English, as previously gathered on board H. M. T. *Canopic* and the casual passing contact on English soil. From the boat before we started, could be seen a few minor and medium-size steamers in dry dock for repair, and a few other battered victims of the submarine which had been towed in half submerged. The boat, market capacity 275, and with nearly 2000 on board, left its moorings at about 9.30 in the evening. Sleep, if at all possible, could be indulged in only with difficulty. The decks were exposed to an excessively cold wind for that time of the year, and below in the hold, the men were lying about so close on the floors that it was impossible even to step between them.



Soon after daybreak, the French side of the Channel became visible and after a few hours we passed through the sea walls into the harbor of Le Havre. The Regiment debarked into one of the big piers and waited pending the official solution of problems incident to the next move. We walked about the pier, observed the shipping, some heavy guns in transport and a group of 75's. These latter had evidently seen action and were battered up in almost every conceivable way by shell fire, and as they concerned us more or less directly, gave considerable food for thought. When we left the pier, we marched, headed by our band, through a section of the beautiful city of Le Havre, and passed out and beyond it to a British camp, there to await arrangements for our trip to the French village where our preliminary training was to take place.

This camp was merely a place for temporarily quartering incoming troops awaiting their further disposition. We saw units come and

leave, and among those who were there when we came, and left for parts unknown, was our own 83d Division Infantry. There is practically nothing to be said in its interest except that it was situated at a considerable elevation and commanded a majestic view of a portion of the city of Le Havre, its harbor and the Channel beyond. We had our first sight of prisoners of war here, who were engaged in various kinds of work, mostly structural. By subsequent comparison, we could appreciate their superior physique and appearance to prisoners taken later in the war when Germany's man power stood at lower ebb.

Our organization appreciated the departure from this place and



WINTER AT CAMP SHERMAN

had its first introduction to French methods of troop transportation on July 1. We marched on down through Le Havre in considerable military form, using the band at the head of the column to call the attention of the populace to our existence. Arriving at one of the big freight depots, we beheld our train lined up for us—

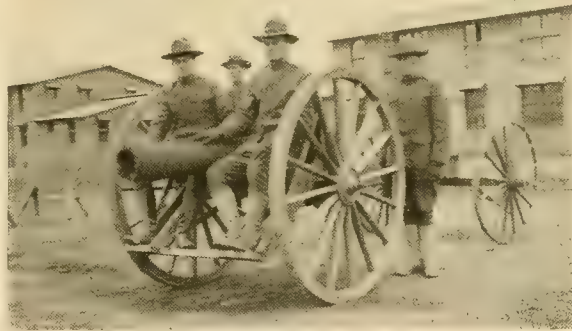
a train of freight cars with a few passenger cars of first-class coaches for officers, who don't seem to take kindly to freight-car travel, but that may be due only to a lack of previous experience.

During four years of war, it appears to have become almost a business with the French; they speak and think in terms of war, and things are gauged by their capacity of usefulness to war. All the freight cars had been drafted into the service and a legend on the outside of each gave a clue to its capacity; not in terms of cubic contents or weight, but thus, "40 hommes or 8 chevaux." Not to be outdone by these French, we showed them how to get forty-eight hommes into these cute little cars by employing the simple use of packing them in double strata. That may sound a little fishy when we add that hommes is the French word for men. A few cans of "cornwillie," "goldfish" and hardbread were thrown in for anyone who might, during the next day or so, feel gluttonous enough to want to eat. This completed the loading. Our baggage, which had come

over on the *Canopic* with us, had been sent by other means, and with a detail in charge of Lieut. Lane.

Our first impressions, then, of the interior of France were acquired from this ride. We passed through Rouen, Evron, Alençon, Laval and Rennes, and on the evening of July 2 detrained at the village of Messac. Then through a readjustment of the regimental units, transferred on the morning of July 4 to Guipry, another charming old village not far away on the opposite bank of the Vilaine. The big national holiday passed without any particular events except quartering and orienting ourselves in our new surroundings. It's safe to say that almost all of us were pleased with Guipry or developed a liking for it and its people in a very short time. One could not other than respond whole-heartedly to the simple graces and genial good nature of these rural French. One quickly fell in with their ways and manners and even the difficulties encountered by a difference of language were much more easily bridged over than the average outsider would imagine; their willingness and lack of sophistry, always the basis.

Of course, if it hadn't been so matter of fact and reasonable, it might have looked irresistibly ludicrous to observe how, for the sake of a simple want or requirement, all manner of gesticulation with the hands and feet had to be called into service, and that augmented by the few words in our mutual vocabulary. But it was interesting, otherwise it might have taxed the patience to the point where results wouldn't have been worth the effort. The village itself is small and of possibly four hundred population. The surrounding country is hilly, fairly well wooded, and with the farmland and meadows divided into smaller fields by picturesque hedges of bushes, smaller trees, and frequently the blackberry, always causing the impression, from a distance, as though all were heavily wooded. The little fields are well kept and variously planted and the poppies showed in vivid

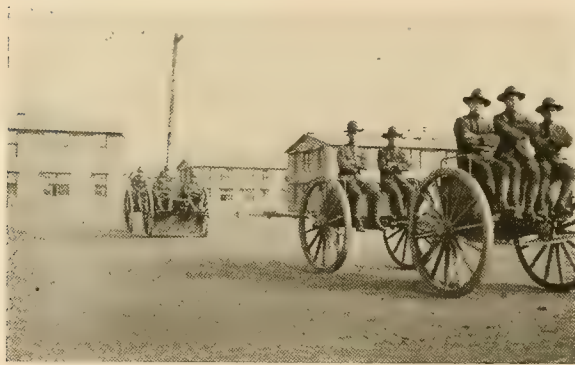


MOUNT

splashes of red as the breeze opened rifts in the fields of ripening grain.

Besides using a nice little auditorium for quarters, in which was also the orderly room, the men were billeted about the town in a number of haylofts. As the weather was nearly perfect at this time, the living conditions may be said to have been pleasant, and with Sgt. Hirsch's well-ordered and well-regulated kitchen now running smoothly out beside the little auditorium building, there was little left to be desired to make life at Guipry worth while. He who required a little higher pitch of life might gesticulate himself into the graces of one or the other of the native girls, or he could frequent

the little cafés, where the French vintages were still abundant. Every store, no matter what it specialized, had its stock of drinks and its table or two and chairs. But we will all remember "le cidre" which was the old standby.



Our training resumed and continued along a more definite basis. Our officers had gotten a line now on the actual stuff which our presence in France made feasible. We worked daily along these definite lines and studied the methods in actual use at the Front insofar as was possible. Soon we received our 75 mm. French guns, which were the weapons we were to take with us to the Front. A young French Sergeant, who knew them like an old friend, came with them for instruction, and the guns became the daily centers of interest. Besides this, there were the daily classes for the non-coms under Capt. Marting, where the finer details were taken up.

A Battery was also absolutely fortunate in having drawn the energetic Lieut. Sherwood as its reconnaissance officer. The Battery Commander's detail, that group of specialists who look after the more technical requirements of a battery's work, was under his guidance. At Guipry, these men pursued their specialties and acquired the systems in practice at the Front. Firing data and corrections and all the possibilities of fire under various conditions were calculated, road maps, traverses and panoramic sketches were pro-

fusely executed and signaling in all its phases was studied. The physical part of drill was continued, such as a little close order, some calisthenics, and the pleasant, brief afternoon swims in the Vilaine.

The real and final training of the American artillery units in France is carried on at camps like Camp Coëtquidan where they go as brigades, and it wasn't long before the 158th Brigade came in order to go there. We had since changed our American garrison hats and leggings for those of the A. E. F., and were ready to take the next and last step of training.

All the pleasant associations of a seven weeks' stay at Guipry were severed on August 15. At the time we had but few horses, these were ridden, and the guns were trailed behind trucks which carried the heavier equipment. The men hiked it with their personal packs the entire distance of about twenty-eight kilometers on a hot day and a dusty road. The outfit was pretty well fatigued when we arrived at about 5.00 p.m. at Coëtquidan, and quartered in a sector of the camp with the balance of the Regiment.



We quartered in the newer part of Camp Coëtquidan, where the barracks, though built of wood, resemble in size and in plan their old stone prototypes further on up the camp. The upper part of the camp was that portion of the old artillery school founded by Napoleon, that first of military men to recognize, develop and use to his maximum ability the full value of artillery as he then knew it and taught it. There is still the old stone building which was the headquarters of this military genius, and farther on, are even the old stables. A group of big, barren cement structures, formerly the École d'Artillerie, now do service as hospitals for the camp, which has been added to by wooden structures to the extent of accommodating about three brigades.

We can all remember vividly that heterogeneous confusion of shops and wine rooms which had sprung up as they do when a boom hits a western mining camp, starting where the main artery of travel intersects with the front entrance of the camp and straggling with an

arrogant disdain of uniformity down the road towards Guer. With the true spirit of the American, we knew we were being rimmed and enjoyed it, for there could be found every means of separating the soldier from his francs.

Schools were in session for the different specialties and each organization commander sent his quota of the men to be trained for that specialty. There was the telephone and radio school, orientation school, machine-gun school, bakers' school, gas school, etc.

The firing range was located out beyond the Camp of Coëtquidan where a vast area of miles of territory had been turned over to the firing practice. Several old villages had been located on this tract, villages that had been condemned after the ravages of a disease had visited them, and subsequently used as targets for the guns, and were lying in ruins as the result. Firing the piece in all its phases and under all conditions was indulged in and when A Battery was through it finished with a record equal to that attained by any organization trained at the camp, and emphasized its high standing. Now we were to leave Coëtquidan, a fully trained and perfected artillery organization, to do our little part on the Front. The Battery was put into march order the same as it would be on the field and pulled out of camp on the road to Guer to entrain there. Matériel and equipment were loaded, and the men themselves traveled in considerable luxury as there were only about fourteen men per car. We passed through Rennes, Le Mans, Chartres, Versailles, almost touching Paris, then through Montereau, Troyes and Vitry. Vitry was the very first point where we noticed the effect of shell fire, it being on the farthest line of advance of the Germans. Also, the first scattered graves of the fallen we can remember in this locality. We were going direct to the Front in lieu of a replacement camp where we would have to await our turn in relieving some other warworn artillery unit.

Two nights' and two days' travel in our (forty hommes or eight chevaux) box cars carried us to Souilly, where we detrained in a driving rain and ankle-deep mud. Little difficulty was experienced in unloading the Battery, even though it was with the aid of only a few lanterns. Detrained, and in order, we marched a short distance into a wood where the night was spent and also the following day until dusk, at which time we were in order and ready to begin our march up to the active Front.

Never will that first-night march be forgotten, for our Battery was only one of the many units of the army which congested the road;

mile after mile of doughboys, artillery, tanks, trucks, ammunition trains and supply trains, the traffic going both ways. Also, that night, we had our first sight of the newly wounded who were being taken back to the dressing stations or hospitals. Passing through ruined villages and a village in flames, en route, were details we soon grew accustomed to.

All the previous night and day, we had heard the reports of the big guns at the Front, and to-night as we marched nearer and nearer, the sounds became more audible and the flashes could be seen in the darkness of the night. It was getting daylight when we dragged the carriages up a hill and into a woods, there to rest for the day and also to be the better hid from enemy observation.

As soon as night was with us again, we were on the road, only a few kilometers from where we were to go into position. At about ten o'clock, the caissons were halted at an ammunition dump to pick up a load of shells, while the firing battery and the kitchen went on ahead to establish the echelon.



EXTERIOR GUARD—CAMP-FIRE

We were soon to know how it feels to be under shell fire, for as we went up the hill and through the woods and down into the valley again, the continual burst of shrapnel overhead, and the ensuing rattle amongst the leaves and trees, told us only too plainly that at last we were up Front. Without a doubt many a pair of legs had a great desire to carry their owner at double time into one of the near-by dugouts, or to some other place equally safe from harm. It was not long before this new sensation wore off (mostly) for we were kept busy carrying ammunition all day.

At nine o'clock on the night of September 25, we ran our guns out into an open field at the edge of a woods, in the vicinity of the Allieux Ferme in the Forêt-de-Hesse, the fourth section going into position first, followed by the other sections in order. It was at this time

that gas alarms were first used by us, and it might be added, that they were used freely, the Boche shelling the woods with arsenic gas. Nothing dangerous about it, but inconvenient as it caused us to stop work frequently in order to adjust gas masks.

We were favored by having moonlight, which was well, for owing to exposure to enemy observations, particularly by plane, lights of any kind had to be dispensed with. Our orders were to be ready to open fire at 11.20. In the short period of two hours and twenty minutes, the gun-pits had to be dug, platforms had to be placed and leveled, pit for trail had to be dug as well as cannoneers' safety trench. But by 11.15 the guns had been laid and all was in readiness



WINTERTIME, CAMP SHERMAN

with the cannoneers at their posts awaiting the command to fire. Subsequent orders delayed the execution of fire for some time. In the meantime, the section sergeants got busy with their sections to improve the conditions affecting their gun positions. At one o'clock more ammunition came.

Every man that could be spared from the gun crews was put to carrying ammunition and piling it in close to the guns. It was only by the close coöperation of all the men that so much work was done in so short a time. Soon, the cooks arrived with the mess, each man obtaining a canteen of coffee and a cupful of hot beans with bacon.

At 5.20, orders were given to be in readiness to open fire at 5.30. All night long as we worked, we had listened to the rolling roar of artillery on our left flank, and when promptly at 5.30 our own and neighboring units opened their fire, it was as if all hell itself had broken loose. A rolling or creeping barrage was what we fired, timing accurately the steady increase in the ranges and the rounds per minute. The barrage lasted till 10.45.

During the barrage our infantry made its objective and we had hardly ceased firing when we could see Boche prisoners being marched to the rear. These were part of the reward for an undertaking which was one of the decisive features of the world war. The Boche had been forced to retreat till they were out of range. We had, on that

day, taken part in the largest concentration of artillery fire of the war, or of any time. The men lunched on a little corned beef and jam at noon—rations were scarce the first few days, because we had moved in such haste that supplies could not follow us. The afternoon was spent in the cleaning of person, horses and matériel—all standing in urgent need of the attention.

September 27 was spent mostly in hauling ammunition to the gun positions. It seemed as if the entire world's share of the mud was concentrated here, and it rained almost continually. The pup tents were mere mudholes, and during the haste of moving in, many rolls were misplaced or lost, consequently some men had no tents, blankets or other personal equipment. The following morning we moved out of the mudhole, up along the road nearly in front of our gun positions. The new place was much better, and with the aid of fires, which were now permissible night or day, it wasn't long before we made ourselves more comfortable.

On the evening of October 1 we were informed that we were to lose Capt. Marting. Maj. Brumage had been taken to the hospital, and our Captain was chosen to act in the vacancy thus created. All wondered as to who would take command of the Battery, but before Capt. Marting left he introduced, as our new B. C., Capt. Mather. All remembered Capt. Mather of F Battery at Camp Sherman. He had since been Operations Officer on the Brigade Staff, was clever and well liked, and everyone felt gratified.

One of the first things that happened or took place under him was the signing of the September pay roll, which took place on October 2. Next day an inspection of men and matériel was held, and orders were issued to be ready to move out at 5.30 p.m. It was raining when we pulled stakes and got everything into march order, awaiting the signal to move. We waited, and finally came orders to make ourselves comfortable for the night. The guns were pulled into park again, horses unharnessed and picketed, and the men repitched their tents on the wet ground and a good many had rolled in, when again came the orders for march. Once more everything was put in order and at 9.30 we actually moved out.

Our road was through the Hesse Woods until about 2.30 a.m., when we got on a main road, passed through Blericourt at about 6.00 a.m., and it was nearly eleven when we pulled into Camp Gallieni near Nixéville, which was to be our rest camp for a few days.

Although appreciating a chance to rest, and finally getting the carriages parked and other things in order in this would-be rest camp,

the Regiment, as a whole, was not much impressed with this temporary location, Camp Gallieni. On the fourth, orders came to the effect that the Regiment be ready to move at 5.00 p.m. That was carried out to the letter, but the command, "Forward," was not given at that hour. We waited—one hour, two, three—and by this time several fires were started and each drew its quota of shivering soldiers. At ten o'clock recall was blown and the orders to unhitch, unharness, were given. Again the pup tents were pitched, but quite a number did not go to that trouble and simply rolled up and went to it.

The following day permission was given to allow one man per



ROLLING UP PUP TENTS

section to go to the neighboring villages to buy what he could in the way of eats for his section. Some were fortunate enough to secure some chocolate, but the majority had to content themselves with a miscellaneous variety such as sardines, cheese, canned cherries, etc.

During the middle of the afternoon we were

ordered to be ready to move at 3.00 p.m.; moved out at 4.30 and after striking the main road, moved on in good order. Bearing to the north, our attention was suddenly drawn to the vast number of searchlights beaming out from all sides, that were searching the skies for hostile planes. Immediately, as the hum of a motor is heard overhead, these vigilant electric guards are instantly made to project their penetrating shafts of light restlessly about through the darkness, hundreds of feet above.

After plodding along through the dark night for several hours, with our usual halts and the road congestions to contend with, we turned to our right on to what seemed a mere lane running parallel to an abandoned railroad bed. We knew this road to be within easy shelling range by virtue of having just witnessed a few close ones. The Battalion was halted after having proceeded about two kilometers off the main road.

The carriages were then unlimbered, pulled off to the right of the road, and after unloading the ammunition, everything was camou-

flagged. After quite a little confusion in passing and doing a left about, the limbers finally pulled off to the echelon, and the men with their equipment went to a near-by wood for shelter from observation. Being a worn-out and tired bunch, they soon picked out little bushes and nestled under protecting boughs.

The following morning the first section was informed that immediately after mess they were to report to their piece for laying. The piece was put into battery, laid and registered by firing three rounds. The camouflage having been put up as soon as possible, the gun-pit was put into good shape by the constant use of pick and shovel. Although putting in a hard day, it was really a pleasure to dig in the daytime. The whole Battalion sought shelter in a little grove and relied on the nets over the guns to protect them from hostile eyes.

After a day spent in concealment, the rest of the guns were ordered dug in that night, and being a rainy, disagree-

able night, and no lights advisable, the task, to say the least, was no pleasant one. The ones not busy on the gun-pits, plying the pick and shovel, were doing yeoman's service carrying ammunition from the dump, which was about one kilometer from the gun position.

It was on October 10 that the Battery pulled out of its position taken up during the Meuse action, and moved up to the positions to which it was assigned, about one kilometer from Brabant. We went into position in daylight and it has always been a bit of mystery as to why we were not observed by the Boche and were not the recipient of a barrage that would have caused us to move. 'Tis true, that we were almost continually under fire while in this position, but the Germans, not having our exact location, did us no harm. They knew that we were on the hilltop somewhere, for our shells were causing considerable destruction and annoyance to them. There was hardly a day of the nineteen that we were in this position that the Boche did not receive his daily rations from our 75's.

That does not signify that all our firing was done in daylight, for



B. C. DETAIL, A BATTERY

many a night the command, "Barrage," would send the men out of their improvised shelters, slipping and sliding through the mud and water, to their positions. It was at night also when the Boche sent over the most of their G. I. cans and whizzbangs. Several pieces of the matériel bear witness to the fact that all of the flying, whining pieces of the Germans' high explosive shells could cause much destruction if they succeeded in getting the correct range.

When not firing the time was put in at strengthening and bettering the gun positions, added to this, the fact that it rained almost incessantly at first and that the men had to sleep at the guns in all the mud and water and that as soon as darkness came, there was always much ammunition to be carried and that the amount of food delivered did not meet the demand, it is no wonder that the men looked forward to the time when it would be their turn to be relieved and to go back to the echelon for a "rest." Then they were all the more glad to get away from that echelon and back to the guns, not because there was more danger of being damaged by some Boche shell, but because of the never ending and incessant tooting of the one and only whistle. Later, instead of going to the echelon for their much-needed rest, some of the German dugouts were cleaned out, stoves found and set up and there the men found rest and also peace. In view of the fact that there was much rain, water was scarce; that is, drinking water. For washing purposes the water that collected in the big shell holes would serve. There was always some hesitancy about using it, however, as one could never be sure but what the dreaded mustard gas may still be lurking in it. In order to play safe, the men walked about a kilometer and carried the water from a big spring. Later, big auto tanks brought up water, and water carts generally came up with the kitchen.

The kitchen, with very few exceptions, came up on the road in front of our position, and always before daylight in the morning. It was at this time, also, that Fritz took occasion to shell the road in the hopes of knocking off some of the many kitchens, ammunition trains, ambulances and doughboys, who utilized the hours of darkness to conceal their movements. No matter how fast the shells were dropping, or the shrapnel bursting overhead, the kitchen always came, and the men always were there to receive whatever there was to be had. It never was hard work to guess what we were to eat, for the variety was very much limited. Also, the kitchen left us a cold lunch to be eaten at noon and invariably consisted of bread or hard-bread, and some of that nutritious and appetizing canned salmon,

better known as "goldfish," or that other old favorite and much-sought-after "cornwillie." Again it might be some of that stuff that comes in cans under the appellation "roast beef"—they always fed that in place of using so many of the C. C. pills. Again after dark, the kitchen brought up a warm meal, or rather something warm to eat and drink. Usually Fritz sent over a few H. E. shells containing arsenic gas which was gently wafted to us on the evening breeze and helped considerably to add to our discomfort as well as make us lose all appetite in case we might breathe in enough. This gas is not dangerous but very annoying, causing one's eyes to smart and water, and also making the stomach very sensitive, sometimes causing it to overflow.

The ration dumps along the roads lost quite a few cases of eats

that could not be accounted for, even though there were guards in charge. Some of these cases found their way into our dugouts, and at such times as the men had their day off, they first of all gave themselves a good cleaning



PHYSICAL EXERCISE

up and then got themselves a feast, for with beaucoup cornwillie, cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, milk, coffee, sugar and bread, that was no job at all. As the dugouts were dark, and the issue of candles was almost nothing, it was only natural that these same ration dumps lost considerable lights. A favorite way for these things to disappear from the dump would be for some of the party to engage the guard in conversation at one end of the pile, while the comrades made away with whatever was convenient at the other end, or frequently, someone would be carrying a heavily loaded box of the size and variety used for rations, and when the dump was reached, set his box down for a rest, in some cases begging the guard for a loaf of bread, and when ready to leave take some box other than the one he had brought. Without a doubt there was more grub in those dugouts than in the kitchen.

A better home was, of course, the next thing to be done when at leisure, and after that came extra sleep or a game of cards, and it

was said that several of the boys when they left one certain dugout where cards were a favorite were talking to themselves.

There came a day of ill luck which caused much anxiety. Our guns were banging away, trying to stop a counter attack of the Huns. Also the rumor got out that we were to go into another position and prepare to stay all winter. That sure took the heart out of the boys to think that they would be there for so long a time. The cause for the above-mentioned immediate anxiety was the burning of one of the camouflage nets. The smoke and blaze could easily have been seen and everyone thought that the Boche would locate our position and send over a barrage that would either annihilate us or run us out of our position. As the day grew late and night came, and still

no effective fire from the Germans, the anxiety began to wear off and everyone wondered at the miraculous escape from detection by the Germans.

Orders were given out to prepare to leave at 5.00 o'clock on the evening of October 29; with everything in readiness to go at the



PHYSICAL EXERCISE

appointed time, about four long, cold and anxious hours were put in at waiting for the limbers to come up. When they arrived, it did not take long to limber and get on the road. One accident marred the quick getaway. In turning into the main road, one of the fourgon wagons was upset. There was a lively twenty minutes put in at unloading, righting the wagon, and then reloading. Marching all night and till noon the next day, we once more pulled into Camp Gallieni, for what we supposed would be a ten-day rest. The following day, October 31, we took the road for a march to a new position. Marching nearly all night, then a few hours' rest till daylight and again taking the road for all day and part of a night, we reached a place near Madelaine Farm, a camp that had very recently been in German hands. Here midst the rain, mud and shell-ridden buildings, we tried to gain rest. When daylight came, we were able to see what kind of a place we were in, and sure it was one hell of a hole. We

existed in this place for nearly a week before orders came for us to go forward in support of the infantry.

At three o'clock in the morning, Saturday, November 9, we awakened to the odious sound of the whistle echoing through the woods of that decrepit wreck of a German recuperation hospital near the Madelaine Farm. Soon after, we were in march order and left the foul stench of its mud behind us. We passed through Cunel and crossed the Meuse at Dun, and then southeast to Liny, where we arrived at about noon. We lunched there and unharnessed and stuck around for an undecided interval till we got orders to proceed at 3.00 o'clock.

McClellan, at least, thought we would have oodles of time and when told to get the stadia rod out of a certain fourgon wagon, he gazed long and blankly into its tightly packed interior. Still the stadia rod didn't come out, whereupon, "Mac" proceeded to unload the fourgon and having gotten about everything off with the exception of perhaps the wheels, Sgt. Eyler says to him, "What are you looking for?" "The stadia rod," says "Mac." "Well, it's in the other fourgon wagon," says Eyler. "I know it," says "Mac," "but I was told to look for it in here," whereupon he commenced throwing things back into the fourgon where chaos now took the place of its previous orderliness. Lieut. Brumback comes next for his boots. "Ah! fine," says he, as he sees one sticking right out the end; "Hell!" says he, as a half hour later he finds the mate clear up front.

Leaving Liny, we took the very beautiful road on to Haraumont, but its beauty was obscured by fatigue and the occasional sights of corpses by the wayside, mangled in every conceivable way, and the carcasses of horses in the last stages of deterioration. Retreat of the Germans had been recent and rapid over these parts.

At Haraumont the Battery arrived at about 7.00 p.m. On account of the unusual tactics called for by the conditions under which we were to appear in our next immediate action, the Battery was, to facilitate its proper functioning, divided into its two platoons. After a time the arrangements for this were perfected, we had something to eat, and by nine o'clock turned in for sleep, most of us in a large, partly wrecked stone barn adjoining the chapel. Positions were to be occupied before daybreak, hence a departure around midnight could be expected, and to the hum of a few German Mercedes motors overhead, we slept, dreaming possibly of cannons and caissons tearing over the top with the doughboys.

At twelve o'clock that night, the second platoon, Lieut. Lane in

command, was on the road to Brehéville. For the most part we went on double time over roads shell torn and strewn with dead horses and men, and through German stockades, we soon reached the heights above Brehéville. Here we were to give support to the 127th Infantry. As nothing could be done before daybreak, we utilized the intervening time by rolling up in our blankets on the ground and getting another hour of sleep.

We were on the move again at four o'clock and in a few minutes passed through another stockade at the edge of Brehéville. Pulling through this, we were halted by a scout, who told us to do an about face and get out of town. We learned later that the enemy was still holding the opposite end of the village, some four hundred meters away. Again gaining the hilltop overlooking the town, we put our guns in position covering the roads to the east where we knew the

enemy to be, and calmly waited for the fog to rise.

The infantry reserve and machine-gun companies passed our position on their way to the village. The Boche seemingly scented the massing of our forces, and before our infantry



arrived, the village had been evacuated by the Germans, who had taken position possibly near La Roche Farm, some four kilometers distant.

The morning wore away with no communications from our infantry and very little action except a few heavies coming over on our left and considerable more to our right flank, with many return shots of light artillery, which we presumed to be from the first platoon of our own battery.

At about eleven o'clock we seemed to have lost communication with our rapidly advancing infantry, and, taking it upon ourselves, limbered up and proceeded forward through the town. Here we learned that the infantry was facing the enemy near La Roche Farm, and we went into position for support. Without resistance, the enemy pulled out from La Roche Farm, through the woods beyond and again took position on a crest about one kilometer from the farm. Our infantry continued to follow and we with our two guns

took a position behind them at the farm, covering the crest occupied by the Germans and ready for support of our infantry.

So the day ended with the infantry holding the line, and our guns in position, near the farm building, for their support. Even as we laid the guns in the dark that evening, thereby accidentally disclosing a dim light, a few rifle bullets came whizzing by, reminding us of the close proximity of the Germans. We quartered at the farmhouse, and also stabled our horses in its ample barns, where there was still plenty of hay for them. This place came nearer to being a whole building than anything that we were in since we entered the war zone, and it was the first tight roof that our horses had been under since we acquired them.

At midnight an infantry sergeant came bolting into the farm, and calling for a C Company runner, gave him a message to carry to the front lines, and to the effect that all attacks were to cease at seven o'clock and all firing at eleven in the morning. We had

heard and anticipated many rumors before but this had the force of authenticity by virtue of its being an official dispatch. Morning confirmed the news of the Armistice, which was accepted in a matter-of-course way, and even failed in producing as much enthusiasm as did the arrival of E Battery's kitchen a half mile back, with its bully-beef and army coffee. The second platoon stayed the day over at La Roche Farm, and slept there the next night, the first time without the music of the guns. Started out the next day for Ecurey to rejoin our first platoon and the Regiment.

Let us go back for a moment to the night of November 9, at Harau-mont, and start out with our first platoon. About an hour after the second platoon had left, or about one o'clock on the morning of the 10th, the first platoon started on its part of the action, which proved in the end more hazardous, tense and interesting than that of the second platoon. We started on our six kilometers to Ecurey, the



GUARD DETAIL

roads were muddy and the cannoneers had to help frequently at the wheels. At 4.00 a.m. the platoon arrived, and men, cold, wet and exhausted, found shelter in a building at the edge of the village and slept for two hours.

The first platoon was in command of Capt. Mather, and was to support the 128th Infantry. The advance began at daybreak. The platoon was to follow the second wave of infantry whose first battalion passed by and our 75 mm. guns were brought up behind them. The platoon passed through the village, crossed the railroad beyond it, and took the road to Peuvillers. The machine-gun company of the infantry laid down a barrage in preparation for the advance of the artillery.

As we neared the village of Peuvillers, we were subjected to heavy



shell fire from the German artillery. The shells were bursting on all sides of the men, throwing dirt and mud over us. A few of the men were struck by pieces of bursting shells, but no one was seriously injured.

As an advance seemed impossible under these conditions,

Capt. Mather gave the order to withdraw. In attempting to turn around in the narrow, muddy road, the poles of two of the carriages were broken, and the carriages imbedded in the mud. By the time the poles had been replaced by new ones, and the carriages pulled out by the men, the shelling had abated somewhat, and Capt. Mather gave the command to advance into the village. This was done under continued shell fire, and the Captain halted us while he went forward to reconnoiter.

As he started toward the German lines, he saw some twenty or thirty of the infantry, pursued by Germans, retreating towards the village. He at once gave the command, "Action front." Fearlessly standing within plain view, he pointed toward them and said, "Target, those Germans, 300 meters." Five shots were fired by the first piece, which alone got into action, at ranges of 300, 500 and 600 meters, and the Germans were driven back over the hill. As we were

located in a poor position, with a hedge on our right and buildings on our left, our machine gunners were ordered into position to protect us.

This part of the battle seemed like the artillery literally going over the top with the doughboys. So close were they to each other that some of the doughboys were helping to carry ammunition to our guns and remarked, "I don't know anything about this kind of work, but here's one, give them hell." The guns were then moved to a more open position near the eastern edge of the town and prepared for action. A telephone line was run over the hill to the front-line trenches and the Captain, accompanied by the Instrument Sergeant and an operator, went forward to establish an F. O. P. He spotted a number of targets, such as machine-gun nests and a telephone exchange, at ranges varying from 1500 to 2200 meters. So accurate was he in his estimation of ranges that the platoon made several direct hits during the firing. During the engagement, the 308th Ammunition



WINTER SCENE—ELLENHAUSEN

Train brought two caissons of much-needed ammunition into the village under heavy shell fire. About 150 shots were fired at the Germans, the platoon doing very effective work in its support of the infantry.

By this time the 128th Infantry had been outflanked, owing to the failure of those on its flanks to support it. This necessitated a retreat of the infantry, and also of our platoon. The platoon retreated about one kilometer and again went into action, but no firing was done from this position. We then withdrew to the edge of Ecurey on a hill just outside the village, and the guns were laid for action.

This was the one instance in which Battery A was forced to retreat, but it rendered very efficient service before it yielded to the inevitable.

On the night of November 10, the first platoon remained in position outside of Ecurey. During the night, communications with

Battalion Headquarters in Ecurey were established. A half-hour barrage was prepared by Capt. Marting and sent to the platoon to be fired at 6.30 the following morning. About six o'clock on the morning of November 11, the Germans started a surprise shelling, and several shells landed in very close proximity to the platoon.

It was while laying the guns for our morning barrage, that the Battery suffered its first casualty in action, that of Ralph B. Clemens of Dayton, Ohio, our Instrument Sergeant. He was struck by fragments of an H. E. shell and mortally wounded. He was at once taken to the first aid station and his wounds dressed, and about two hours later he died in the ambulance on his way to the hospital. Clemens was an energetic, enthusiastic and genial young man, beloved by all.

His loss was personally felt and mourned by officers and men alike.

The first platoon fired its last barrage of the war from 6.30 to 7.00 a.m., Monday, November 11. Upon its official receipt of the news of the signing of the Armistice, it withdrew into Ecurey and the men were billeted there.



YANKS AT ELLENHAUSEN, GERMANY

Many of our Battery A boys have performed valiant deeds of heroism worthy of the *Croix de Guerre*, but owing to their modesty and reticence, their acts have never been heralded abroad. After the declaration of the Armistice, the first platoon was returning to Ecurey from its last gun position. As they marched along the road, our little Napoleon, the Top Sergeant, ever zealous for the safety of his men, peered long and searchingly into every recess and crevice for signs of the enemy.

Suddenly his gaze became fixed, his muscles tense, his nerves taut and visions of the D. S. C. flitted across his mind. He gave the command, "Halt," in a calm voice, drew his trusty "45" from its holster and fired upon—a German overcoat.

On November 13 the second platoon, with its two guns, arrived at Ecurey, and the Battery was once more together. A little more

ease and peace of mind were indulged in here. A few inspections were held and the equipment gone over and replaced where necessary.

The mechanics section had made a cross with inscriptions to the memory of Sgt. Clemens and on Friday, November 15, Capt. Mather, Lieut. Sherwood, accompanied by Norwick, McClellan and Barney, rode their horses back to Haraumont, there to erect this simple monument. The grave was located beside the chapel, at this place from which the two platoons had left on November 9, for their final action.

Already, groups of prisoners, French and Italian, released by the Germans, were beginning to journey through our village. Poor men, worn, ragged and lean as rails. We gave them a hand-out, they quartered overnight in the village, and continued their journey westward.

The movements and work of the firing battery, generally speaking, typify the activity of the Battery as a whole. In view of the nature of artillery operations, the Battery must be divided and

the men outside of the functions of the firing battery are, by nature of their work, separated from it. There is the group back at the echelon, where the horses and limbers are waiting and always ready for the call from the guns. The hard-working drivers kept horses and equipment under the most adverse conditions.

The kitchen and mess supplies are here, and to one who has served meals under shot and shell and seen the constant stream of seconds and thirds passing the altar of steaming stew, one does, indeed, wonder what it really does take to spoil these Yanks' appetites. The all-important question at the Front seemed to the Mess Sergeant to be the oft-repeated question of, "When do we eat?" Now preparing and serving meals while under fire is great service, for during a day's workout one is liable to be in the standing, sitting or lying down position a great many times. The first time we were called upon to serve a meal to the firing battery during actual fire was on September 26, 1918, when the command came in to us to pull our kitchen limber filled with hot food up to the immediate rear of our



ROAD TO ELLENHAUSEN

guns. The Mess Sergeant looked over the list of cooks and the list of cooks looked over the Mess Sergeant, for it mattered not how frightened they were, or how much in need of sleep or rest, that sense of duty always so prominent in the Yank asserted itself again and as one, they offered to go. So four went up and, although every time that we sent another greeting over to Fritz, they would miss the mess kit and let the food drop back into the boiler because that dipper just wouldn't behave, yet each man received the usual seconds and thirds. Gunners, number ones, etc., were eating practically between shots. So much has been written of the prowess, nerve and courage of our doughboys, machine gunners and artillerymen, and so little about the men who day after day, uncomplainingly and unceasingly pre-



ELLENHAUSEN, GERMANY

pare our food, that I deem it an obligation in their behalf to insert just a word of our warm appreciation and thanks for their untiring efforts. Who is it after a day's hike has to work still harder at the end of the day's march but the cooks? Who is it that arises every morning in the wee small hours to prepare our Java and, but the cooks? We cannot, of course, state the conditions under which the other kitchens in the A. E. F. labored at the Front, but regarding our own this much can be and must be said, the work of the cooks was admirable. A true example of a duty well done. Always working for the interests of the men, ever ready to help lighten the burdens of those around them. We have seen them carry ammunition, drive and even work on the guns. Many amusing and laughable incidents occur in the mess lines on all occasions. The favorite epithet going the rounds in our organization for the cooks being "Mulligan mixers," "Dirty Alley Four," "prune conveyers," etc. In going into position at Dead Man's Hill, where the kitchen was practically buried in the side of a big hill, our ration cart filled with rations upturned, food and all. Another organization was ordered to take its kitchen, ration cart, and water cart back to the echelon while we were to cook for the firing battalion. Never can we forget the forethought and consideration of that battery by empty-

ing their rations in the middle of the road and beating it back while we had to get everything under cover before daybreak. So considerate, also, of our water-cart driver, who drove the cart into a big ditch and left it there, about one kilometer from the kitchen position, and hurried back with the limbers. Comical also was the scramble for cover when the Regimental Commander ordered the mess line concealed at one noon meal. It's a funny thing, but in the army, the other fellow has always got the bigger appetite, and that's why all the rest don't get anything to eat—so it is said. This squawk usually comes from men like Samuel Werts who calls it a poor mess if thirds aren't served, and runs to the Mess Sergeant on the double when he gets a tummy ache and indignantly wants to know, "Whatcha been feeding us, Sarg?"

When we moved from Hill 304 to Brabant and reached the echelon, we were informed that we had been elected to serve the firing battalion again, and were told to report to the Battalion



TOWN CRIER—ELLENHAUSEN, GERMANY

Commander somewhere up that road to the right of Brabant, it sure was a tired crew of men. We marched up two kitchens and equipment complete, but lacking any prepared food to serve upon reaching our destination. When we had gone about three kilos, we located our gun position and the Mess Sergeant reported the detail as present to Capt. Marting, who wilted the poor soup disher with the question, "Are you ready to serve?" Upon being informed that no meal was or could have been prepared, we were ordered to return whence we came, prepare one, bring it up, serve it, and go back and do likewise for breakfast, both meals to be served before daybreak. Well, if ever a bunch of men expressed their views on how to run an army and how many socialists were being made; we honestly thought we were with a gang of anarchists. Our visitation at that Front was one both tragic and yet a series of laughs. We recall on one specific occasion, when frying doughnuts, we amused ourselves by picking steel splinters out of the grease. Every night mess was being brought up to the guns twice and en route we were forced to pass a regiment

of 155's that had a habit of cutting loose just about the time we passed them. At first it used to be an awful scramble to get under cover at the first report, but experience maketh us wise, which recalls the fact that we had a driver on the kitchen, who was affectionately dubbed "Pansy," no doubt because he resembled a mule, whose sole effort all those weeks was to find a man he could sell his position to for one hundred francs. We finally moved the kitchen up to Brabant, cutting off about two kilos of our march each trip up, and it was then that the real fun took place. It was indeed an extremely amusing and no less pathetic sight to see the sincere welcome we received by the boys every night when we got there. Yet we might mention that



GERMAN SCHOOLROOM, ELLENHAUSEN

not even the kitchen was a lure for some of the boys to come up from their holes. We served from the road at the head of a trench that had but a few short weeks ago been the German first-line defense. A company scramble for a mess line is a pretty tough affair, but a battalion

rush makes a football game look like a game of domino, especially when the uttermost ambition of each man in line was to get his chow and beat it back to where he belongs.

Seconds were rare, the boys taking a chance on the first portion and back they would go. The noon meal was, of course, proportioned out to each organization, and was a cold lunch, the kitchen not making the trip. "Goldfish" predominated at noon. Needless to say, salmon can be taken off the market as far as the A. E. F. is concerned. Of all the incidents long to be remembered is one evening when the kitchen came rolling up at dusk as usual, after a day of unusually heavy shelling and when the word had been sent around that supper was ready, after the mess line had been formed and we had started to serve, Fritz started to "strafe" again, and threw some over in our direction. One shell in particular burst about a hundred feet from the kitchen and all that could be seen for quite some time after that were heels doing an about face on the double, mess kits flying in all directions, and despite all the pleadings of the cooks for the boys

to return and get their chow, we returned that evening with boilers but half empty. The Mess Sergeant was kept busy during his few spare hours, by ravaging salvage dumps, looking in dugouts for some of the cooks, and K. P.'s from some of the other batteries that were helping us out in cooking, and above all, in acquiring that most precious of all luxuries at the front, namely, chocolate. On one occasion do we recall where he had talked the Y. M. out of some of it by a fake order, the kind most of the boys at the Front had, and before he could pay for it, Heine sent over a couple of messages of love, the Y. M. man hopped in his Ford and said, "Good-bye, keep the chocolate," all of which angered us immensely—yes, it did not. Many amusing things also took place during our march to the Rhine, foremost, the never-to-be-forgotten first day, when we were to be advance guard. We started on time all right, but hadn't gone very far when the familiar cry of, "All cannoneers on the wheels,"



SCHOOL KIDS, ELLENHAUSEN

was heard. Everything was righted except the kitchen, which was left stranded, with our old friend Tuman doing his utmost not to drive a four-line team, when finally we were on the road again, with a broken wagon tongue and spilled soup, we received the command to double time it up to the battery, which had in the meantime reached its position in the column. There was infantry, machine-gun battalion and a troop of cavalry, not to mention the auxiliary branches which it was up to us to drive around. So we all climbed on the kitchen and told Eickhoff, who obligingly relieved Tuman, for Tuman's sake as well as our own, to start them off. Such a wild ride, we dare say, for four kilos, no steaming rolling kitchen ever made, ducking around anything from a corner to caissons, the kitchen swinging from one side of the road to another, cooks jumping on and off, organization commanders yelling for the mess sergeant to halt and inquiring by whose authority we were performing such a stunt. We finally reached our positions with about half as much food left in the boilers as when we started. It was indeed a humorous

sight. In many respects the march to the Rhine was a great deal more of a strain than some of our work at the Front, especially is this true of the cooks, who were always called upon to prepare and serve a meal wherever and whenever we made camp. In one town where we stayed overnight, we had to practically get down in a well ourselves in order to get enough water with which to cook. Bleckhausen was the name of that village, and it surely lived up to its name. We also will never forget our turn at Haraumont, where we practically stayed up all night serving wounded and fatigued dough-boys and artillerymen.

At the guns, the echelon, at the command and observation posts



“CHOW” FOR THE COW

scattered about forming the go-between with other units of the service, is the B. C. Detail. Men who perform the technical services for the Battery, perform the calculations for the direction and control of the fire. For the purpose they have acquired the mastery of the various instruments for

the measurement of angles and instruments of observation.

The goniometer is the most versatile and valuable tool of a battery. All other matériel of a battery is reliant for its proper use upon the manipulation of the goniometer. It is regarded as a sacred instrument by those most intimately connected with it. Being so considered, only officers and noncommissioned officers are intrusted with its care and use.

To me it was an inseparable companion. I felt its presence on the long night marches, yea, I even shared my bed in the pup tent with it, that the dampness might not incapacitate or diminish its usefulness. Its magic number was woven into my dreams at night. I knew its very faults or shortcomings even to the plus 4. By it I oriented myself; when it did not function properly I anointed its head with oil; my thoughts were ever of its safety.

It is with a feeling of sadness, as though I had lost a friend that I realize I must one day part with it. In the fullness of my grief,

I cannot speak what I fain would say, but leave the deeper expressions of sympathy to the greatest goniometer expert in our Regiment, Lieut. Sherwood, who could do anything with the instrument.

Figuring out barrages was frequently done with great speed; in fact, usually done that way. The data for barrages used to come down from Headquarters an hour or forty-five minutes before the barrage was to be fired, and Lieut. Sherwood and the detail would invariably have the thing all cocked for action at the psychological moment.

One evening the official dope arrived via runner from Battalion Headquarters. Lieut.

Sherwood looked at his watch—"Fifteen minutes until this is to be fired," said he to the table in the dugout, and taking this extraordinary feat as a matter of course, he called the Instrument Sergeant, they seized plotting board, maps, protractors, scales, etc., and with the abandon of



BATTERY A MESS HALL, ELLENHAUSEN

calm efficiency, coördinates were plotted, ranges determined, corrections of the moment applied and the unprecedented time limitation imposed didn't affect the accuracy of any of those intricate calculations. Cool; that's our reconnaissance officer and his detail. The data completed, it went over the wire to the guns, where they had just time to set it off, and on the exact second the barrage started.

At his P. C., Acting Major Marting hears firing, and apparently from Battery A gun position. Nonplussed, he calls up to ascertain the cause of the sudden action. "We've started the barrage that you sent; over twenty minutes ago," he added, as his first remark didn't seem sufficiently enlightening. "Why, that was for to-morrow, the 22d," says the Captain. A few seconds later, the man at the gun position's phone gleaned out of a streak of vituperation that came over the line from Sherwood, the words, "Cease firing."

Battery A had an excellent liaison crew, and the experiences of these men were many and varied. This work was beset with many difficulties, among which was the location of the P. C.'s in dugouts,

following devious trails through dense woods and carrying messages through gas and shell fire. Naturally, these men had certain landmarks by which they oriented themselves. In one instance, a certain P. C. was located by means of an abandoned German machine gun on the top of the trench at the entrance to this dugout. Inadvertently, this gun was removed one day; result—the liaison runner from Headquarters spent fifty minutes in traversing trenches trying to locate this P. C., which was within fifty meters of Headquarters.

Orientation, where frequent trips were involved, has been done by driving stakes into the ground at intervals. These men had topped off the stakes, to render them more conspicuous, with empty cans garnered in the locality. In a general way, this scheme was useful to others, in that the available cans gave a clue to the objective of the trail; those which had once been containers of jam or milk would give evidence that officers or a mess sergeant was quartered at this extremity; those cans, which at one time contained the bully-beef, might reasonably be expected to terminate at the haunts of some ordinary enlisted man. Where frequent trips induced the liaison man to ferret out, for his convenience and speed, a short cut over some pathless terrain to a busy P. C. or O. P., streamers of white tape have been employed by him to identify and mark definitely this trail. Red tape came into play considerably in communications with P. C.'s of a higher order.

Several times the liaison men went over the top with the dough-boys. At the Argonne Forest, three of our boys advanced with the infantry and were gone for several days, one of them being lost from the Battery for three weeks. Several times they carried messages through gas and shell fire between Dead Man's Hill and the Bois de Consenvoye. Three of these men were gassed, and one of them so severely gassed and shell shocked that he was sent to a hospital. On one occasion, while on liaison work, Cpl. Keller wandered into a dugout which had very recently been taken by the infantry. Quite unexpectedly, he came face to face with three Germans, who had remained undetected by the infantry, which had so recently swept through. It would be difficult to say who was more frightened, Chris or the Germans, but upon their yelling, "Kamerad," Chris was master of the situation; he took charge and marched them to infantry Headquarters.

Scouting for food occasionally came under the varied duties of liaison work, when driven to it by the meagerness of our noonday rations. This was, at times, even a very active branch of that work,

and so lucrative that the results exceeded in amount and in quality the regular rations, which, at such times, were then contemptuously scorned. Cans of beef, milk, tomatoes, molasses, etc., coffee, sugar, cabbage and other delicacies were garnered from other organizations' dumps to make up for the deficiencies in our own service, which was occasionally characterized by happenings such as one evening on the Brabant Hill. After long waiting for supper, we finally heard the melodious and ever pleasant voice of Gus giving orders to Slubecky. (Of course, there is no need of explanation as to who Gus may be; he is the soldier who put "me" in mess, and "gent" in sergeant.) And how

we so eagerly lined up by batteries for one usual goodly portion of slum, bread, "black jack" and coffee, and after eating same, file in for seconds in a line reaching far down the road toward Brabant, and then when prospects were so bright for that ever relished dish known as "sec-



MESS AT BATTERY A, ELLENHAUSEN

onds," there came a quick whistling and in an instant later a terrible explosion, throwing mud and gravel over the mess line and rattling stones against the kitchen. Instantly there was great confusion, and so great was the confusion that only our brave and noble Mess Sergeant is capable of relating the incidents thenceforth with any degree of intelligence; so the narrative must be written as we have it from him.

"When the explosion came, I was standing between the kitchen and the limber sharing a cup of cocoa with Capt. Mather, and instantly realizing the seriousness of the situation caused by the great shower of rocks and splinters, I sprang upon the kitchen and beckoned the rapidly departing men to calm themselves and not to fall out of line as there were beaucoup "seconds," but notwithstanding my efforts, in one minute not a man remained to whom we could give even the ladle of slum that Slubecky half uplifted in his hand as he too yelled, 'Come and git 'er, boys.'

"Logically, the only course left for me to pursue was to mount up

my drivers, do an about face, and plod our weary way back to the echelon."

It seems as though we must confine the remainder of our narrative to circumstantial evidence, as discovered the following morning. On the spot where the kitchen had stood was found a mess cup in which had been cocoa. Skidding wheel tracks of the kitchen were to be seen, where it had made an all too sharp left about. Near a stone-filled shell hole in the road toward Brabant was found a large spoon. A short distance nearer Brabant was a gallon can partly filled with molasses, near which the wheel track connected with a large stone and then departed some fourteen inches to the left. At the point where the road turns sharply down the valley, only the outer wheel tracks were visible. Of course we were much humbled the following evening, when, after hiking down to Brabant for our supper (it seemed that Sgt. Hirsch had received orders not to go on the hill again for a few days), we listened to the Sergeant deride us for being so wasteful as to leave the kitchen so unceremoniously as we had the night before, with nothing for him to do, after begging, even imploring, us to eat heartily, but to take much good eats back to the already overfed men at the echelon.

The men of the detail even found time for other work, work of co-operation. They have carried ammunition and have loaded and unloaded equipment.

The evening we were relieved at Brabant Hill was marked by a number of exasperating incidents. Owing to the heavy shell fire to which the position was constantly subjected, just enough teams were sent up to remove the guns and caissons and all the extra equipment of the Battery was to be loaded into one fourgon wagon. In anticipation of a relief shortly after dark, supper was had early, packs were made up, the camouflaging removed from the guns and all necessary preparations made for an early start. The command, "March order," had been given at the guns, which were pulled out of the gun-pits, and everybody stood about waiting for the arrival of the drivers and horses. They did not arrive. Finally, an order came to lay the guns once more; the guns were rolled into their pits again, and their direction established by the man at the goniometer. Then, after waiting for a few hours without an order for further action, the horses and drivers arrived.

While the guns were being limbered up, the detail was confronted with the problem of getting all the surplus equipment into the fourgon wagon. It looked like a hopeless task, but they tackled it; in went

instrument, plotting board, telescopes, monoculars, etc., signal equipment, telephones, switchboard, reels of wire, flags, officers' equipment of vast bedding rolls, musettes, mechanics equipment, boxes of tools, cans of grease, machine guns and cases of ammunition; gas masks, shovels and picks.

Lieut. Wright then proceeded to pilot the wagon on to the road. As the turn into the road was being made, the wheels struck a shell hole. The wagon being top-heavy, went over on its side in the mud and water, dragging down the horses with it. Immediately the men started to attempt to get the horses up and to upright the wagon. Nothing doing on that; the French beasts refused to move, and the combined efforts of the men could not even stir the overloaded wagon. So they started to unload and all the miscellaneous contents was thrown out promiscuously on the ground until the last article had been removed, when it was possible to get the wagon into proper position again. In the meantime, with much sweating, swearing and muscular exertion on the part of the men, the horses had been induced to assume an upright position again.

Then came the job of reloading, with an occasional bursting shell to lend interest and activity to the work. Due to the fact that the equipment was now covered with thick layers of mud, it was impossible to get it all back into the fourgon wagon again, but a small item like that was easily remedied by throwing the stuff away with little discrimination as to its comparative value. Once more everything was set to rights, the wagon proceeded on its way, and the men received the reward of their labors in the shape of going on the double time all night in order to catch up with the Battery, which had a two-hour start.

Practically as complete and little the worse for wear, we prepared for a departure from Ecurey. Not fighting step by step but on a veritable parade march on the trail of the vanquished and evacuating German.



MAKING BOOTEES FOR THE KITTENS

Almost to a man, it was the identical outfit that had come to the Front together and fought together, which now on the early morning of November 17 left Ecurey as the advance guard of the 32d Division on its march to the Rhine. We took the trail towards Peuvillers, the same mud road, by the way, which had been traversed by our heroic first platoon on its famous final action. As on the occasion of that last action, we also got our carriages stuck in the mud, only now the shells didn't fall about in that surprising manner peculiar to shells. This was traveling in comparative security if not comfort, and across gently rolling country, we arrived in the evening at Arrancy.

A few of the French civilian population were here, in fact, had remained throughout the war. We quartered in this village. Most of us in a small château of a more mediocre type, which had been used by the Germans as a hospital, and chancing it on the cooties and other German germs, the hospital bunks were used for the night.

We took the road again in the morning, hardly twenty-four hours behind the hastily evacuating Germans. Parties of French civilians, mostly women, were journeying west, hilarious and in high spirits over the liberation of their France, and villages were decorated in its honor. It was here on the road that our Lieut. Lane was placed in a very embarrassing position by being embraced and fervently kissed by a cute girl of an oncoming party of French. He had been walking at the head of the column, leading his horse. After that, he rode.

That day took us into a hilly country, through Rehon and Longwy, in the iron region, part of the secret of German staying power. A little further on, near the village of Mexy, we prepared to tent for the night; first putting the guns into position.

On Tuesday, November 19, we left the position in order to rejoin the Regiment, which was located at Cons la Grandeville. That was a squalid place, but wonderfully situated, and boasted a castle, historical, of course, and architecturally beautiful. We arrived at the place at noon and were confronted by an inspection by the Division Commander, which they pulled on us at 2.30, and made it last till dark. But that blanket of darkness helped to mitigate the effect of the filthy quarters we were forced to billet in, all that was left, since the whole Regiment had had its choice, and all that could be found in the limited time.

The next morning, Wednesday, November 20, the Regiment left Cons la Grandeville in a body, passing through Lexy, Longwy and Rodange, to Differdange, Luxembourg. It was on this day at about noon, that the Battery crossed the border into the Grand Duchy of

Luxembourg. Differdange was a considerable place—we stayed overnight in a large modern school building and had a few hours in the evening to be about town, but at the prevailing prices of things here, we couldn't have spent much more time.

From Differdange through Soleuver, Niederkorn, Niederkerschen, Dippach and Luxembourg, we arrived the next evening at Neudorf, a suburb of Luxembourg. The day's march took us through the central part of the little state, and we covered a distance of thirty kilometers.

As the Battery passed through only one edge of the city of Luxembourg, the capital and main city of the state, we had no opportunity to witness an infantry parade which was held there that afternoon and headed by Gen. Pershing. The city was elaborately decorated for the occasion. As we came in after dark at Neudorf, the horses were picketed on the main street of this suburb, and the men quartered in the houses



ALWAYS LINE UP—THIS TIME TO FEED HORSES

along the street, comfortably quartered in their homes with the people, and before the evening had passed our little association with these people was the beginning of our esteem for them.

A short trip till noon the next day brought us to Niederanven, just off the road from Senningen. We spent the afternoon, however, in cleaning and rejuvenating our equipment and horses. We quartered comfortably for the night and continued to the village of Manternach the next day, arriving in the afternoon of November 23. Manternach is only a few kilometers from the German border, and we stayed here awaiting our time to cross into Germany.

Though Manternach is small, and possibly doesn't present that varied and many-sided insight into the ways and viewpoints of a nation that may be gained in a large city, yet, it probably is typical of places of its size. At any rate, it was this village and its people upon which we are mainly dependent for our impressions of Luxembourg, by virtue of our prolonged stay there, which developed into one week. It is safe to say that the majority of the men were favorably im-

pressed by these people and their ways, their thorough methods, neatness and capability of deriving results from limited means at hand; the expression of an old and well-developed civilization.

Thanksgiving Day passed while here. Though perhaps characterized largely by reminiscences of other occasions, quite a few of us managed to float quite some congenial little parties as private enterprises. There was enough to be thankful for, but we did not need to wait for this day to allow ourselves the luxury of that inward sense of gratitude.

On November 29, by orders higher up, we lost our esteemed friend, Capt. Mather, he being transferred to Regimental Headquarters, and Capt. Marting again assumed command of the organization.

A week at one place, the consequent settling into a certain routine, and the accompanying return of the garrison-like scrutiny and stress on minor details of clothing, equipment and bearing preparatory to the entrance into Germany, began to be irksome after the looser ways and manners of the Front, and we welcomed the onward march, especially as the next move would take us across the border and nearer our objective.

Manternach was left on Sunday morning, December 1, by a beautiful valley road through the finest scenery of Luxembourg. At noon, we came to Wasserbillig and crossed the bridge over the Sauer River into Germany. As might be expected, we had no hilarious greeting, but were looked upon as a matter of course. We covered a considerable number of kilometers and it was not till after dark that we arrived at our first stop in Germany. We left Möhn at daybreak for Orenhofen. That day embraced, scenically, one of the most beautiful parts of our trip. We can all remember the wonderful winding road, wildly picturesque, down into the valley of the Prüm at the little station of Auw, and then up the other side of the mountain, with each turn revealing a new charm in the landscape, with glimpses of the bright little stream ever farther and farther below us.

On the 3d, we left Orenhofen at 8.30 in the morning for the little nine-kilometer hike to Herforst, where we arrived before noon and stayed over the following day.

Germany wasn't so bad after a man got acclimated, and leave it to a soldier to do that with beaucoup vitesse. So besides washing the carriages and harness, grooming horses, etc., waffles and beer were popular in the evening. It's surprising how many things a vocabulary of a few words, with the appropriate gestures, can get for a man.

That day's rest called for a more extended march when we left on the 5th, and after a fatiguing trip over hilly country, we pulled in at night at a God-forsaken place called Bleckhausen. More curses, when we had to lead the weary horses a few kilos after that, to water them. Furthermore, it rained a large part of that day.

Rolled along smoothly the next day on the fine Coblenz highway, and for the night, sidetracked ourselves at Kelberg, where, owing to the presence of a number of other organizations in the town, we drew a prize in the billeting line, of two barns for the whole battery. Barns, anyway, seemed to have become the accepted method of billeting. Our billeting officer, Lieut. Sherwood, and Sgt. Norwick, developed a regular instinct for looking into barns and saying, "Forty men," where twenty might be comfortable. Barns with electric light were desirable, but rare.

Luxem was our next stop, where we arrived on Saturday noon and spent a hangover till Monday morning, with the usual work of conditioning equipment.

Our hike to Kehrig on the 9th took us through the pretty little city of Mayen, a place of about twelve thousand population. As usual, it was our luck that our route took us nearly through one edge of the place, but here, fortunately, it was just on the road, winding about the beautiful old castle.

A short march of ten kilometers on Tuesday morning brought us into Kerben at noon, and on the succeeding morning we went on to Rubenach, which was to be our last stopping place west of the Rhine. That was the termination of another distinct section of the trip. The Battery billeted in a school building and in houses, and a day and a half was spent there.

On Friday, December 13, early in the morning, we received traveling orders for a 10.30 departure from Rubenach. We made preparations and the Battery stood ready at the appointed hour. A heavy and incessant rain was pouring the entire morning as we started on this, the really ultimate goal of our long journey. Coblenz was only about five kilometers away, and could be seen in the distance. We



obliques to the north. It always seemed that by clever circumnavigation and ingenious manipulation, the powers at the helm had managed to bring us this entire distance, without getting nearer than a distant view of a large city. They developed a fiendish shrewdness for discerning them from a distance and steering us clear of the temptation.

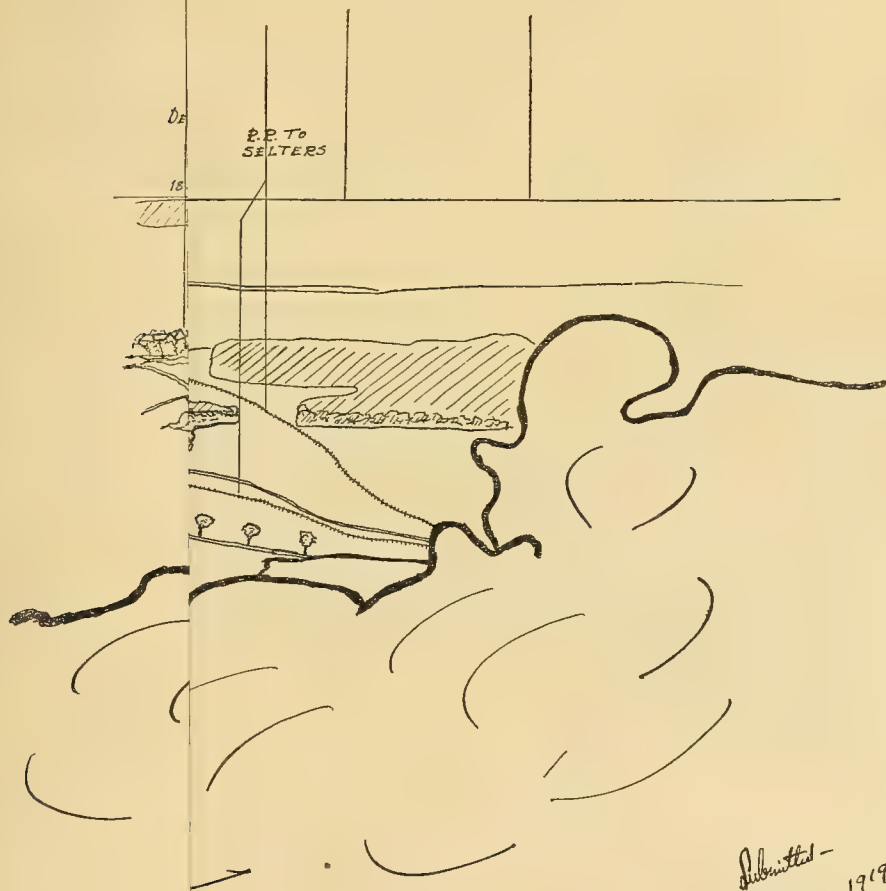
As we approached Urmitz and the bridgehead, we got our first glimpse of that famous river, the Rhine. The rain continued unceasingly and a dim fog hung over the stream, obscuring what there might be of scenic beauty, but conducive to retrospection which, to one versed in the history, could conjure episodes of a stormy past. Victory, triumph and despair were all spun about this beautiful silver thread, so intimately connected with the history and the fate of the German nation, back to a remote past, when the formidable and picturesque castles first began to dot its sylvan, rocky banks.

The crossing of the famous river was facilitated by a majestic new steel arch bridge, constructed, along with two others, during the period of the war, and certainly conceived and executed for purposes other than for the convenience of an invading army—an army coming to relieve the native, much sung “Watch on the Rhine.” Inadvertently, the mind turned back to the mines and furnaces of the iron regions through which we had passed, which had made those structures possible, and which Germany had conquered and meant to hold—a mere glimpse of a detail of her colossal scheme.

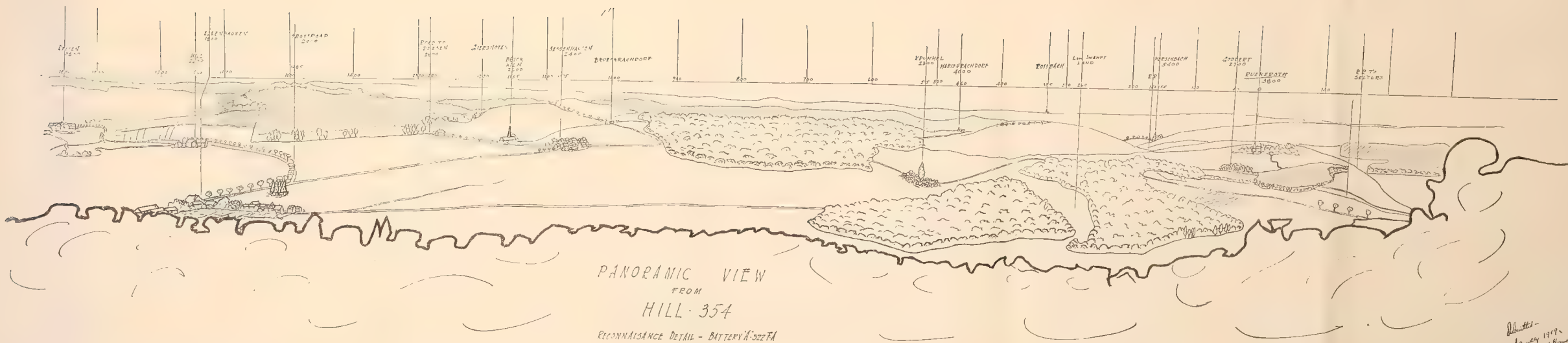
The crossing, though perhaps devoid of interest as a pleasure ride, could, under the circumstances, be of moment only in the revelations made more intimate by the actual fact of crossing.

Continuing northward through Engers, the bridgehead on the eastern bank of the stream, the Battery arrived and prepared for a night's stay at Sayn. Coming into Sayn, as we did on a rainy and disagreeable evening, and leaving again in the early morning, we had only the most superficial impressions of this really charming little place. A part of the Regiment was quartered in the newer castle of the Marquis of Sayn, behind which rose the steep hill on whose summit were the ruins of the castle of the once powerful founder of the House of Sayn erected in the year 1151. The ruins of two lesser castles broke the slope.

On leaving Sayn on the morning of the 14th, after passing one of the works of Krupp on the outskirts of the town, we entered the valley of the Sayn Creek and followed its interminable windings to the little village of Ellenhausen, which was the place that Battery A



Submitted -
17 January 1919.
Submitted H. Howard.
2nd Lieut. 522nd Inf.



Submitted -
 17 January 1948
 by H. H. H. H. H.
 3rd Div. 512-3/4

was to hold as a unit of the American Army of Occupation. Though on the map for a long time, Ellenhausen is still a small village. Back as far as the year 1100 its first buildings, being the estate of one Frau von Ellen, were erected, but these have vanished and of its existing structures the oldest are from the eighteenth century.

It's not a place to go into ecstasies over, but on the basis of our previous luck, we could hardly have expected a large place for A Battery. But we're not living so much in the present; life now is anticipation and looking ahead, and there are all kinds of rumors and hunches to promote and keep alive this anticipation of an early return to the States. Anyway, why growl, there are thirty-nine houses in Ellenhausen, one being a saloon, and only one whole battery? All men are quartered in the village homes, and a good many have beds.

RALPH B. CLEMENS

To the memory of Ralph B. Clemens, a stranger to me before the war, but a man whom I learned to love and respect during a friendship that lasted but a year.

Sgt. Clemens made the supreme sacrifice for his nation on November 11, 1918, at Ecurey, France.



SGT. RALPH B. CLEMENS

O Friend of mine, best of them all,
It came your time to bleed and fall;
You said good-bye, smile on your face,
You joined Him, in that better place.

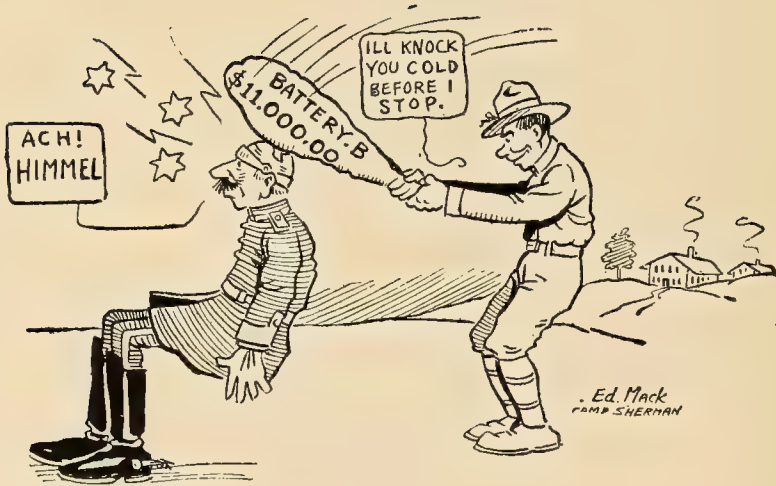
We miss you more than we can say,
Our sorrow's deeper ev'ry day;
We'll ne'er forget how well you work'd,
No irksome job you ever shirk'd.

O man of men, none truer born,
You said good-bye that fatal morn;
We knew that day, we always shall,
We'll never find a truer pal.

Spirit of gold, with mind so clean,
That word or thought could not be mean;
The mem'ry of a friend so true,
Will always fill our hearts for you.

A mother and a sweetheart, too,
Were left to mourn and sigh for you:
They know it was your time to fall,
They're proud it was for country's call.

My prayer when my Father calls.
My spirit to His marble Halls
Will be, that there again, Old Friend,
I may be with you without end.



REMINISCENCES OF BATTERY B

As the whole world knows, it was on that memorable June 5, 1917, that the male population of the United States between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one were called upon to register for Selective Service in the United States Army.

It was not long after the registration that the big drawing was held in Washington and men who had never been lucky enough in their whole previous lifetime to win a ten-cent watch at a church picnic raffle had at last lived to see their lucky day, for behold, upon the front page of every daily newspaper throughout the land their names appeared in big, bold print announcing to the world that they had been selected to knock the Kaiser from his throne.



DISHWASHERS. OH! BOYS—

In due course followed the physical examination, then the little blue card with the words, *Greetings from Uncle Sam*, and then it was for the first time that the men who held the lucky numbers that were drawn from the big bowl realized that they were about to get the chance that comes but once in a lifetime to go to war, and after it was over, all they had to do was to hire an auto truck to carry home all the medals they would receive for brave deeds done upon the Front, but sad to relate, the only medals the majority of them brought home were the two I. D. Tags donated to them before they left the States.

At this particular time it was customary for the people to give a banquet in honor of the boys who were about to leave for the training camps, and it was at one of these banquets that quite a few boys, who were afterwards assigned to Battery B of the 322d Field Artillery,

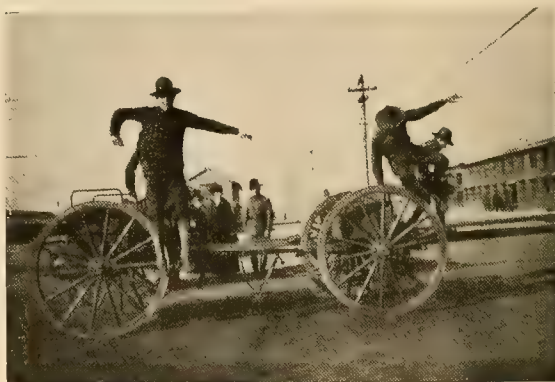
were guests when the subject arose as to what kind of food the boys would get when they were taken under the fatherly care of Uncle Sam; one of those present went so far as to state that he posi-

tively knew that ice cream and peach cobbler were on the daily bill of fare, but to the boys who were about to shed their civilian clothes that little vegetable known as the navy bean now surpassed by the well-known bully-beef had the better of the chances to appear on the daily bill of fare.

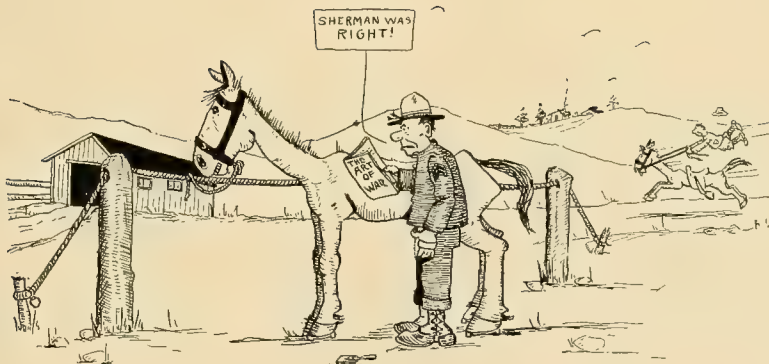


DRILL

On arriving in the mess hall for the first time, on the kind invitation of Mess Sgt. Patrick O'Brien, to *line up for chow!* the odor of fresh-baked peach cobbler was wafted into their nostrils, and in an instant their appetites arose to a great height only to take a very sudden tumble, for they were given but one pan and one cup, and when they arrived at the serving counter the first man put some rice into the pan, the second dumped in some beef stew along with the peach cobbler; then it was that the boys realized that Sgt. O'Brien's crew should have been horseshoers and blacksmiths and not cooks.



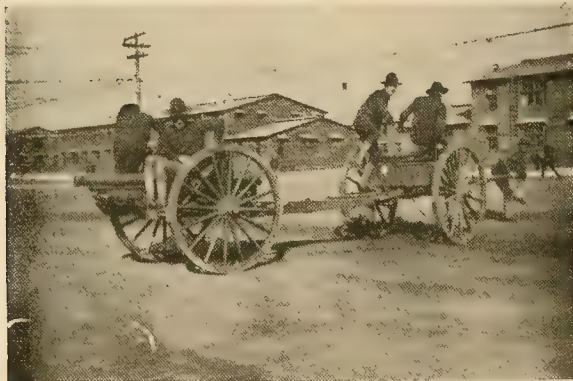
Mouse deserves a place in the history of B Battery, however humble that place may be. Mouse was a horse (now don't be down on her because of that), for she couldn't help being born a horse



Edna H. O.
Jelly 3
322745

instead of a cow or sheep or some other animal (that doesn't have to be groomed). She was one of the first horses assigned to the Battery, and was a quiet, uncomplaining creature, who seemed content to let the aspiring young horseman, who had never been any closer to a horse than watching them from a point of vantage on a sidewalk, clamber over her anatomy. But army life soon began to pall on Mouse's nerves. And soon, the docile animal began to display such playful tricks as bucking, which, coupled with a habit she had of dashing madly for the stables, caused many an erstwhile horseman to cling tightly on by the mane, tail, and other prominent parts while they slid from bow to stern in a manner that was entirely unnerving

to the green rider. What Mouse might have done to the Germans in one of her wild charges, will never be known, for alas! she, like many others in the army, never got across.



CORNED BEEF HASH

When the boys were back at Sherman, they used to take three- or four-mile hikes and sing such songs as, "Over There," "My Little Girl," "Mr. Noah," etc. Since coming over here to take thirty- or forty-kilometer hikes and sing such songs as, "When Do We Eat?" "Why Don't We Double Time While We Are at It?" and "Why Don't the Drivers Give the Cannoneers a Chance?"

Little did Top Kicker, Bud Brown, think when he made his farewell speech and left for the Officers' Training School that he would be commissioned and see service in a romantic, thrilling and daring S. O. S. Some soft.

The mud of Europe was nothing new to the boys of the 322^d, that is, those of us who saw service in the battle of Stony Creek.

Remember the days of hiking when we had a hard biscuit with jam and coffee for dinner? If you have forgotten that, maybe you remember the days we occupied Williamsport, Frankfort, Greensburg, etc., when we had beaucoup pies. Ask Ullom, he knows.

Know All Men by These Presents: That at one time there was quite a rivalry between A and B as to which had the best song. *Be It Also Known:* That Mr. Noah was the personal property of Battery B; and who in all the 322^d F. A. can forget that night, when, after A sang "Noah" and added several verses to it, B came back with a parody about the Colonel, so timely, so appropriate, humorous and catchy, that the hall of Y. M. C. A. No. 76 thundered with howls and cheering and the Colonel chuckled his approval from the speaker's platform?

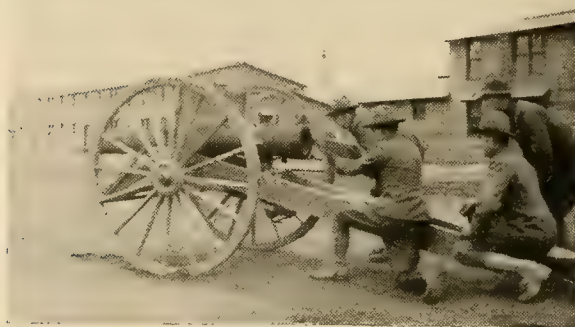
Oft while talking round the bonfire I hear someone say: "When I leave the army, I want to forget everything connected with it. I never want my mind to wander back to what I went through," and it starts me to thinkin' of what there is to forget.

Of all the experiences of more than a year, stretching from the United States, across the sea, through England and France, up through Luxembourg and Germany and across the Rhine, my mind wanders back even to the days of foot drill at Sherman, to the horses and the time we were learning to ride. Many a man experienced for the first time what is known as a strawberry. Only those of us who went through from the start really know what it is to groom horses. When we got matériel, we were introduced into the mysteries of artillery firing, of hitting that which we could not see, then road hikes followed in order during which we camped out overnight, and finally after months of hard training, came that never-to-be-forgotten trip to the Stony Creek Range, over icy roads on the way there (I wonder how many remember the pie wagon) and more mud than



ACTION LEFT

one can imagine. When we got there, I will never forget the volleys we fired. With the American triggers we could get our shots off to sound like one thunderous shot, which thundered away through the hills until the sound was cut off by the following one. And who cares



SHOOT THE PILL

to forget our trip from camp, up through Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York? And the ocean voyage where the men were given such bum feed? Our stay in Liverpool and our ride to Southampton in compartment cars afforded us our only view of England. I never think of Liverpool, but what I think of the fine public swimming pool, where

we spent enjoyable afternoons (?). Contrast against this the camp at Le Havre. Hot as blazes and a hot sand that blew into our tents and over our equipment made the Sahara Desert look like a dime souvenir. It was at this camp that I saw my first German prisoner. I was glad to leave, even though it was a side door pullman of the "hommes" style.

I will always recall with a great deal of pleasure my stay at Messac-Guipry. The people with whom I stayed, the daily swim in the river, the hikes out into the country, where we fried our own dinners. I can smell

the bacon and eggs as well now as if I had my pan before me and was stirring them around with my fork. Here, too, we received our first instructions in the service of the French 75 mm. and received our matériel, with which we went into action and which we took even



WATERING PLACE, BATTERY B, DEESEN, GERMANY

beyond the Rhine. At first, the 75 mm. seemed about as awkward a gun as could be made. But when we got to Coëtquidan and began firing, we soon learned to handle the gun and proved to ourselves that it could not be beat. I think no one will forget our experience when detraining at Revigny. Pitch dark and raining, we started on our hike to the Front under rather gloomy circumstances. But the gloom was all vanished when we reached the Forêt-de-Hesse. That first night in action is in itself something to remember. Inconceivable confusion, untold misunderstanding and unending work. The Captain and Colonel cussing like sailors, Judy trying to get the French off the road so the caissons could get through and the Major down in the mud with the bucks, passing up ammunition. Our travels about Verdun, where we saw most of our fighting and our long hike, past Ecurey, through Luxembourg to Germany and across the Rhine affords a continual panorama of changing scenes and circumstances, which delight the memory and steal away the mind from the present to wander back over a wonderful past.



BATTERY B, DEESEN, GERMANY

These are experiences of a lifetime and well worth remembering, and he who would have obliterated from his mind these things is a spend-thrift of precious memories and is of small mentality.

The Hun submarines may have stayed under the rollicking waves for long periods, but they had nothing on our friend Ackley from B Battery. Once upon a time, back in the dear old golden training days at Sherman, Ackley dove into a peach pie, and according to reports, never came up for air until the pie had vanished into that vast compartment where all good eats vanish.

Sam Boss is a great lover (?) of labor, especially manual labor, as all men in B Battery know. But there was one time when he did take up working for a living. 'Twas on that memorable first night on

the Front. Everything was confusion and in the inky darkness preparations were being made for the barrage that was to open at break of day. But a few minutes remained for the Battery to get into position, and after what seemed hours of waiting the guns were finally brought up and placed. And then it was noticed that all of the tools had been left behind—excepting one lonely pick which Sgt.

Meyers was using with good effect. Whiz-z-z-z, bang! German shell came close to the Battery—whiz-z-z, bang! another came. Through the darkness came the voice of Sam Boss, “Meyers,” he yelled, “gim’me that pick and let a man dig that can dig.”



BATTERY B, DEESEN, GERMANY

When the boys left for the Front, many of them had a sort of feeling that they were soon to be in a land of enemies, but as 1st Lieut. George D. Bacon will testify, this is nothing but an illusion which comes over the boys, and in reality is not the case.

It happened that Lieut. Bacon was invited by the War Department to spend a few weeks' vacation in the neighborhood of Brabant, France, the delightful climate of which place would either kill or cure according to the advance agent's information. On arriving at this place he found it

pretty well crowded with guests, and the best he could get in the way of accommodation was a dugout some twenty or thirty feet underground. The main reason for choosing such a place was that it was very nice and quiet, and he figured that he could get a much-needed



DEESEN, GERMANY—BILLETING PLACE OF BATTERY B

rest, but much to his surprise he found that he had selected the home of one of the most friendly families with whom he had ever had the honor to be a guest, in fact, they were so friendly that they were afraid to let him sleep by himself, and they would stay up at night in order that he might be well protected, and every few minutes they would pinch him to be sure that he was not dead. In fact, they were so friendly that when he left for home he found several of his hosts' children in the seams of his undershirt. Somehow or other they hated to leave him; he surely had a winning way with strangers.

Cpls. Smith and Ferguson, two of B Battery's most famous impersonators of the tired telephone girl, once pulled off a Noah's Ark expedition. Noah possessed an Ark, whereas Smith and Ferguson did not. The two at the Brabant position, that quiet place where nothing ever fell but rain and several million G. I. cans and beaucoup gas shells, were stationed in a hole near the guns that a German H. E. shell had blown out. A tin roof over the top made the shell hole quite homelike, with



BATTERY B, DEESEN, GERMANY

almost enough room to raise a telephone receiver to your mouth. By imitating a snake, one could crawl into the hole. For a time all went well and then one night the skies wept and wept and wept. Soon Ferguson and Smith were sailing on a high sea in company with a mouse, a box of fifty ink tablets and a telephone. When dawn came, bringing relief, Smith was found with one hand pressed against the ceiling to keep from being floated out through the roof, and his clothes were stained a lovely shade of blue, from too close contact with the aforementioned ink tablets. As for Ferguson—well, he was standing out in a pouring rain, “trying to keep dry,” as he put it.

Eggs is eggs! That is—sometimes—as Speed Henderson, alias William T., can readily testify. It was in darkest Germany that

Speed saw an egg which some hen had left carelessly reposing on a straw pile. Henderson, executing a flanking movement, took the hen fruit by surprise and captured it. Carefully and tenderly he placed it in his pocket, and speeding to the billet of B Battéry's B. C. Detail, held his trophy aloft and crowed, "Ha! ha! now I'll have a fried egg for supper!" The fire was hot, the frying pan was on. Click, click, click, he tried to break the shell. Again he essayed the job. Nothin' doin'. "Humph," grunted Henderson, "this egg must be of the hard-shell variety." He looked closely at his prize and then the truth came out. The egg was nothing more than one of those china affairs with which farmers fool their hard-working hens.

DUGOUTS

My Dugouts always were to me
A place where solace I could find,
There I regained that luxury
Of lost quiescence of the mind.

In tranquil calm I there could light
My pipe which was a pal to me,
And to the friends at home could write
And visions of my sweetheart see.

A few stray shells might burst around,
I'd smile and puff quite unperturbed,
As I would hear the muffled sound
Which left serenity undisturbed.

At night I could enjoy repose,
The touch of Morpheus' subtle hands,
When deep unconscious thought arose
And carried me to other lands.



BATTERY C

On September 10, 1917, in the warm rays of a declining autumn sun, Battery C, 322d Field Artillery, was assembled on the battery parade ground in advance of a hike over the winding roadways of the Chillicothe hills. Rolls were called and the entire Battery was found to be present, all twenty-one of them—nine officers and twelve enlisted men. This might seem to indicate a preponderance of officers



CAMP SHERMAN, OCTOBER, 1917

as compared to the enlisted personnel. The calling of the roll, however, had not indicated this, for Lieut. Charles D. Wilcox, Acting 1st Sergeant, had reported Acting Mess Sergeant, Lieut. A. N. Fishburne, Acting Supply Sergeant, Lieut. F. W. Gunther, Acting Stable Sergeant, Lieut. James

F. McCaslin and Acting Chiefs of Section, Lieuts. J. G. Lowe and E. H. Jones, as present. Since this was destined to be a day of historic interest to the Battery, it might not be amiss to recall the names of the rest of those present.

The Battery Commander, Capt. Rutherford Fullerton, had in store for him the command of the Battery during its army life, with the exception of the time when he was temporarily detached for instruction at the Fort Sill School of Fire. Department A (matériel) was under the supervision of 1st Lieut. William McK. Green, later destined to become Captain commanding Battery B. Department C (mess) was in charge of 2d Lieut. Edgar E. Hillyer, who continued to supervise that vitally important department until the final roll call of the Battery. Department D (supply) was in charge of 2d Lieut. Josiah D. Thompson, for whom the vicissitudes of war had

in store a promotion to First Lieutenant, the position of Battery Reconnaissance Officer and a wound stripe.

The enlisted personnel of the Battery on that day, with the exception of Sgt. Allen Brann and Cpl. Samuel W. Gordon, who distinctly bore the mark of the trained regular army soldier, was a non-descript line-up of embarrassed-looking individuals, clad in a strange admixture of civilian and military clothes. Pvt. Ernest A. Garrison, who has the distinction of being the first enlisted man assigned to the 322^d Field Artillery, and who soon was to become a Corporal, and as Battery Clerk was to have charge throughout its history of the office



WHEN CAMP SHERMAN WAS PART CORNFIELD

affairs of the organization, was the proud possessor of khaki breeches with doughboy leggings and an O. D. shirt, but was finished top and bottom with pointed patent leather shoes and a beautiful green felt hat. Pvt. Charles W. Keiter, later destined to be permanently in command of the third section of the firing battery, looked rather apologetic in a 1916 model "Knox" straw hat, a blue-striped shirt with his initials on the sleeve, a pair of army breeches without leggings, and army shoes at which he kept looking down as though he suspected they were about to float him into further strange and untoward experiences. The other rookies, likewise clad in a strange composition of army misfits and citizen left-overs, were men who were destined to be carried on the roll of the Battery as Mess Sgt. Edwin C. Abe, Signal Sgt. Russell C. Pritchard, Saddler Melvin P. Gregory, Cook Victor VanScoyk, Line Sgts. Benjamin C. Morris and Howard E. Dils, Pvts. Oliver G. Collings and Harry Tangeman.

Most of them were to stay with the Battery throughout its history;

the exceptions being Sgt. Dils, who was returned to a base hospital, with blood poisoning, on the day the Armistice was signed. Sgt. Morris, who was transferred to the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Sherman, Cpl. Gordon, transferred to Headquarters Troop, 83d Division; Pvt. Collings, transferred to Supply Company, and Pvt. Tange-

man, who was relieved from duty with the army, it having been decided that he was not rightfully subject to draft.

The intricacies of the tactical movement, "Right face, forward march," having been executed, the Battery proceeded to "one, two, three, four" out of the barracks area and then in column of route con-



CANNONEER'S EQUIPMENT

tinued the march along one of the many shaded roads that radiated from the camp. After a half hour of hiking, during which time Pvt. Keiter could not deflect his gaze from the amazing army shoes so recently acquired, and the rest showed the strain of assumed nonchalance, the Battery halted and was ordered to fall out in the shade of a spreading Buckeye tree.

Under orders from "higher authority," the Captain proceeded to a lecture on the subject of Army Discipline. He was secretly glad that

his two years' lecture tour through the United States, England, France, Luxembourg and Germany was thus having its inception with such a small and select audience. It was considerably easier to take his first flight in the realm of oratory before this group than it would have been to make his maiden speech in the presence of a battery organization of full strength. The subject of Army Discipline having



CAMP SHERMAN JEWELRY

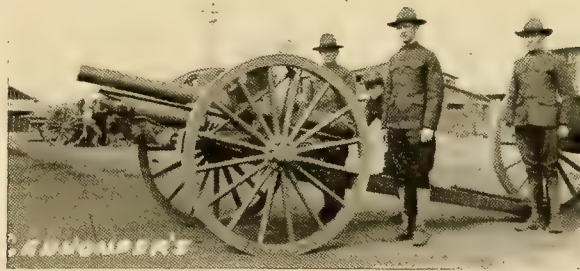
been thoroughly covered in a succinct discourse of about ten minutes, the Battery Commander was about to reassemble the organization when there happened an incident that was destined to have its effect on the entire future history of Battery C.

The enlisted personnel had been seated in a semicircle listening to the words of wisdom of their Battery Commander. Pvt. Morris was in the center of this group. The flow of wisdom ceased. Pvt. Morris, with his thoughts still in Dayton, reached out for another succulent-looking wisp of hay. He grasped instead four four-leaf clovers. He got up and with a mixture of salute and bow, presented them to the Battery Commander. The Battery Commander found it a bit easier to extemporize about this precursor of a happy future for the Battery than he had found the big subject of Army Discipline.

To cut a standard length drill period down to its usual duration, it will suffice to say that the Battery was soon thereafter dismissed at its parade ground overlooking Mt. Logan, but

that the four-leaf clovers were carefully preserved. They were turned over to one of the many helpful sisters, mothers, wives and sweethearts of the Battery. Thanks to her artistic touch, they were placed in a little red frame, gracefully arranged about a hand-painted replica of C Battery's cross cannon insignia and beneath them the momentous date of 9-10-17 was inscribed. This little red frame soon became our most valued piece of orderly room furniture and served as a reminder of "C Battery luck" wherever on the face of two continents and the British Isles fate had it in store for Battery Clerk Garrison to open up shop.

The deep study of the psychology of the soldier is one that has engaged the minds of scientists for ages. If any member of Battery C is ever asked for an expression on the subject, he has but to look wise and tell the story of the four-leaf clovers. These four little plants have to their credit a great deal of the buoyant spirit which permeated the organization throughout its history. As the member-



CANNONEERS

ship of the Battery grew, the story of the four-leaf clovers was disseminated among the rookies and with the emblems always on view in the orderly room, the good luck of the Battery soon became an established fact.

The psychological result was that every member of the organiza-

tion formed the habit of expecting C Battery luck to make itself evident whenever it was needed to help us over the bumps and vicissitudes of our army experience. It was the desire to see the clover leaves deliver the goods that developed the tendency among us all to look on the bright side of things. This caused



"CANNONEERS, POSTS!"

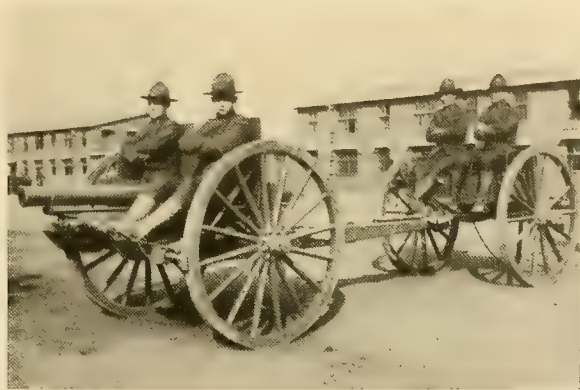
us to compare ourselves with less lucky batteries of the Regiment rather than to look with envy and disappointment on any one battery which may have secured better billets or fared better than C in some other respect. The very best evidence that the influence of the four-leaf clovers had lasted throughout the war was given when someone chanced to notice that the Battery was crossing the bridge over the Rhine near Coblenz at 13 minutes past 13.00 o'clock (army time designation) on Friday, the 13th of December. He



ARMS OVER HEAD—RAISE!

had no sooner announced this fact than some other member of the Battery said, "This is certainly an unlucky moment for Germany." Such was the spirit of the organization from the Scioto to the Rhine. Esprit-de-corps! There wasn't going to be no corps, it was esprit-de-four-leaf clover.

After this momentous hike to the hills, the Battery began rapidly to develop into a well-rounded organization. Officers who had been attached for duty were shifted to other fields as the development of the noncommissioned staff made their assistance unnecessary. On September 19, eighty-seven recruits were received from Dayton, on September 20, fourteen from Eaton, and on October 3, seventy from Middletown and Hamilton. On October 10, the first noncommissioned officers were appointed—Pvts. Pritchard, Morris and Keiter being promoted to Corporals. From then on promotions to the grades of Sergeant and Corporal were frequent occasions until the total authorized number were on the rolls. November 6 ushered in the first of the equine members of the Battery—six black geldings whom we suspected of having passed the draft age. We had plenty of drivers, but no currycombs, brushes or other equipment. Equipment of all kinds was our crying need from then on. Had we



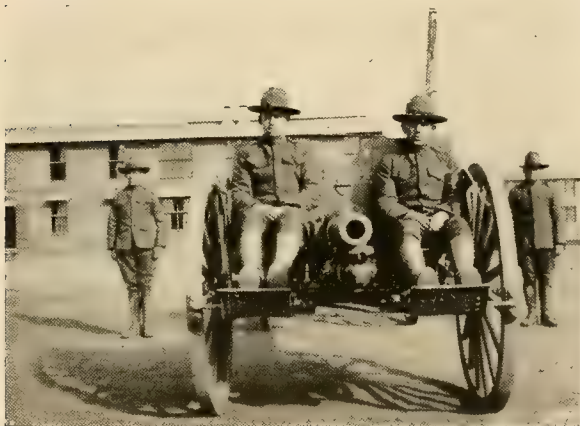
not been preparing for war, our efforts to drill with homemade wooden guns and caissons would certainly have been pathetic. However, the mysteries of “squads east and west” and other foot movements were still new to us and were good for several hours each day, while generous time allowance for athletics gave us something besides soldiering to think about, and with our baseball, basket ball and football teams helped to build up a strong battery spirit. “C Battery luck” seemed to stay back in barracks when we participated in baseball and football, but this was forgotten when we captured the Regimental basket ball championship. We admitted this was not luck, either, but was due to the masterful training and coaching of Lieut. Hyer and the excellent work of Guard Francis Miltner and Forward Leo Sajovitz.

The fall and early winter passed with few milestones other than celebrations such as Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, pulled off in our Annex or dining room, apartments which, as

we looked back on them from the billets of France, Luxembourg and Germany, appeared the acme of luxury.

On December 1, 1st Lieut. Walter W. Allen and 2d Lieuts. John A. Hyer and Francis W. Kultcher were attached for duty. These officers remained with the Battery throughout most of the remaining time spent in the United States and their separation from the organization was to the deep regret of the officers and men, all of whom had formed a sincere regard for them.

On January 5, 2d Lieuts. Wilcox and Thompson were promoted to First Lieutenants and 1st Lieut. Green was commissioned Captain and transferred to Battery B. During the period of Capt. Fullerton's attendance at the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Capt. Green was reassigned to and had charge of the Battery.



On February 14, with four three-inch guns which then comprised the artillery matériel of the Brigade, Battery C took up its first actual firing position on the target range at Stony Creek, Ohio.

What Valley Forge was

to the spirit of '76, Stony Creek was to the esprit-de-four-leaf clover. The novelty of gun fire was not sufficient to dispel the gloom caused by the weather conditions. Luck was with us, however, for at the little station of Pride on the N. & W. Railroad near by was a lunch counter where could be obtained in the shape of large and luscious mince and apple pies, the nucleus for the happy memories which now are uppermost when Stony Creek is mentioned.

The next few months developed into a period during which the Battery in a sense marked time while the commissioned staff were perfecting their artillery education at Fort Sill. The Battery was successively under the command of Capt. Green, Lieut. Thompson and Lieut. Wilcox, until each of these officers was ordered to the school. Plenty of horses, some harness and a nondescript assortment of artillery matériel were on hand and were put to use in road marches and maneuvers. An extremely muddy spring following the

severe winter only served to make marking time a sloppier operation. The determination of the Battery to see the bright side of things always predominated, however, and some of the episodes that made us "Pack up our troubles" are deserving of a place in this history.

Pvt. Linsmayer won't mind personal mention, for if his claim to immortality is based on his inability to keep step, we all know that in time he became a past master of that art. Sgt. Keiter, his section chief, had worked diligently with him, but the phrase "Sergeant, why can't you keep that man in step?" still served as one of those unanswerable questions which the higher in rank delight to fling downward. Sgt. Keiter was marching the entire Battery back from the drill field one day when he saw that they were going to be given the "once over" by the B. C. He called them to attention but of course Linsmayer, conspicuously placed, was out of step. It was a time for quick thinking, and Sgt. Keiter delivered the goods. Changing step himself, he began loudly to "Hep, hep," in the cadence



FIELD RATIONS

with Linsmayer. The whole Battery shifted to the other foot and swung like a perfectly articulated machine past the Captain, whose self-satisfaction was patent. Pvt. Habkemeier made a place for himself in the annals of the Battery when, after only a week or two of soldiering, he was sent up to Headquarters to act as orderly. He didn't have a very clear idea about the job as subsequent events indicated. "Well, sir, I guess I was sent up here to help you work," was his reply to a crisp interrogation from the Regimental C. O. Shell shock had no terrors for Capt. Fullerton after the shock to which his nervous system was subjected during the "march past" in the first big review by the Assistant Secretary of War. The men had received only their preliminary training in foot movements and no attempt had been made at maintaining a marching front of a platoon, much less a battery line. It was with feelings akin to horror that the announcement was received at the Battery Commanders' meeting

the morning of the event, that the reviewing stand would be passed in a column of batteries in line. We were recruited almost to full strength by this time, so this meant a line of about one hundred and sixty men (front and rear rank), trying to keep abreast of each

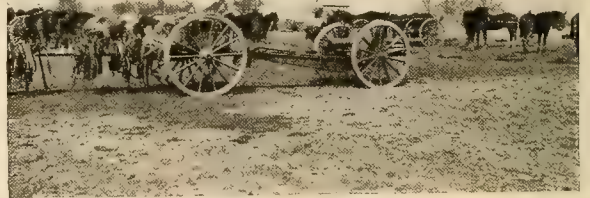


HASH LINE

other. The Assistant Secretary was going to be on the left flank so the guide had to be announced as left. There was a lot of intensive training that morning and until the eventful hour arrived. The Battery Commander had it all planned out in his mind just how the show was to be staged. Column of squads until the

markers were reached, then "Squads left," followed by "Guide left," then a few paces further, "Eyes left," and a snappy salute from the B. C. All went well until the point arrived when "Guide left" was to be flung back over his shoulder.

"*Left dress*" were the words that awoke the echoes of Mt. Logan and the Buckeye stalwarts, some slightly dazed, others totally unconscious that they were doing anything extraordinary, snapped their left hand up to their hips and looked earnestly for the button of the coat of the second man to the left. The



FEEDING IN FIELD

command had literally been flung backward so that it wasn't until an intangible something told him that all was not as it should be to rearwards, that Capt. Fullerton took a backward glance. There were his heroes at the full thirty-inch stride doing a single-handed arms akimbo, jogging each other in the ribs and looking like chorus boys

in some comic opera fantasie. If a shell hole had been handy he would have taken his first steps in an art at which he was later to become a past master. As things were, he had only time to shout, "Front," and "Eyes left," before Battery C's part of the review had passed into history. Another good one on the B. C. happened soon after the Kentuckians had arrived. The introduction of their southern accent had added a few more to the many ways of answering "Here" at muster. Some other things had gone wrong that day, so it was with gusto that the Captain stopped short in the midst of a monthly muster for pay to correct this disparity in pronunciation. "That word is 'Here,'" he said, "not '*Ho*' or '*Whoa*' or anythingelsebuthere, '*H-e-a-r*,' here, and I want you to remember it." They certainly did and always will. Many other bright spots will always serve to illuminate in retrospect the passage of Battery C down the corridors of time, but space will not permit of their being mentioned in this chronicle.



ALONG SCIOTO RIVER

Toward the latter part of May, 1918, the sudden recall of Lieuts. Thompson and Wilcox from the Fort Sill School prior to the end of their course, and other portentous events began to point to our early departure for the promised land. The Battery had passed through many weeding-out and replenishing processes. It had at one time been up to full war strength of 194 enlisted men, but had been gradually reduced by transfers, exemptions and other processes to a strength of 117. Then, on May 31, when we were wondering from what source our strength would be augmented, our luck came to the fore again and a consignment of jovial, whole-hearted boys from the hills of Kentucky arrived from Camp Taylor and were immediately taken into the fold. On June 3, Batteries C and D, under the command of Capt. Fullerton, left via the B. & O. for parts unknown. The Battery felt rather hurt that they were required to travel at night in day coaches. Again they were lucky for they could not foresee the box cars for "hommes—40, chevaux—8" from which they were destined to view the hills and dales of la belle France.

The daylight trip through the Cumberland Valley, followed by a

hike in Washington, with a distant view of the Capitol and Washington's Monument, opened the eyes of many a boy from Dayton and the Kentucky hills to the wonders of the land for which they had been so long preparing to fight. The trip on a ferryboat from Jersey City around Manhattan Island to Brooklyn, the short stay of a week at Camp Mills, Long Island, the return "Seeing-New-York" trip from the deck of a ferryboat and the embarkation and early morning passing of the Liberty Statue are other points which will be remembered by every soldier of the Regiment.

Other pages of the history which the Battery has in common with the entire Regiment are the docking at Liverpool on June 24, with



REAL SOLDIERS IN FOUR MONTHS

the funny incident of the wild scramble from the hold when the anchor dropped with its deafening clangor. It sounded like anything from a torpedo to a depth bomb to our overwrought sensibilities and everybody grabbed for a life preserver and made a rush. Everybody but Straub; he arrived on deck among the first but in his haste he had grabbed up a pillow on which to float shoreward. Then there were the two days at the rest camp at Knotty Ash with our short experience at marching with left-hand traffic rules. This was followed by the beautiful daylight trip through the heart of England and the nightmare of the Channel crossing from Southampton to Le Havre, with room enough for the men to sit on the floor by turns. At the Southampton docks a sight had awaited us that was food for thought. The British had just shipped back for repairs a large number of eighteen pounders. Light artillery which gave evidence of having been through what we might expect. Some of the broken

breech-blocks and tubes were clearly due to prematures, but certain guns with their trails bent skyward like the tails of scorpions, and others with shields perforated like sieves, gave evidence of direct or near direct hits from the Boche, which had a distinctly subduing influence. After the Channel trip, four days at Le Havre gave us our first opportunity to use our French phrase books and our first sound of the big guns booming at the Front.

The life of the Battery became more a story of its own after we had reached that village of sweet memories, Guipry la Porte, Ille-et-Vilaine, France. Here we certainly considered it luck to be billeted



INDIVIDUAL COOKING

in this quaint village of Brittany on the bank of the Vilaine River, where during the warm days of July and August we could take time



off for daily plunges in the river under the heading on the drill schedule of "Swimming instruction." It was there that we were initiated into the mysteries of billet life. We all look back with sentimental reflections on the belles of the village—Rosie and Louise. The river, the two little cafés, and, above all,

the endearing little French kiddies, will remain a Battery memory until the last tottering veteran of us has answered the final roll call. It was there that we received our instruments of death—our French 75's, "Jack Rabbit," "Yankee Girl," "Broncho" and "Buckeye," which served us so unfalteringly throughout the remainder of our army experience. There, too, we were first left unprotected by the

skirts of the W. C. T. U. in the face of the dread demon wine, and solved the problem of defensive tactics by the introduction of the "Buddie system." All men were paired as buddies and both suffered equally for the transgressions of either. This developed a marked spirit of solicitude for the good behavior of others and an indisposition to subject one's buddie to disciplinary measures for one's own transgressions, more particularly if said buddie was of generous physical proportions. It resulted only two or three times during our six weeks' stay in a partnership contract to dig with precision and then refill, a buddie hole of specified length, width and depth on the outskirts of the battery park.



ALL DOWN FOR MESS

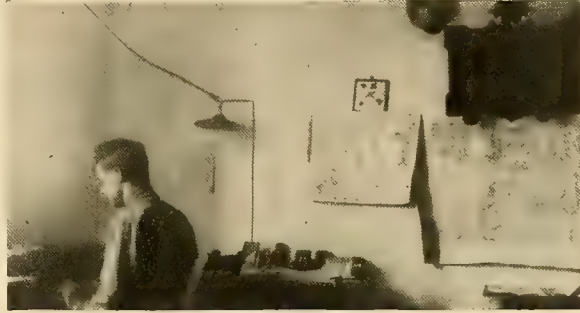
Our march of twenty-five kilometers to Camp Coëtquidan gave us a foretaste of the then little-suspected fact that in France the artillery moved *à pied*. Throughout our training experience we had confidently looked forward to a time when each man would be mounted, either on a

horse or on a carriage seat. It was not long after our arrival at the target range at Coëtquidan, however, that the sad knowledge was borne in upon us that we were in large part foot soldiers. Again for a period of five weeks we returned to barrack life and the daily routine of the Battery became an integral part of the regimental activities. On September 4, 2d Lieut. James E. Hayes was attached to the Battery. As a graduate of the Artillery School at Saumur, France, and an ex-cavalryman who had participated in the recent Mexican campaign, he brought to the Battery a knowledge of artillery and horses, together with an endearing personality, that soon assured him a permanent place in the organization. During the closing days of our training period, we fired over 3000 rounds at inanimate targets with our 75's and left Coëtquidan with them on September 21, feeling that we could make them talk business to the Hun at any point on the Front where the directing powers decided to send us.

The final makeup of Battery C as it went forward to do its bit

should certainly be made a part of this history. As an appendix hereto will be found the roster of those who made up its war strength of six officers and 173 men as it marched out of its training into its fighting days.

Our trip from Coëtquidan was our first experience at railroad travel with full artillery equipment. Both the entraining and detraining were accomplished in the dark. The fact that our French horses were in large part veterans entitled to several stripes for service at the Front, was of marked assistance in the work of loading and unloading. They evi-



BATTERY C—ORDERLY ROOM



BATTERY C'S HOME IN GERMANY

dently had had more experience than we with the "hommes—40, chevaux—8" system of the French railroads. The batteries of the Regiment left, each in a separate train of fifty cars, at about four-hour intervals. Battery C was the last of the six batteries to leave

Coëtquidan, and was followed by the Headquarters Company.

Without any knowledge of our destination, we traveled for forty-eight hours through a beautiful section of France and were given a glimpse en route of Versailles, Melun and all that part of gay Paree comprising the

upper one-third of the Eiffel Tower. When we left Coëtquidan, we had been warned to expect a five days' trip and were therefore unprepared for an order which reached us at midnight of the second day, to detrain at Revigny, a point fifty kilometers from the Front. Luckily we received this order during a stop of sufficient length to allow our guards to make a dash through the rain and inky darkness to

wake the "hommes—40" reposing on the floors of the dinky little French box cars. This gave them time to get their belongings together and be ready to unload the "chevaux—8" from each of the exactly similar Pullmans which comprised the horse section of the train.

Before dusk that evening, we had been told that the train would proceed without lights and that no smoking inside the cars would be allowed, due to possible enemy airplane attack. It was, therefore, with our first sympathetic feeling for the chicken that senses a hawk in the sky, that we detrained at Revigny. As soon as we had been able to grope our way about on the unloading platform, we found



DAM, BREITENAU, GERMANY

that there was another military train unloading on the opposite side of the same quay. This later developed to be Battery B of our Regiment. It was an added difficulty to unload on the same platform the horses and matériel of two batteries in the inky darkness of this rainy September night. However, before the first

glimmer of dawn both batteries, under the command of the senior officer present, Capt. Fullerton, had hitched-in and were on the march in accordance with instructions given to them by a Staff Officer who had awaited their arrival at Revigny.

It was a very tired and travel-stained train of men and horses that slopped into Villotte-devant-Louppy, the town that was destined to give them their last taste of billet life until the Armistice was signed. Arriving about noon, the horses were watered, fed and groomed, mess was served about one o'clock and all hands went to bed. At four o'clock orders were received that from then on all marching would be done at night and that during the daytime men, animals and matériel would be concealed from airplane observation. The order also contained the news that we were to proceed at dusk to a point at the southern extremity of the Forest of Argonne, near Waly, where we would bivouac in the woods before dawn. With men and horses far from revived by their three-hour rest, we pulled out about seven

o'clock and proceeded, still in rain and mud, along roads which were now beginning to show evidence of "Front" activities.

Innumerable trains of huge French trucks with never a lamp or even lighted cigarette beat their way rearward or overtook our slowly moving caravan. The sound of artillery firing and the flash illumination of the sky made clear to all of us the fact that we were getting close to war's alarms. We reached our objectives just in time to avail ourselves of the woods' concealment before break of day. Our instructions had been to await further orders there, so pup tents were pitched, picket ropes stretched from tree to tree and men and animals made as comfortable as a chilly atmosphere and rain-soaked ground would permit. Reveille was announced for noon and everyone slept until the 1st Sergeant's whistle announced its arrival. We had bid good-bye for the remainder of our war experience to the martial strains of the bugle.



DAM NEAR BREITENAU

The day wore on and we had about decided that we were going to revert to the habit of sleeping at nighttime, had served evening mess and were beginning to think about turning in, when the ever watchful Staff Officer again reached us with orders to proceed at once and take up a position for battle on the outskirts of the Forest of Hesse. "*Battle*," that word made us pause. It sounded as though something was really expected of us and we began to wonder just how we were going to act and feel while delivering the goods.

The officer bearing these instructions stated that he had only been sent to verify orders which had been forwarded to us earlier in the day. He was surprised to find us unprepared to leave, but the orders which he was supposed to be following up had never been received. Breaking camp, harnessing and hitching in the darkness, were new experiences to us and we got started two or three hours later than we would have, had we received the earlier order and been able to prepare in daylight to proceed at dusk. With C Battery leading, the two organizations left in the clear moonlight, the Battery Commanders

realizing that only an undelayed forced march would land them at the designated position before dawn. It was on this night that even our limited knowledge told us that preparations for something big at the Front were being made. The roads were alive with military traffic of all descriptions. The ever present trucks were competing with a medley of foot and horse traffic, comprising all of the many branches of combat troops which go to make up a battle organization for present-day warfare. Road jams and delays were constant and at one crossroad our little artillery column was held up for over an hour.

It soon became apparent that we would not reach the Forest of Hesse before daylight. Lieut. Bacon of Battery B was despatched to Brigade Headquarters at Vraincourt, the result of his trip being



SHAKING THE BONES, BATTERY C

that we camped in the early morning hours in a wooded patch at a point south of Recicourt, about two kilometers away from the southern edge of the Forest of Hesse. With the noise of a heavy bombardment, the flash of guns and the more prolonged illumination of rockets greeting us

from the north, we pitched camp and again turned in for a sleep at daybreak.

It was about eleven o'clock when Col. Warfield arrived in a motor car with instructions that we abandon caution and proceed at once by daylight to the position assigned the Regiment for action near Ferme des Allieux in the Forest of Hesse, to the east of the Forest of Argonne. Here again C Battery history merges into the common history of the Regiment and can better be told by the chronicler of the larger unit. It happened that in the advance to the position, B Battery was in the lead and traffic was so congested that, although C Battery's position was reconnoitered and telephone lines laid before midnight, the Battery itself was not in position until almost dawn. At 4.45 a.m., September 26, C Battery guns spoke for the first time in no uncertain terms to their vis-à-vis, the despicable Hun. They were destined during the month and a half of war yet remaining to spit out at him 11,051 projectiles.

We remained in this position without a casualty and left it on October 3 with a rather mistaken idea of the horrors of war. We had become used to the sound of both shells and airplanes passing to and fro overhead, had seen two Allied balloons brought down by Boche planes and had watched from our terrestrial shelters many a bombardment from anti-aircraft guns of both Allied and enemy planes. Here, too, we had our first taste of dugout life, some with dugouts as permanent residences and others with pup tents pitched within easy jumping distance of a dugout entrance or trench. But on the day we opened fire the enemy had withdrawn their artillery so that we had been shelled only during the first night when we took up the position. We were all working so hard then, getting our guns and ammunition through the traffic jam



WASHING MESS KITS, BATTERY C



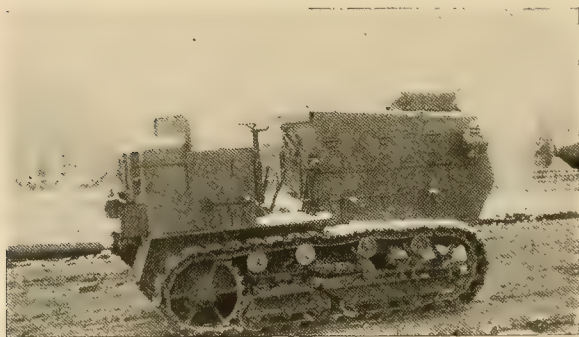
ARTILLERY GUARDING ROADS, WITTGERT, GERMANY

and emplaced, that we hardly realized we were under fire. So some of us felt like pooh-poohing the horrors of war, not knowing that our experience so far had been very much out of the ordinary.

After the German retreat, many of us went up and made a close inspection of the

Hindenburg Line. As far east and west as time would permit us to pick our way among barbed-wire entanglements, shell holes and mine craters, we found earthworks, indicating an expenditure of labor that hurt our Yankee pride in the Panama Canal. The trenches and entanglements paralleled a long, steep hill. This hill held the living quarters of the Hindenburg linesmen. It was like a five- or six-story

subterranean apartment house. It had long galleries with chambers hewn out to right and left and with stairways leading from one level to the next. The lowest level was like the usual basement, with a power plant, machine shop and storage rooms. The power plant consisted of two gasoline engines of about 150 Hp., each directly connected to 75 kilowatt direct-current generators. From this room radiated insulated cables in every direction. In another part of the plant was a water pump, motor driven, and still another modern convenience was a huge ventilating fan which carried fresh air to all parts of this abode. All quarters were equipped with stoves, chairs, large framed family portraits, shelves full of books and irrefutable



TRACTOR

evidence that much wine had been entirely consumed before we arrived. It was one of our most vivid impressions of the reckless extravagance of the Hun when they were sure that France and England were going to pay for it all.

All this nosing about on our part was possible because the Germans

had been pushed back out of range of our 75's on the first day, so that only the heavies were busy. It was at this position that Pvts. Bond and Rodgers had an exciting time effecting the close defense of the kitchen during their first night-guard duty at the Front. Footprints found the next day in the mud seemed to indicate that the marauder was a cat, but those two sons of the Blue Grass State were going to take no chances. Our canned salmon suffered the severest casualties and from the appearance of the kitchen in the morning, we all decided that the "goldfish," even back home in their swift-flowing Yukon, could never have passed through the barrage that Hilary and Collie laid down.

After leaving this position, where the entire six batteries had been in line along one crest, we saw very little of the 2d Battalion of our Regiment, A, B and C taking up positions as a Battalion and our movements being in large part not coincident with those of D, E and F Batteries. We left the Forest of Hesse October 3, and after a

cold and wet night march, very long from the standpoint of time consumed, we reached Camp Gallieni, a so-called rest camp, about twenty kilometers to the southeast of our first position.

On October 5, we passed around the outskirts of Verdun and took up a position about two kilometers northeast of Cumières, on the banks of the Meuse, in front of what had once been a well-built railroad, but which at this late date in the war served only to impress upon us what the Boche artillery really could do when they set their minds to it. The tracks passed immediately in the rear of the guns of all three batteries, and there were hardly two consecutive rails which remained still joined together. Ties splintered and rails broken and twisted into innumerable fantastic shapes, together with a maze of shell holes, told us that our war experience had as yet been limited.



OUR NEIGHBORS, 324TH HEAVY ARTILLERY—155 MM.



BREITENAU, GERMANY

but did nothing more serious than disturb our slumbers. During our stay, the Battery ran the gamut of artillery firing with defensive barrages, rolling barrages, accompanying fires, interdictions, harassing fires and other high-sounding procedures, all of which boiled down meant "potting the Hun."

Here again, however, we were participating in a glorious push forward which gave the German artillery no opportunity to pay attention to a handful of 75's, when safety in flight was their paramount desire. It was here, however, that we were given some attention at night by a German bombing plane, which threw gravel into some of our dugouts,

Our range gradually lengthened and finally on October 11, we again advanced and took up a position at close range, about one kilometer northeast of Brabant. Here is where we saw more of warfare as it was enacted during the closing days of the great war than at any other point. Our Batteries were separated and camouflaged in the midst of an elaborate trench system which had been dug and only recently abandoned by the Germans. We were adjacent to a main road extending northward, along which, both day and night, a constant ebb of troops and war matériel went forward, and an equally steady flow of ambulances and walking cases passed rearward.

The Germans seemed determined to hold the Allies at this point and during all of the eighteen days that we occupied the position we

were subject to shell fire, both high explosive and gas. It was during this time that Lieut. Hillyer and Scout Cpl. Lodge, while on liaison duty with the infantry, which our battalion was supporting, became intimate with German gas shells. So intimate that they had to retire to the rest and seclusion of their respective dug-



CHURCH AT BREITENAU, GERMANY

outs for several days thereafter. Other gas casualties here were Cpl. Riner and Pvts. Carter, Cox and Stogsdill. But C Battery luck was still with us. There were enough other close shaves to enable any of us in the years to come to cause spinal chills even in the warm glow of an American fireside, but our only "hospital case" was the result of a bullet in the foot of Pvt. Myron Roberts, which we all felt was more than counterbalanced by the wound stripe to which it entitled him. That we fared better than other units while the Regiment was at this position in the vicinity of Brabant is indicated by the total casualty figures for this eighteen-day period: gassed, 59; wounded, 20; killed, 15.

We had by this time become entirely inured to the life of the humble mole. For three weeks we lived in dugouts of either early French or late German architecture. The cootie had become our comrade-in-arms and with the constant rainy weather, we had adapted our-

selves to a kind of amphibious mixture of land and water existence. At the last two positions the Battery had been split, the Battery Commander, Reconnaissance Officer, Executive and an Assistant Executive, together with the B. C. Detail and two gun crews for each gun had lived a dugout life at the gun position, while the remainder of the Battery, with the horses and limbers and other wheeled matériel, had been maintained at an echelon at a point a few kilometers in the rear. Not so far in the rear, however, but that this portion of the Battery had its share of enemy shell fire and bombing.

On October 29, we were once more ordered back for a rest at Camp Gallieni. Like our previous experience at this same haven, we remained there one night and on the 31st started again forward. Three night marches with their complement of three days and a night spent in bivouac or abandoned dugouts brought us to a German "Soldatenheim" near Nantillois. These marches, like our previous ones, had been of a strenuous nature,



BATTERY C COOKS

made mostly in cold and rainy weather amidst a congestion of heterogeneous traffic. A new feature, though, was the innumerable trucks loaded with pontoon boats, evidently destined for the Meuse. This "Soldatenheim" had recently been a German "Camp Gallieni," where troops had evidently been returned for recuperation and reorganization. When we arrived, the camp showed the effects of a recent hard struggle, the walls of all the wooden buildings were perforated by rifle- and machine-gun fire and the large number of soldier graves as well as the admixture of American, French and German helmets, canteens, haversacks and similar equipment, gave evidence of the severity of the struggle which had taken place there. During the five days of our stay, the Battery became addicted to the gentle sport of souvenir hunting, also that of nicknack making and many German cartridges and rotating bands were fashioned into paper knives, ash trays, etc., for the uses of peace, and destined to grace the homes of returned heroes. It was there that a good many of us

contrived to again take a bath. Here, also, the whisperings that had been coming to us of a possible armistice began to grow louder and one night we actually went to sleep with the mistaken assurance that the end of hostilities had arrived. It turned out later that the basis



IMPORTANT FORMATION, BATTERY C

for the rumor which so quickly became a belief was that trucks moving along the road no longer traveled in darkness but operated with headlights ablaze. This we found out the next day had been due to a change of operating orders, but it was the arrival of several large caliber German shells

which first awakened us to a realization that our convictions were unfounded. Another reminder that we were still operating under conditions of warfare was an experience, exciting, to say the least, which Lieut. Hayes had during this period of comparative inactivity. On November 7 he was ordered to proceed with Lieut. Harold Rondthaler and two enlisted men of Battalion Headquarters on a forward reconnaissance for possible battery positions. In some way the party got past our foremost infantry outposts and ran into a detachment of German foot soldiers officered by a Captain and Lieutenant. The first duty of a



BATTERY C MESS HALL

scout is to return with his information, and it was to the monkey drill of his cavalry days that Lieut. Hayes was destined to owe his escape from capture, or worse, at the hands of the Huns. His horse was shot from under him but by a short dash on foot and a leapfrog jump to a position in rear of one of the men, their mutual escape was effected. The escapes of Lieut. Rondthaler and the other man,

both severely wounded, are stories for the Regimental historian, so will not be recorded in the pages of this strictly Battery C history.

We left the morning of November 9 and traveled by daylight to Haraumont, where we spent the night and resumed the journey the next day, arriving at Ecurey about 11.00 a.m., November 10. Although only twenty-four hours were to elapse before the Armistice was to become effective, we had nothing but rumors on which to base



BATTERY C MESS HALL

our hopes that peace was dawning, and the next few hours had in store for Battery C more of the bitter side of warfare than all of its previous experiences. As usual, the 1st and 2d Battalions of the Regiment were separated, and on this fateful morning, A and B Batteries had led the battalion column and were first to be placed in



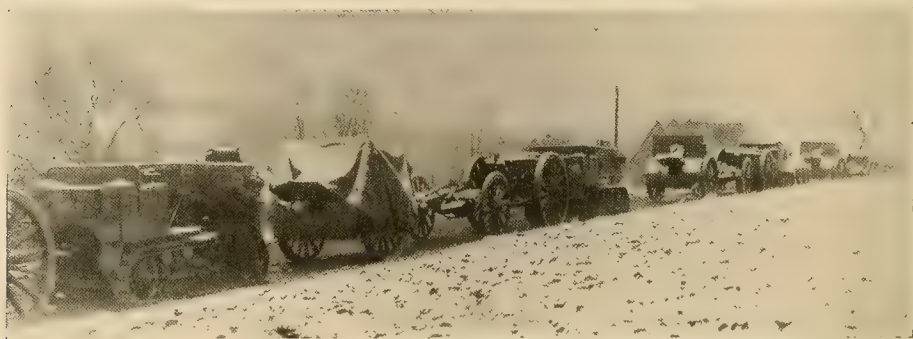
STAND TO HEEL! BATTERY C

position, while C had to undergo one of their most unpleasant army experiences, the awaiting of orders, with nothing to do but watch German shells falling on a near-by branch of the road we were on. In this area the German airplanes seemed to have everything their own way. Twice while we stood on this stretch

of road a German plane sailed over our heads close enough for our machine guns to take it under fire. We, of course, felt sure that this plane was directing the German artillery and that a shift to our fork of the road would follow its return to the German lines.

The town of Ecurey was a nest of French and American artillery. It and its environs were being shelled continually. At about noon we were ordered to take a position to the west of town and did so, with

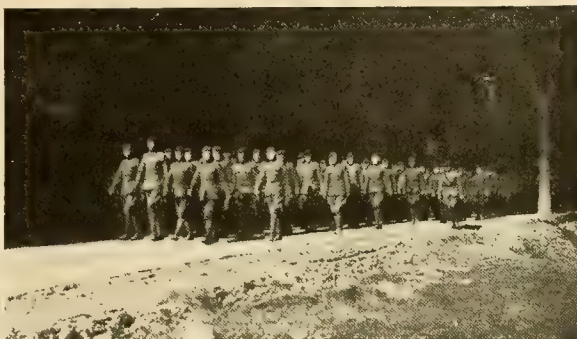
German 150's dropping uncomfortably close to our left flank. They were evidently searching out a battery of French artillery, which was about twenty-two meters in the rear of our position and they luckily missed us by about the same distance that they missed the French. Our position was in a little vegetable garden in the rear of a row of warehouses and stables. We dug our gun-pits as quickly as possible and were ready to fire at an early hour in the afternoon. It was on this afternoon that our four-leaf clovers showed their first signs of failing strength. Lieut. Josiah D. Thompson, while on a forward reconnaissance, was wounded by shell fragments in the hip and hand and was sent back to an evacuation hospital. His wounds necessi-



tated his retention in the hospital until long after peace was assured, and without again joining the Battery, he was returned to the United States.

All that night, the usual barrage, interdiction and harassing fire data were being prepared, and the "H" hour for an accompanying barrage was set at seven o'clock. We had hardly fired the initial volley, however, when the welcome and memorable order came down from Battalion Headquarters, "Cease Firing, End of War." The Germans had received no such orders, however, and at the very moment that the command was transmitted to the guns, a number of shells fell in the immediate vicinity. It was with no thought of cheering for peace that the men broke for cover, and the ensuing three hours, from eight to eleven, November 11, were the longest ever put in by any member of the Battery. We had been told that the Armistice was to go into effect at eleven o'clock, French time, and while we were in buildings with thick walls and with shells dropping in the street in front of us and in the garden to the rear, we were wondering when the middle of the roof would be the center of impact.

Between 9.30 and 10.30 of this bombardment, one shell so severely wounded Wagoner B. G. Wilson, driver of our kitchen, that he was later reported as having died at a hospital, while three other shells wounded Pvts. Eugene I. Harris, Harry Wert, Netter Lee, Martin West and William H. O'Neil. The nature of the wounds of all these men was such that they never returned to the Battery. At the same time, three shells fell among our horses, which were picketed adjacent to the building.



BATTERY C HIKING IN GERMANY

Three were killed and three so severely wounded that they had to be shot, while several others were more or less disabled.

At ten o'clock, we were ordered to fire eight retaliatory rounds. This we did, and at 10.07 was fired the 11,051st and last round "fired in anger" by Battery C. Eleven o'clock ushered in the new era of



BUNK FATIGUE

world peace. It was welcomed by nothing more demonstrative than a feeling of relief. To walk about without a steel helmet and gas mask and the ever present little subconscious feeling that the unexpected might happen was like emerging at sea from the dangers of a heavy fog into clear

sunlight. Flags which had been carried cased throughout the conflict were unfurled, and band instruments made their appearance and blared forth the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "La Marseillaise." Thus ended C Battery's short but long enough war experience.

The rehorsing and refitting of the Regiment at Ecurey during the next six days, in preparation for the march to the Rhine, and the

incidents of that never-to-be-equalled historical journey of one month through France, Luxembourg, then past Coblenz and over the Rhine to the little German villages of Deesen and Breitenau will be recounted in the history of the Regiment of which this C Battery

record is to be an adjunct. It has been the endeavor to set forth in this account such portions of C Battery history not brought out in the history of the Regiment, but it has been difficult not to tread on the heels of the Regimental historians.

It only remains to mention strictly for the

ears of Battery C men a few additional episodes which will bring back the old times more clearly to them than any grim historical facts and it has been thought best to make this in the nature of a postscript, which the earnest seeker for historical data may ignore. There were

several associations and incidents connected with the Battery which will always be interwoven with Battery history so far as members of the organization itself are concerned. The buoyant spirit and inspiration of Lieut. J. D. Thompson were never fully appreciated until his wound caused the severance of

his association with us. To 1st Sgt. Brann, who was "Top Kick" from first to last, is paid the sincere esteem of every officer and man of the Battery. Edwin C. Abe, who held the diplomatic post of Mess Sergeant and who served us our three squares per day through all the vicissitudes of barrack, billet and dugout life and train and horse transportation, will remain in our memories to the end of time. Battery Clerk Garrison and Chief Horseshoer Jones are two men whom



HARNESS SHED, BATTERY C



GERMAN CEMETERY

we have to thank for accepting an invitation to join our war machine, for they were gone out after in a successful attempt to get the right man for the right place. And who will forget Jones's able assistant, Chester Parks? Chester, who on our barnstorming trip of one-night stands through Luxembourg, had to admit one night that he was mistaken about there being a goat stabled below his billet, as no goat could have stood the smell that permeated that stable. We can again thank "C Battery luck" for bringing to us such a joyous spirit as his. Then there was Pheanis, with his "Loyal Order of Snakes," and Slim Simpson, other than whom no one ever gave a correct rendition of "Liza Jane." Two memories of the early days at Camp Sherman are "Big Boy" Weisman and the irrepressible Greek, Louis Seremetis. And there was Jim Davis, the juggler, who stuttered so when he went to ask the Captain for leave to get married that he was actually late for the ceremony. Will the B. C. Detail in days to come ever have a reunion and sing their favorite song, "Kindling



SPRAYING TREES

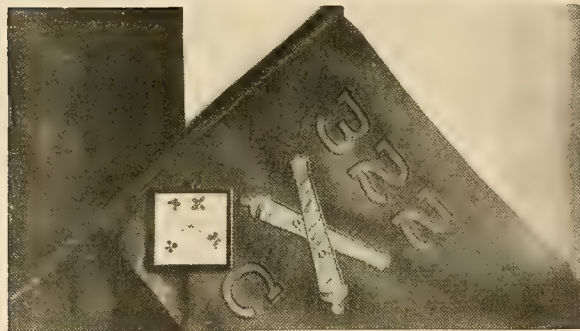


STICKING A MEDAL ON "RIGHT DRESS BILL"

Wood," without a remembrance of the three days' kitchen police it once brought them? And what about Ramey and Gardner? Will they ever reach a time in life when they will themselves have a retrospective shudder when they think of the time they stood outside the dugout entrance waiting for "close ones" to come so they could throw gravel down the entrance and bring home more forcibly to a couple of

the boys up from the echelon, the risks of a job at the battery position.

Doubtless in the days to come a "C Battery Association" will be formed and it is easy to predict further that the meetings will be held at the Hotel Algonquin, Dayton, Ohio. There Sgt. Keiter, returned to his pre-war-time occupation, will welcome the boys as they assemble. For boys they will always be at those assemblies, no matter how far into the rosy dawn of universal peace the reunions may extend. And the compiler of this little history ventures to predict that year by



LUCK—BATTERY C

year, as the time it is supposed to chronicle passes farther and farther into the shadow of things past, more and more details of your soldier-boy life will be remembered and more and more extensive will become the field of your war-time operations. This history will become a paltry thing and with tongues unleashed

from military discipline, the author, your Captain, he of the Full Knee Bend, will be discredited. And you will have it all your own way by the time you have reached that stage, for he is many years the senior of the oldest of you and won't be there to cry, *Ten-chun!* when you get too boisterous. Do I hear some one say, "C Battery luck"?

ORGANIZATION OF BATTERY C ON SEPTEMBER 21, WHEN THE BATTERY STARTED FOR THE FRONT

Battery Commander—Capt. Rutherford Fullerton
Reconnaissance Officer—1st Lieut. Josiah D. Thompson
Executive—1st Lieut. Charles D. Wilcox
Assistant to Executive—2d Lieut. James F. McCaslin
Combat Train Commander—2d Lieut. Edgar E. Hillyer
Department B (Horses)—2d Lieut. James E. Hayes

1st Sergeant—Allen Brann
Supply Sergeant—Owen L. Carlton
Stable Sergeant—Russell C. Goodrich
Battery Clerk—Ernest A. Garrison

FIRST SECTION

Sgt. Charley V. O'Neill
Cpl. Clyde L. Shain
Cpl. Louis Hetterich
Pvt. Loren L. Gray
Pvt. Charlie A. Morgan
Pvt. Harry Schide
Pvt. Victor VanScoyk
Pvt. Clarence M. Willis
Pvt. Howard Harlow
Pvt. Clarence J. Madlinger
Pvt. Fred Probst
Pvt. Clarence Rhoads
Pvt. Elgar Simmons
Pvt. Lester Thomas
Bgl. Frank P. Owens

SECOND SECTION

Sgt. Edward Harrison
Cpl. Stanley H. Duke
Cpl. Herbert C. Peirce
Pvt. Ray W. Bennett
Pvt. Alva W. Petty
Pvt. Leslie W. Payton
Pvt. James W. Peterson
Pvt. Charles E. Bruen
Pvt. Clyde M. Folger
Pvt. Warner T. Kinslow
Pvt. Harry Wells
Pvt. Martin West
Pvt. Winfield S. Delong

THIRD SECTION

Sgt. Charles W. Keiter
Cpl. James E. Weist
Cpl. Frank C. Jones
Pvt. Luther M. Witte
Pvt. William E. Canada
Pvt. William English
Pvt. Arthur E. Iverson
Pvt. Bryant L. Carter
Pvt. Scott W. Little
Pvt. Herschel Locke

Pvt. William McClearn
Pvt. Myron Roberts
Pvt. Albert C. Wissner
Pvt. Philip G. Ryan

FOURTH SECTION

Sgt. Carl Webb
Cpl. Wilbur W. Bader
Cpl. Oliver J. Bryer
Pvt. John B. Billingsley
Pvt. Joe Cleveland
Pvt. Albert Cox
Pvt. Willie P. Newell
Pvt. Frank R. Cox
Pvt. Amos Jones
Pvt. Walter Knodel
Pvt. Paul J. Michael
Pvt. Raymond L. Reich
Pvt. Ben Riley
Pvt. William Straub, Jr.

FIFTH SECTION

Sgt. Eugene Wager
Pvt. Frank L. Harper
Pvt. Charlie C. Thomason
Pvt. Charles W. Ford
Pvt. Charles C. Simpson
Pvt. Morris Blum
Pvt. Arthur Roberts
Pvt. Clark O. Wilson
Pvt. General M. Edwards
Pvt. Thomas E. Ozias
Pvt. Thomas L. Wilson

SIXTH SECTION

Sgt. Ronald K. Greist
Cpl. Robert C. Braun
Cpl. Leo Sajovitz
Pvt. Charles B. Abbott
Pvt. Oscar W. Hassan
Pvt. Thomas A. Burke
Pvt. Arthur Werts
Pvt. Arl Byars

Pvt. John J. Piatt
 Pvt. Carl W. Eley
 Pvt. Osier A. Hamilton
 Pvt. James W. Amburn
 Pvt. Charlie McDaniel
 Pvt. James A. Bland
 Pvt. Ivar N. Hanson
 Pvt. Ferdinand Linsmayer
 Pvt. Clarence W. White
 Pvt. Joe A. Wilson
 Pvt. John S. Skiles

SEVENTH SECTION

Sgt. Fred B. Wallace
 Cpl. William C. Stiver
 Cpl. Walter O. Moore
 Cpl. Glen S. Riner
 Pvt. Louis B. Burke
 Pvt. Lawrence Frederick
 Pvt. Albert Stuhlmuehler
 Pvt. Eugene I. Harris
 Pvt. Ray R. Horn
 Pvt. Robert E. L. Lamb
 Pvt. Oscar Linville
 Pvt. James E. Paris
 Pvt. Bruce Taylor
 Pvt. Joseph L. Branson
 Cpl. William H. Boehner
 Pvt. Hilary G. Bond
 Pvt. William Garrett
 Pvt. Leslie Buckner
 Pvt. Walter Lytle
 Pvt. Netter Lee
 Pvt. Dale M. Woodson
 Pvt. Howard Barriger
 Pvt. Eugene D. Bangerter
 Pvt. Martin V. Wilson
 Pvt. Dudley H. McDonald

EIGHTH SECTION

Sgt. Howard E. Dils
 Cpl. Carson Ivie
 Pvt. Charles G. Tucker

Pvt. Ernest Bowman
 Pvt. Homer Irwin
 Pvt. John H. Curry
 Pvt. Rufus Liebhard
 Pvt. Ora C. Sanford
 Pvt. Talmage Grider
 Pvt. Carl Siegrist
 Pvt. Clarence A. Sparks
 Pvt. Joseph R. Livesay
 Pvt. Guy A. Town
 Pvt. Neil Johnson

NINTH SECTION

Ch. Mcc. William R. Hensel
 Mcc. Robert D. Howell
 Mcc. Richard P. Breig
 Mcc. Walter S. Clevenger
 Ch. Hsh. Hilbert F. Jones
 Hsh. Chester H. Parks
 Hsh. Simeon W. Pheanis
 Sdlr. Melvin P. Gregory
 Pvt. Thomas McGill
 Pvt. Harry Wert

COOKS' SECTION

Cook Leroy V. Fifer
 Cook Edwin H. Head
 Cook Fred L. Vanata
 Cook Joseph Wetzel
 Ap. Ck. William Morscher
 Ap. Ck. Chester McCoy
 Ap. Ck. Daniel A. Falconi

B. C. DETAIL

Sig. Sgt. Russel C. Pritchard
 Inst. Sgt. Cornelius V. Korb
 Cpl. Calvin V. Campbell
 Cpl. Martin J. Finn
 Cpl. Charles E. Gardner
 Cpl. Huber H. Lodge
 Cpl. John F. Owens
 Cpl. Carl A. Schmitt
 Cpl. Fred Widmaier
 Bgl. Gaston J. Lourteau

Bgl. Robert J. Saurer
 Pvt. Carl Balonier
 Pvt. Vardy T. Bybee
 Pvt. Albert J. Burgmeier
 Pvt. Claude D. Foster
 Pvt. Sidgell F. Gregory
 Pvt. Erwyn B. Huls
 Pvt. Harry E. Martz
 Pvt. Lenard A. Matix
 Pvt. George J. Meyers
 Pvt. James V. Smithson
 Pvt. Richard S. Strassel
 Pvt. Charles S. Stamper
 Pvt. Arthur B. Everly
 Pvt. John C. Miller
 Pvt. Aubrey W. Porter
 Pvt. Cosby L. Ramey

MEN SICK IN CAMP HOSPITAL
 (Joined us later at the Front)

Mess Sgt. Edwin C. Abe
 Cpl. Russell E. Long
 Pvt. Glenn R. Hoblit
 Pvt. Aloys J. Liebhard
 Pvt. Ben Mason
 Pvt. Louis A. Ritter
 Pvt. Vernon L. Hall
 Pvt. Charles E. Lacy
 Pvt. William T. Burden
 Pvt. James W. Slack
 Pvt. Collie Rodgers
 Pvt. Amen D. Aldridge
 Pvt. Oliver G. Stogsdill
 Pvt. James R. Simpson

C BATTERY RESERVE RATIONS

Voice out of the darkness: "What are you, buddie, artillery?"
 Tired cannoneer: "Naw, heavy infantry."

New arrival: "What does the red arrow mean?"

Falconi: "That we're the Spearmint Division and we're wriggling toward Berlin."

Why is a cootie like a pretty girl? (Ans.) Always keeps you scratching for new clothes.

Inventory of Sgt. Greist's stock in trade in No. 2 gun-pit, Brabant:

Thirty-six cans of jam.
 One can of butter.
 Two bushels potatoes.
 One can of bacon.
 One bucket.
 Twenty-five rounds normal.
 One box long fuze.
 One box short fuze.

Things that never happen:

Ninth section in rear of mess line.
 Miller missing "seconds."
 Sgt. Brann saying, "What do you mean by grooming that horse so well?"
 Capt. Fullerton forgetting the F. K. B.

FOR SERGEANTS ONLY

Sergeant Brann, our tireless "Top,"
Never knows when work should stop.
O'Neill has charge of the first gun crew,
For seconds at mess he's No. 2.
And Harrison of teamster fame,
As a section chief he's safe and sane.
When Charlie Keiter hollers, "Front!"
You sure will see the bell hops jump.
And Webb, late boss of a Pennsy train,
Treated the Hun with mock disdain.
Gen Wager's next. Work! Man alive!
He made two caissons do the work of five.
Then Scrummy Greist, with his buccaneers,
Brought many a doughboy cook to tears.
While Wallace, chief of the seventh crew,
Was always there when the mess call blew.
Grandma Dils was taken ill
When the doctors gave him a "C.C." pill.
And Sergeant Bader took his place,
Doomed never to shave another face.
Pritchard has charge of our telephones,
But is much better known as a roller of bones.
Abe, as Mess Sergeant, is our one best bet,
He's a maker of wonders with what we get.
Korb was made a Sergeant, too,
What he doesn't know, the instruments do.
And Carlton handles our supplies,
He's always sorry, but out of your size.
If your horse needs a shoe, ask Jones what he's got for you;
Take exception to him and he'll sure make it hot for you.
Bill Hensel next, with the battery pump,
Keeps ahead of the Captain by about one jump.
At our stables is Goodrich, since Meith made the change,
He swears that his horses have not got the mange.
These are the Sergeants of Battery C,
A better collection there never will be.

BEFORE AND AFTER

“From the outside looking in, from the inside looking out.” Under such favorable conditions my relation to the life and work of the Regiment gives rise to a great many reflections in the way of reminiscences, comparisons and contrasts which just now are very confused and mixed up, but, at the same time, very sensitive. To one who would have been more disassociated from the 322d previous to the time when he became a member of it, the element of surprise and contrast would have been uppermost in his mind when writing the “before and after” account later on. To me who had the privilege of gaining the intimacy with the inner life of the Regiment which work in the Y. M. C. A. then afforded, the matter of verification played an important part, especially in the earlier weeks after enlisting. Was the reputation which the 322d had in Sherman and vicinity a deserved one? Was the estimate of its works, as judged by outsiders, an accurate one? Would I make a mistake by casting my lot and taking my chances with some of the men whom I had come to know very well in the organization? These are a few of the things which entered my mind toward the latter part of May and subsequent events have answered the question for me.

First, the 322d started well; it had an auspicious beginning. It was very apparent to those who were looking on, as the different regiments throughout the camp were organizing. In one of the regiments with which I came in contact, the attitude of doubtful expectancy as to the future of that particular outfit was very pronounced. Officers and the earlier arrivals among the men wondered and speculated as to what the Regiment was going to be, good or bad. Everyone seemed to be waiting for someone else to arrive to give it distinction, one way or the other.

Not so with our Regiment. From the very outset, everyone was absolutely convinced, by continuous attention to the fact, that the 322d was, and was going to remain, the best regiment in Camp Sherman. If you didn't believe it, you could go to the Regimental Commander and if you even hinted at a contrary opinion, you instantly found yourself in a very embarrassing position.

Such an attitude could not help but have a very favorable effect upon the morale of the Regiment, which was quite distinctive. Everyone knew of it. If I happened to be talking to a "Y" secretary from the other side of the camp, I did not have to go at length in describing the spirit of the 322^d. He already knew it, and the greatest tribute to this spirit was the fact that its reputation had spread.

Undoubtedly, the dominating personality behind it accounted for this spirit. Col. Warfield had the reputation among welfare workers of a man who was always eager to entertain and encourage any program or scheme which would be advantageous to his men. Such an attitude doubled the efficiency of the work which men like Mr. Gee tried to carry on in the Regiment. Absolute coöperation was assured from the first, because it was a well-known fact that the Colonel desired the very best for his Regiment. Although the men of the Regiment know of some of his endeavors, yet from later experience I don't believe they ever quite realized the extent of the efforts of their commanding officer along these lines—efforts which deserved the greatest praise.

Thus, it is apparent that when I came into the Regiment, I entered with a great deal of faith in it. After discovering these things by working with the Regiment for several months, I was now to verify them by working in it for several more.

It is not my purpose to paint a word picture of a perfect regiment; nor is it my intention to go to the other extreme. It is difficult to rise above the details, the discrepancies, the likes and dislikes of a large group of men, and try to generalize as to one's impression of them. We have all seen the Regiment in the best of spirits, and then again we have seen it despondent; we have seen it cheering and singing and then we have witnessed it crabbing and cussin'. At all times we have been sympathetic participants in each mood. Thus it is hard to formulate an opinion of a bunch of men when you have been one of them yourself.

Yet some things stand out quite clearly. First, I am satisfied that I made no mistake in joining the Regiment; and, as I reflect now, it is strange but very true that I have never thought otherwise. Whether my reasons for thinking so were logical or not, it never entered my head that I had taken a wrong step even though I have often found myself in trying situations, as we all have.

Then again, I was not disappointed in finding the Regiment different from what its reputation had led me to believe it was. Even after living in it and being close to its defects, which were not few,

it can be truthfully said that the reason the Regiment was able to stand the gaff and endure so much, in all its varied history, was due to the high spirit, the stick-to-it-iveness and pep which the Colonel is so fond of using when describing the morale of his Regiment.

The 322^d had the reputation in Camp Sherman of possessing a high type of officers and it was my privilege there to know a few of them personally. I looked forward with some degree of trepidation to the time when they would become my own superior officers, wondering whether this fact would ever change my opinion of them. It was with a great deal of interest, therefore, and I must say, with some amusement, that I observed the various reactions to our change in position during those first few weeks. Some took the attitude of ignoring altogether, some were plainly dubious and disconcerted, while some, and by far the majority of them, still retained the attitude of friendly interest which was characteristic of them previously. And I must admit, on my own part, that my relation to them since that time, as an enlisted man, has not brought a change in the high regard with which I hold the officers of the 322^d as a whole.

Hence, taking it all in all, I will never forget nor regret the day when I became a member of Col. Warfield's Regiment. We have all had our ups and downs, and have often thought otherwise, but when all is said and done, we cannot help but admit, if we are honest with ourselves, that being with the Regiment has left a lasting impression upon us which will become more valuable to us as the years roll on.

HISTORY OF BATTERY D

Battery D's beginning was very similar to that of most organizations in the National Army. From thirteen men who had never heard of "Squads right" when they arrived on September 5, we grew to a war-strength battery which could keep step if the sergeants didn't get tired of yelling, "Left-right, . . ." etc. "Military courtesy" and "General orders" gave most of us a good deal to think about. The exterior decorations of Q21 were handled very well by Sgt. Van Alst. He really should have been in the Q. M., for all he

needed to fill any requisition was a dark night and a detail of men to carry the stuff.

When we weren't doing squads east and west, we were "simulating." Once you learn to simulate properly it is the easiest thing in the world to change a pile of lumber and a few old cart wheels into a



BUILDING BATTERY D STABLE

three-inch gun. You can even change yourself into a dashing steed and go trotting up and down a field at "mounted drill dismounted."

By December we were able to stop "simulating" for a while. The stables were built by this time and we were too busy grooming live horses to have any time to simulate. Finally, four real three-inch guns arrived and the cannoneers stopped counting-off, in order to learn the names of all the various "things" that go to make up the mechanism of a gun.

In the meantime, our able scouts had discovered an artillery range at a place called Stony Creek, some fourteen miles from camp. D Battery was selected as the first battery to fire on the range, so the cannoneers were worked overtime at standing gun drill. Finally the time came to actually go out to the range, and we started out in a

heavy snowstorm. Everything went along all right till we struck a narrow road, and then "them wheel drivers jest couldn't keep the middle of the road." One of them even had to go and dump one caisson in a six-foot ditch.

Camp at Stony Creek was a frigid affair, to say the least. The tents were equipped with Mr. Sibley's famous stove, which is said to heat a tent. We burned up all the fence rails in the surrounding country trying to find out the details of this heating process.

When the Regiment had fired its allowance of ammunition, the four precious guns were turned over to the 323^d F. A., and in return we got an old Russian gun that had seen better days. The cannoneers were kept busy for days digging off the rust. This gun formed one of the pieces of a cosmopolitan battery made up by the Regiment for the purposes of inspections and parades.

Finally word came that we were actually leaving, and on June 3 we said "good-bye" to Camp Sherman. No one knew where we



EXPLAINING SQUADS RIGHT!

were going until we were safely ensconced in Camp Mills. Here every man was carefully outfitted, even down to the last shoelace. After this equipment had been checked and rechecked, we were allowed to proceed to an "Atlantic seaport," which even the Germans knew was blessed with the name of Hoboken.

There were grave doubts in the minds of many as to whether the good ship *Canopic* would actually hold a whole regiment, but after viewing the first, second, third and fourth decks and a few extra sub-cellars, all doubts and fears were calmed. We sailed on June 12, with everyone safely hidden below decks and all securely wrapped in life preservers. At first these life preservers had an element of novelty about them, but long before we saw dry land that novelty had faded in the dim distance. The ocean voyage was entirely satisfactory except for the English idea of what an American soldier can thrive on.

After twelve days on the water, we docked at Liverpool. One's

impression of this city, as he marched over miles of rough cobblestones, was that of millions of small boys and many British Tommies clad in their light blue convalescent uniforms. Camp Knotty Ash housed us for two days and then we jumped to Le Havre, via Southampton. Here we encountered a "rest camp." If a man can rest on hard board floors in the middle of a dusty field, we were in a rest camp. Maybe they gave us this five days' "rest" so as to prepare us for the French freight trains where forty men or eight horses are fifty-fifty.

When we finally detrained, they shipped us to the village of Guipry, so that we could spend all of our Fourth of July moving our



AIRING BUNKS

equipment from Guipry to Messac. Messac would hardly be termed a fit town for a leave area. Most of the billets were too close to the family pigs and chickens, but with the discovery of "the mill" as a suitable hotel, the most intimate of these farmyard billets were closed up.

At Messac we had to return to "simulated" drill again. The drill of the three-inch gun had to be forgotten and the "Manual of the 75" mastered instead. Baseball and swimming were two of the most popular items on the drill schedule. Some of the members of the Battery showed a dread of water at first, but after a little moral pressure was exerted, they finally decided that it wasn't half bad after all. On Saturdays we would watch Celena, the village butcheress, as she killed pigs for the Sunday sales. It was a fine way to harden ourselves to the horrors of war.

The Supply Sergeant was kept busy supplying us with shoes, for hiking was one of our chief occupations. "We ain't done yet," and "Rip 'em on the head," were coined on some of these dusty hikes. Finally came the big hike of forty kilometers to Camp Coëtquidan, on August 15. Everyone envied the cannoneers that day. They rode on the trucks which pulled the guns down there.

Life took on a real artillery aspect at Coëtquidan. We fired away ammunition at a rate that would have shocked us in the days of

Stony Creek. Tin hats and other "front-line" equipment were issued as fast as Sgt. Burns could go and get it. The process of packing was a lot easier than it had been at Camp Mills because we were cut down to what we thought was a minimum. Finally the long-looked-for day arrived, and on September 20 we loaded on the train for the Front, the first Battery of the Regiment to pull out. We were on the train till three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 22^d, when we detrained a short distance from Souilly.

There was a bright moon that night, so we wasted no time in getting into a near-by woods, where we spent the whole day amusing ourselves by watching the airplanes dodge anti-aircraft shells. E and F Batteries joined us during the day.

At seven that night the Second Battalion started out for the Front, D Battery leading. No one knew just where the Front was, but the general impression was that it was "just over that next hill." The night was



BEGINNING GUN-PITS

one that would have done justice to the most ardent writer of war stuff for the home magazines. It was pitch black; the rain came down in torrents, while convoy after convoy of French trucks came tearing past so there was no need to tell the drivers to keep to the right of the road. The ruined villages of Ippécourt, Jubécourt and Julvécourt were there to remind us that we were going where things sometimes dropped. The column was badly strung out as we started up the last few hills. In the distance we could see star shells every now and then but they seemed to come from every point in the compass, so the big question still remained, "Where is the Front?"

The Battery got split in two just before we made camp in a woods near Brabant-en-Argonne. Making camp consisted of leaving the guns and caissons in the mud, camouflaging the horses under the trees and pitching shelter tents anywhere there was not a mud puddle.

We had to stay in the woods all day, but as soon as it started to get dark we were on our way again. The roads were jammed with all

kinds of transportation which moved along by fits and starts. It was midnight before we reached Aubréville. From here to Neuville we had a clear road but at the crossroad there we got tangled up with American ammunition trucks and French tractors, all trying to go the same way at once. Of course, the traffic jam had to occur on a crossroad which the Boche artillery "knew." Luckily we cleared the place before any presents from Germany started to arrive. We breathed a sigh of relief when we left that crossroad, but actually our troubles had just started. We caught up with four 155 G. P. F.'s which the French were trying to put into position, one at a time. We finally persuaded them to let us pass. During the discussion we had



more gas alarms than should occur in a week. Everyone carefully dressed his horse up in a gas mask. The horses did not like it very well, so after the fifteenth false gas alarm, we decided to let the horses get gassed if they wanted to. This was the one and only time that the gas mask torture

was ever inflicted on the four-legged animals. The rest of us got plenty of other chances to use our masks.

It was daylight before we pulled into the Forest of Hesse. Here we got a few hours' sleep and then started hauling ammunition. We couldn't put the guns into position because they were to be put in an open field which could be seen from the German lines, on Vauquois Hill.

The H hour was 5.30 a.m., September 26. We put the guns in position in the field on the night of the 25th. At two o'clock the big guns started their preparation fire. This made such a racket that there was no noticeable change in the sound when we chimed in at five o'clock. The woods seemed to be just full of guns; there were 75's ahead of us and behind us and behind them were the 155's and the bigger guns. The barrage lasted till 10.30. We were scheduled to go forward as soon as the barrage was over, but during the night the orders were changed and we stayed right where we were for five

days. During these five days we salvaged a lot of useless junk except our range finders.

On October 1, we put the harness on, then took it off and then put it on again, and marched all night, to Camp Gallieni. This was supposed to be a rest camp, but all the rest we got was that of pitching shelter tents and then tearing them down again. We left here at nine o'clock and marched all night, to a position near the town of Marre. It was daylight before the last piece was in position, but a thick fog saved us from any Boche observers who might have spotted us. The gun positions here were almost ideal except for the fact that a gun needs ammunition in order to make it a useful object. The guns were on the top of a hill and the ammunition was unloaded at the bottom. The hill itself was a mass of mud, so the cannoneers carrying ammunition had to be regular Alpine climbers to make any progress at all. One E Battery man went slipping up the hill, and was heard to remark, "They're just making us carry these d— shells up here so we can carry them down again." His



CAPT. NEWELL GARFIELD

prophecy came true, for we received a lot of shells that were supposed to be smoke shells and which turned out to be gas. The infantry would have failed to see the humor of a gas barrage in front of them.

After two days on the canal, we made our first acquaintance with Death Valley. The place looked harmless enough as we rolled into position, but we soon found that it was no health resort. Everything went along smoothly the first day until late in the afternoon. Then three Boche planes came over to take a look at the valley. What they saw was about fifty machine-gun carts camped within two hundred yards of our Battery position. The planes weren't gone long before things became intensely interesting in our little valley. They continued that way as long as we were there. The Germans were not quite sure just what was in the valley nor where it was, but they made sure of getting something by sweeping the whole place with artillery fire. It was here that we all learned the

great lesson in regard to German shells, "It is better to make a noise like a pancake than to stand up and be a hero while the shells are flying around." The Germans had a particular interest in a little village of Haumont, which was situated on a hill just in front of the Battery. Lots of things that came our way were "overs" on Haumont.

We kept our kitchen back about a quarter of a mile in the direction of the village of Samogneux. The Germans seemed to know it, for they always dropped a few over just around mealtimes. The kitchen was always a dangerous place.

The shelling wasn't a bit one-sided for we were called on to fire at all times of the day and night. The middle of the night was the most popular time to start things. The only reason we did not fire more was because the ammunition train could only haul so much ammunition a night. Artillery seems to be primarily a night affair. You never do anything in the daytime that you can possibly do at night.

While in the valley we had enough cannoneers for two complete gun crews. The men not on duty at the guns made their home



PREPARE FOR INSPECTION

in a trench on a hill on one side of the valley. Once in a while the men at the guns had to take to this trench when shells started dropping in piles of ammunition near the battery. There was many a time that we thanked the Germans for including a few duds in their ammunition. Some of these duds were quite a nuisance, for they were always in the way when men had to walk from one piece to another.

After ten days of Death Valley, everyone was glad to try another position near Brabant. Moving out of Death Valley was not as easy as it sounds. Just as the limbers came up, the Germans started shelling the valley. Horses always take kindly to little attentions like this. But if you're lucky and duck at the proper times you can snake a battery out without more than wounding or killing a few horses.

We did. We left two men killed and eleven wounded as our tribute to the name of the valley.

Rumor had it that our new position was fairly overrun with dugouts, but when we went to look for these dugouts, the only ones we could find were filled with doughboys or battalion commanders. So we had to make our home in a trench which the Germans had dug, right near the road. At best this was no palace, but when it rained it resembled sleeping in a bathtub.

Digging gun emplacements in rocky ground in the wee hours of the morning is not one of the most enjoyable phases of artillery warfare. The ground at this position was a sort of mixture of rock and concrete, which defied picks and shovels to make an impression on it. The guns were about thirty yards from the road. To reach the guns one had to tread the straight and narrow path as wired off by our camouflage artist, Marshall. He and his assistants even went so far as to have traffic regulations. When you wanted to go to mess, you had to go around the block near E Battery's position. Coming back from mess or going to the road you were privileged to use the path. These traffic regulations had to go off duty when it came to bringing shells to the guns all night long in preparation for a barrage early in the morning. But no Boche planes spotted us here, so the path and the traffic regulations were not growled at too much. Once in a while some overenthusiastic cannoneer would throw a cartridge case out from under the camouflage. It didn't stay there long though. Then the third section decided to have a bonfire with their camouflage net, just to see if it really would burn. It burned all right.

Up to this time we had not considered gas as a very serious matter in our lives. There had been so many fake alarms that no one attempted to put his mask on in the six seconds prescribed in all the drills that we had carefully practiced back at Messac. But about the third night on the plateau we had an alarm that was no fake. Anyone who doubted this had only to look at the telephone detail with



INSPECTION

half its men on the way to the rear as gas casualties or to listen to the new voices which we had all acquired. We were a whispering battery. Anyone who could talk out loud or enjoy a cigarette was a lucky man. Some of the men suffered in places other than their



ROOKIES LEARNING TO TACKLE

throats. The books said that mustard gas was dangerous when found on bushes or in shell holes. Several unfortunates will say the books weren't kidding. The arrival of sag paste, rubber gloves, chloride of lime and some other anti-gas equipment helped things out a little, but even then we had a few men get it.

After about ten days on the plateau the rumor became prevalent that we were to be relieved. Of course there was a conflicting rumor to go with this to the effect that we were to dig in and get ready to stay there all winter.

For once the favorable rumor won out and on October 28 word came that we were to pull out at ten o'clock that night. We all felt like celebrating. All we had to do till ten o'clock was to fire a little harassing fire and get packed up. But at about four o'clock things began to happen. A battalion of



TACKLE!

infantry was coming out of the lines that afternoon. Their route was along the road which went right by our battery position. Someone had told Heinie about this, evidently, for all of a sudden shells started dropping on our road in true barrage style. Most of the men were busy in the trench packing up when the thing started. The

barrage tore things up in pretty bad shape all along the road, but did not touch the firing battery.

At ten o'clock the limbers came up and we pulled out on the road for Brabant. The carriages were strung out along the road for about a mile, being mixed in with combat trains, trucks and limbers from the battery that was relieving us. But we were all together before the column was past Vacherauville. There wasn't a thing to mar the march from here to Camp Gallieni. Here we had a chance to get a little rest and a bath. The institution of reveille was revived and the tin hat discarded



FIRST APPEARANCE IN HARNESS

for a whole day. Some of the gas victims got so they could talk above a whisper but, on the whole, the bunch was pretty much shot to pieces, as we had lost fifty-two men.

After two days we were off again for another sector. We spent twelve hours the first night in going about four hours' march. The

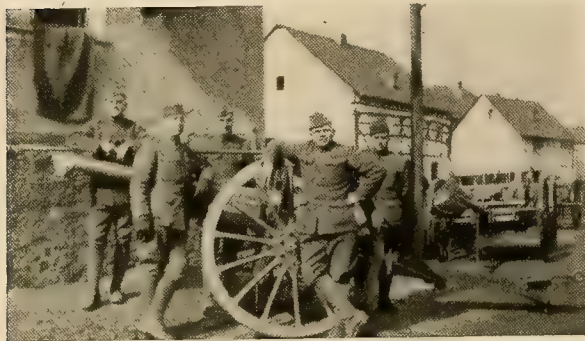


BATTERY D IN HARNESS

kind spirit who went ahead to pick out camp grounds that night either had a grouch or was given to playing practical jokes. He selected the muddiest hole in the Bantheville Woods for us to camp in. All we could do was pull the carriages

into the mud as far as the horses would go and then unhitch and tie the horses to the wheels. Next morning we built a road to get the carriages out on, so when the order came to move on, we were in good shape to be first on the road. This march took us through what was left of the town of Avocourt and into the Bois de Montfaucon. This place was certainly a tribute to the American artillery. They had plowed everything up so that it was hard to find a place

to pitch a shelter tent because of the number of shell holes and fallen trees. Just before we made camp along the side of the road, we had a shock in the form of an American Y. M. C. A. woman wearing a pink sweater of the most violent hue.



D BATTERY MEN AND ONE OF THEIR FRENCH 75 MM.
FIELD PIECES THAT WENT THROUGH THE HOTTEST

Next day we harnessed up at noon and waited till nine o'clock before the order came to move. We reached the Cunel Woods early in the morning. This place had been a German division headquarters. There were still evidences of where some German officers had kept cows and

chickens as part of their military equipment. But the American doughboys had riddled every building with machine-gun bullets, and what they hadn't smashed up the artillery had. So we had the job of making extensive repairs before the place was anywhere near habitable.

At this time the whole Regiment was terribly short of horses. In order that the Regiment might move at all, one battery had to go into "abatage" and give up its horses.

That was where we were out of luck. All

the other batteries came and got our horses and turned over a lot of derelicts for us to take care of. Then they went gaily off to hunt Germans, leaving us to our own devices. We spent our time in repairing the shacks, cutting down trees that were half down from shell fire and hunting for more blankets and other salvage which the doughboys had left behind in their hurried chase after the retreating Boche.



BATTERY D SUPPLY ROOM, GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

We still knew the war was going on, though, for a Boche bombing plane had a try at the woods and road one night. It jarred things around there pretty badly, but no one was hurt.

November 11 was a day that has been written about so much that to be original all we'll say is that we were one glad bunch of men. It was a great relief to have lights at night and not to hear the continual booming of the guns. Cuneil Hill, just ahead of us, was a blaze of bonfires that night, while the sky was bright with all kinds of rockets and flares.



DRAWING FORAGE, GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

Three days later we got two hundred horses. They came to us without grooming kits or feed bags, so taking care of them was quite some problem. As yet no one knew whether we were to go forward into Germany or back

into France somewhere. We did not have any harness so we couldn't go anywhere at that time. This was the news we gave to an officer from Brigade Headquarters when he came to find out if we were ready to move. This news seemed to give them grave concern, for that night at about eleven o'clock Sgt. Tobias had a detail out



D BATTERY MEN STATIONED AT GIERSHOFEN

unloading a lot of salvage harness that had come in on two of the ammunition train trucks. Everyone felt that was enough for one night, but about two hours later the word came to harness and hitch. None of the drivers had any harness. All we could do was to let each man scramble for his own. A bright moon saved things from utter

confusion. But many remarks such as, "Where in —— is the bit that goes with this bridle?" "Look at the way these —— traces are all balled up," etc., were heard to come from the gloom of the shack where the harness had been thrown. Finally the harness was pieced



BATTERY D PICKET LINE, GIERSHOFEN

together after a fashion and Headquarters Company started to move out. They succeeded in ditching one of their fourgons so that it took half the Battery and a couple of picket ropes to drag them out. Then we had a fourgon drop through a small bridge which was built for the express purpose of carrying that fourgon.

One gun had a wheel nearly come off and another fourgon had two horses slip and fall. Aside from this we got away to a good start and were out on the road ready to go by three o'clock. It was blowing a gale and was bitter cold, which made it fine waiting till six o'clock for the battery from the 323^d to get ready.

We marched all day, passing through the town of Briulles and crossing the Meuse River at Vilosnes. At four that afternoon we parked our carriages in a field just outside of Ecurey, where the rest of the Regiment was billeted. Then there was a mad rush to get everything in shape to start on the march to the Rhine the next morning. We had to get rid of all but 130 of the horses, draw ammunition, new clothes, rations, and read about three weeks' back mail. In addition to that we were to be the first battery on the road in the morning.



HORSESHOEING IN GERMANY

Our march to the Rhine got away to a bad start, for the first place there was any chance of going wrong, the First Battalion took the

wrong fork in the road. It is all kinds of fun to halt a column and turn everything around in a narrow road. All the towns we went through had plenty of evidences of the recent German occupation. Every other sign was one of their "Streng Verboten" affairs. About four in the afternoon we made camp in the town of Sorbey. "Camp" here consisted of the second story of a mansion that was just being finished. The walls had just been plastered and the floors laid. The German general who was to occupy our billet would have wept to see two batteries of artillery peacefully sleeping in his sacred house. This was one town where we were more than sure of our welcome. All the populace had produced French flags from some hiding place or other and all were out in their best clothes.



BATTERY D HORSESHOERS

The next day's march took us to Cons la Grandeville. Our share of the billeting area here was three large houses which had been

barracks for German troops. They were in terrible condition. It helped some to get all the straw out and burn it, but even then the danger of cooties was large. We got our first dose of after-war inspections here. General Haan, the Division Commander then, was due to inspect us. Everyone scrubbed and mended for all he was worth and then the General didn't show up. We



BATTERY D TELEPHONE STATION

were all set for him to come again the next day, but we got orders to move instead.

This march took us out of France and into Luxemburg. The change as we crossed the border was noticeable right away. The people in France had been under German rule for four years and had lost what little they had when the Germans were forced to leave.

The people of Luxemburg, on the other hand, were well clothed and well fed. They had been neutral all through the war and apparently had thrived on that occupation. When we reached Differdingen that night they told us that there was practically everything for sale in the

stores. It was for sale if you had just been paid or were good at borrowing money. We slept that night in a large school building. Sgt. Knuth and his assistants had to call for a guard to keep all the curious people out of the kitchen.

We spent two more days crossing Luxemburg, finally landing in Manternach, where we occupied a flour mill belong-



PLACING PIECE IN POSITION

ing to Herr Pretch. We spent a week here. Our supply department didn't work too well this week. For three days we existed on some German rations, which consisted of blood sausage, pickled onions, fish, potatoes and cheese. The Germans must have been fighting for three squares a day, judging by the kind of rations they were living on. Our horses didn't fare any better than we did. They existed chiefly on horse covers and the hair on each others' tails. Several caisson corporals were foraging for gloves to protect what was left of some of the small stubs of tails. But the crowning insult of all was Thanksgiving dinner. It consisted of tin "Willie," tomatoes and hard-tack along with some German coffee. Add a little rain to this and you have the picture of our celebration.

We still continued to fight the war here. When not grooming or cleaning we were "occupying positions for the defense of the sector." They didn't look like they were very orthodox positions but we didn't care. During the last days of our stay here we were given to under-



GERMAN WOMEN TAKING MILK TO DIERDORF

stand we were really part of the 32d Division. We all became properly labeled with the little red arrow.

We crossed the German border at 11:30 on the morning of December 1. The inhabitants showed nothing more than normal interest in the column as it passed through the little villages. That night we had our first experience at billeting in a German town. One of the officers would go forward ahead of the Battery and find all the available billets in our area. Then by the time we had unhitched, unharnessed, groomed and fed, he would be on hand with a list of houses and the number of men to go in each house. The column would start off through town, each man carrying his pack or saddlebags. When the first billet was reached there would be the following ceremony, "Halt." "How many, lieutenant?" "Ten, sir." "All right, first ten men right in that door there. Forward, ho." If you were



D AND E BATTERIES DRAWING RATIONS,
GIERSHOFEN



DRAWING FORAGE AT GIERSHOFEN

one of those ten men, you dragged your stuff in through "that door there" and found yourself in some kind of a German home. It depended on how lucky you were as to what kind of a "flop" you would draw. One night it *might* be a bed which was wonderful, in spite of the fact that the German beds are built about two feet too short. The next night it might be a hayloft or just a plain floor. Of course it is always dark by the time this billeting is done so you have to take a good look at "that door" in order to find it when you come back from mess.

The first night in the town of Möhn this billeting job was fairly easy as the billets were large barns. But in Orenhofen the next day

the Battery was strung out all over the lot. Getting them up for reveille meant a regular Marathon race for the buglers.

The marching itself would not have been so bad if it had not been for the continual series of inspections. To-day it would be fashion-



WOOD DETAIL, GIERSHOFEN

able to carry the canteen on the near side of the near saddle, but styles seemed to change very rapidly on this march. If to-morrow perchance you should not have heard of the change of the canteen to the off side of the off horse and an inspector should find you violating the prevailing fashion—somebody would be doing fatigue for a little while.

After three days' marching, we landed in Herforst, where we had a day of "rest." Getting paid was about the most strenuous resting we did, because everyone had more or less corrected all their glaring faults so the inspectors were having to work harder to earn their pay, which meant we had to have everything in still better shape. So when we left, early one morning, to join the advance guard of the 128th Infantry, we felt quite spick and span. Joining the advance guard meant passing miles of division trains, regiments of infantry—in fact, nearly everything in the Division except the artillery itself. Of



SOME OF BATTERIES D AND E MEN STATIONED AT GIERSHOFEN

course, making the customary halt of ten minutes once an hour was out of the question when making a race like this. We caught the advance guard about noon. They seemed to have gotten along without us very well all morning long. About two that afternoon we left the main line of march and went down into a deep valley and up the other side. This was one of the chief occupations of every day's

march. We'd come to the top of a deep cut in the hills and look down. Way down at the bottom there would be a stream. The road would zigzag down the side of the cañon in a series of steps. The men in the leading battery in the column could look up and see three or four layers of artillery carriages on the hillside above them.

The worst part of these deep valleys was that you no sooner got safely down one side than you were starting to climb up a similar series of steps on the other side. The particular valley that we turned into this afternoon had the added attraction of possessing three old ruins of German castles. They were the first we had seen and were well worth looking over. Looking over the castle had cost one mark in the days before the war, as we observed by the sign on the ticket office at the entrance.

Just after we came out of the valley, we started following the tracks of the automobile of the Infantry Colonel, as the only guide we had to where the next town was. The road kept getting worse and worse and the



VIEW OF DIERDORF FROM GIERSHOFEN

tracks deeper and deeper. The horses were all in by that time, so the column only moved from time to time. It was getting dark, too, so it began to look like we'd have a night of it in pup tents. But we finally hit a good road which took us into Gillebfeld and billets. Forty kilometers with five kilometers of mud roads at the end of it was some day's hike.

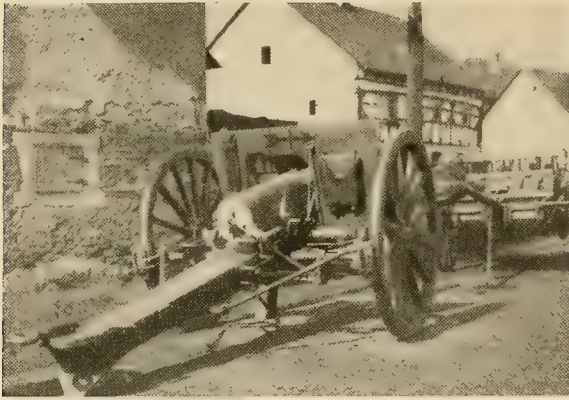
The hike was harder on the horses than on anyone else. Next morning when we went to hitch in, some of the horses wouldn't get up. We got them all up except one, which had to be shot. "Rosie" was given the job of taking care of one of these tired horses. He started the day out in good shape. Sgt. Nibert sent him to get something to lead the horse with and he came back with a shoe string. The general opinion was that shoe laces were not being used to lead horses with this year, so "Rosie" had to go out and look again. He finally got a halter shank somewhere, and we were on our way. But the horse was giving his keeper lots to think about. If you stopped walking that horse for so much as an instant he would be flat on his

back. Then we'd have to call out a detail to get him up again. We finally solved the problem by tying the horse behind one of the caissons. There he had no choice in the matter of going or not going. It was only a short hike to Büchel, anyway.

We hoped we'd rest a day here, but no such luck. We hiked to Dungenheim and rested a day there. Then we rejoined the Regiment at Kehrig. The next two marches to Kerben and Rubenach were uneventful. We were disappointed in the news that we were

to march around Coblenz instead of through it.

We crossed the Rhine at twelve noon on December 13. Our billets that night were in the town of Sayn. Division Headquarters had taken one-half of the town, Brigade Headquarters took another quarter, Regimental Headquarters and Headquarters Com-



FRENCH 75 MM.

pany took a great big castle. This left us to scramble for billets as best we could. We finally got billeted around nine o'clock that night.

After a day in Sayn we marched to our present abode in the beautiful, muddy village of Giershofen. Any further history of D Battery will have to be told and not written, as life here is the same thing over and over each day, except for a few minor variations. We expect to go home "toot sweet," and then we can tell them minor variations, along with any allowable imaginations that they'll let us get away with.

“SHATTERED IDEAS”

Have you ever stopped to ponder, since your arrival overseas, since you reached the Front, just what your idea of the battle front was while in training at Camp Sherman? We all had our own idea of just what the Front was, but, oh, how different when we really reached that place termed the world over “the Front.” We failed to see the straight line of German trenches opposite ours, and doubtless, the writer like many others often asked this question—“Where is the Front?”—and this question, with the guns hammering away all around. In fact, wherever we went into action, it seemed that the so-called “Front” was all around us, for shells apparently came from all directions—and again came that oft-repeated question—“Where is the Front?”—and it was right there that our Camp Sherman idea of what constitutes the Front was shattered.

Do you remember the “stuff” that was handed us on all sides after we landed overseas pertaining to our going into action? The “dope” ran something like this: “It will be a long, long time before you fellows will ever see any real fighting. After you finish your three months of training, you’ll be taken from your camp, put on trains, and sent into a ‘quiet sector.’ There, after firing a few shots each day, for a period of from three to six months, you’ll be sent into a sector a little livelier, and finally, after you are adjudged competent, signed, stamped and sealed with the official ‘O. K.,’ you will be sent to the ‘Front’ where the real fighting takes place.”

Oh, ye gods, was ever the “dope” so rudely spilled? And right here our story starts. We boarded one “side door pullman” at Camp Coëtquidan, France, in mid-September, bound for this aforesaid “quiet sector.” The batteries and companies of the Regiment detrained at various railheads—still with the idea that we were on our way to a “quiet sector.” Then started our three-day march for this same sector—and, oh, boy! on the night of September 25—that’s the night the “dope” was scattered all over the Forest of Hesse and we all realized that instead of landing in a quiet sector, we were being handed our baptism of fire on the most active part of the entire battle line. For miles around the guns of both sides, of all calibers,

belched death and destruction, and it seemed to most of us that hell had turned loose.

The 322^d was right in the midst of it, and their 75's barked away all night long. We were in it before we realized that we were near an active part of the Front.

But we won't be too hard on those "wise birds" who handed us the "dope" that all artillery was sent into quiet sectors. Perhaps that was true in the majority of cases—we will assume that it was—and we are also going to assume that "John J.," knowing the reputation of the 322^d, decided that this organization was fit and ready and capable of more than holding its own on any battle line in the whole of France.

What did we find the next day after the drive started? We could faintly see the retreating enemy miles away. This was our start in actual participation in the war, and we were in it up to our necks until the Armistice went into effect.

And those gas alarms in the Forest of Hesse, the second night after the attack started, do you recall them? Just after dark the faint sound of the gas alarm would reach our ears from the lower end of the forest, and in a few minutes our own guards had picked up the alarm. Do you recall the wild scramble we made to get our gas masks on? Do you remember how some of us raved and snorted when we tried to get masks on the horses? Do you remember the drivers of Supply Company trying to put masks on their horses—when they had never before opened the packet to see what a horse gas mask looked like? And do you remember "test for gas," and how religiously you tested, and the chances are there was no gas within five miles?

And here we must not forget the aeroplanes in this sector, and how at an instant's notice, if walking in the open field, you had to immediately camouflage yourself to look like anything except a soldier, at the approach of a plane, whether Ally or Hun. All of that seemed so vastly important to us in those early days, "at the Front," but, oh, boy, didn't those ideas change some when we reached that "rip snortin', hell bent for election, Front"—the Meuse? "You tell 'em, boy, I've got lockjaw."

BATTERY E

ORGANIZATION

Battery E of the 322d Regiment of Field Artillery was organized at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, on August 29, 1917, it forming a part of the 158th Brigade of Field Artillery, 83d Division, National Army.

At its organization the following-named officers constituted the commissioned personnel: Battery Commander, Capt. William R. Englehart, Cleveland, Ohio; First Lieut. William R. Goodall, Cincinnati, Ohio; Second Lieuts. Arthur D. Alexander, Cleveland, Ohio, and Paul A. Parker, Toledo, Ohio. All of the above-named men came from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

On September 6, 1917, twelve selective service men from Montgomery County, Ohio, were assigned to the Battery, thereby constituting the Battery's first enlisted personnel. The twelve men thus assigned were: Frederick P. Piper, Frederick W. Franke, Otis T. Holiday, Frank A. Lott, Paul M. Holtzmuller, Jesse W. Sammons, Paul B. Lukingbeal, William Kennedy, Charles Emby, Charles C. Peffley, McAuliffe Brown and Wesley C. Isreal. The above-named men came from the towns of Germantown, Miamisburg, Farmersville and just outside the limits of the city of Dayton, Ohio.

On September 9, 1917, the following noncommissioned officers were assigned to and joined the Battery: Sgts. Andrew J. Goodwin and Thomas M. Brooks, Cpls. Brutus C. Farley and Robert B. Brown, all of whom were transferred out of the old regular army into the new National Army for the purpose of assisting the Battery officers in



A FEW DAYS AFTER THIS WAS TAKEN, BARRACKS
OCCUPIED THE FIELD IN THE FOREGROUND

whipping the "recruits into shape." On September 12 the Battery received an additional Sergeant in Hubert H. C. Juhre, who joined the Battery on the above date. The following day, upon the recommendation of the Battery Commander, Sgt. Andrew J. Goodwin was promoted to the grade of First Sergeant.



MAJ. GEN. E. F. GLENN

EARLY TRAINING

The early training of the recruits consisted of the "School of the Soldier," "School of the Squad," guard duty and guard mounting, under supervision of the Battery officers and noncommissioned officers. On September 19, ninety-four selective service men arrived at camp and were assigned to the Battery, increasing the Battery's numerical strength from eight officers and seventeen enlisted men to eight officers and one hundred and fourteen men. These ninety-four men comprised part of Montgomery and Preble Counties' second contingent of selective service

men sent to camp on the above date. On October 3, eighty-three more men were assigned to the Battery, increasing the Battery's strength to eight officers and one hundred and ninety-four men.

BATTERY'S FIRST REVIEW

During this same month the Battery participated in its first review, which was held on the military campus north of the camp. Here the Battery passed in review before the Division Commander, Maj. Gen. Edwin F. Glenn, and James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio.

Towards the middle of October, many athletic events were staged under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. athletic branch. Both regimental and battery football, basket ball and soccer ball teams were organized. Track meets were held. Keen rivalry was shown between the various teams, and many a lively contest resulted.

In passing, it can be truly said that this Battery covered itself with glory in every event in which it participated, beside being baseball champions of the Regiment.

During the month of November, the Battery received its first issue of horses. Soon after assignment of the horses, the men received their first instructions in equitation. The instruction at first consisted of teaching the men how to mount and how to dismount and the use of the various aids. As they progressed, the men were given more advanced training, such as mounting and dismounting at a walk, trot and gallop.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in gala style throughout the camp. Many of the men were granted passes and spent the day at their own homes. A very sumptuous dinner was served to those remaining at camp. The menu was as follows: turkey, dressing,

mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, gravy, celery, mince pie, oranges, bread, butter and coffee.

During the month of December, the Battery received its equipment of wheeled matériel, which consisted of four three-inch American guns and four caissons. Soon after receiving the matériel, gun crews

were organized and simulated gun drill was held under the supervision of Lieuts. Goodall and Alexander. The men were taught how to set off deflection, how to lay the sights, and, in general, how to execute each and every movement as if they were actually under fire.

This same month several selective service men from Washington



SCENE ALONG SCIOTO RIVER



GUN SHED

and Butler Counties, Pennsylvania, were assigned to the Battery, taking the places of the men who had been transferred out of the Battery.

TARGET PRACTICE

In January, the entire Battery mounted, and all wheeled matériel,



WE'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY

under the command of Battery Commander, Capt. William R. Englehart, left camp for the artillery target range at Stony Creek, situated about eleven miles south of Camp Sherman. Snow was on the ground and weather somewhat cold, the mercury hanging below zero most of the time. The road over which we

traveled was narrow in many places and necessitated a very careful handling of horses, but due to the excellent driving, the trip was made without an accident of any kind. On arrival at the range, the guns were placed into position for firing the next day. That night the Battery slept in pyramidal tents, the drivers occupying tents on one side of the camp street and the cannon-eers on the other side. The Battery arose early the next morning, the cannoneers had breakfast and marched down



LINE OF FIELD ARTILLERY HALTED BY HORSE SLIPPING

to the guns. Soon after their arrival the cannoneers made preparations to begin firing. After a prolonged wait, the guns of the first section fired for adjustment; indirect fire was used, the Battery firing at an unseen target about two miles up the valley. The firing was directed by Capt. Englehart, who was stationed at the Battery Commanders' Station on a high hill to the left of the Battery. The honor

of having fired the first shot went to Pvt. Silas E. Wheeler, he being No. 1 in the first section gun crew. This same day the Battery received the distinction of firing the first barrage ever fired on American soil. Many newspapers throughout the state gave the event great publicity, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* carrying a full column and a half account of the event. Capt. Tommy-Martin, who had served for three years in the war and was a veteran of the world war, was completely taken by



BATTERY OF ARTILLERY FEEDING IN FIELD



surprise by the efficient manner in which the barrage was laid down. The firing was conducted under the watchful and critical eyes of Col. T. Q. Ashburn, Brigade Commander, Col. A. B. Warfield, commanding the 322^d Regiment, Maj. (now Lieut. Col.) S. R. Hopkins, commanding the Second Battalion, and many infantry officers. First Lieut. Goodall acted as executive, the two platoons being under the command of Lieuts. Alexander and Brenner. After having made an excellent showing, the entire Battery returned to camp the following day.

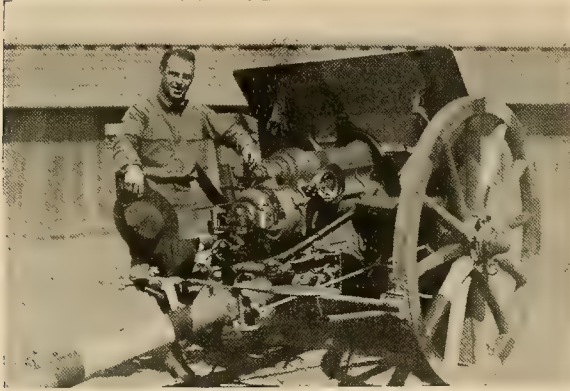
On February 19, 1918, the entire Battery left the second time for the artillery target range. On this occasion the gun crews were practiced in direct fire. Old barns, houses and white painted boards were used for targets. This time as before, the gun crews discharged their duties in an excellent and efficient manner. On February 21 the entire Battery returned to camp, having completed its season's target practice.

ADVANCED TRAINING

During the month of March an epidemic of measles broke out over camp, but very few of our men were taken down with the disease. During the course of the epidemic, the first death in the Battery occurred in the person of Pvt. Albert J. Semler, who died

at the base hospital at Camp Sherman on March 13. During this month the Battery performed the usual garrison duties.

On April 23, the entire Battery mounted, participated in its first night march, covering a distance of seven miles. Two days later the firing battery, with all wheeled matériel and sixty-eight men and three officers, left camp for a road march. The Battery passed through many towns in Pickaway and Ross Counties, where the inhabitants received them with glad acclaim and treated them to pies of every description. They returned to camp on the 28th, having covered in all a distance of about



MAJ. HOPKINS AND A NEW BRITISH FIELDPIECE

seventy-eight miles. With the exception of several night marches, the Battery performed the usual garrison duties during April.

DEPARTURE FROM CAMP SHERMAN

On June 3, 1918, the entire Battery bade farewell to Camp Sherman, after a nine months' siege of intensive training, entraining over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for an eastern port of embarkation. Many relatives and friends were at the train to bid them good-bye and Godspeed. Ten o'clock that morning the train started on its journey east carrying the Battery. The train passed through the town of Parkersburg, West Virginia, where the Red Cross Chapter of Parkersburg served the men punch at the car windows. Continuing the journey eastward the train passed through Salem, Clarks-



burg and Grafton. Leaving Grafton, the train passed through several tunnels and over fifty bridges, up a thirteen-mile grade, then down a seventeen-mile grade. Early the next morning (June 4), the train arrived at Cumberland, Maryland, and remained for half an hour, the men taking advantage of the stop to wash and shave. Passing through Martinsburg and historic Harpers Ferry, the train arrived at the outskirts of Washington, D. C., at about 9.45. Detraining, the men were served hot coffee and sandwiches by the Washington Red Cross Chapter, after



RECREATION ROOM, GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

which the Battery was marched to the summit of a hill overlooking the capitol city, near Camp Meigs, where the principal buildings and points of interest were pointed out to them by Capt. Englehart, among which were the Capitol building dome, Washington monument, Library of Congress and Washington Post Office building. After an hour's stay, the Battery entrained for Baltimore, the next important city; passing through a long tunnel, the Battery was not privileged to see much of the city. Early in the afternoon, the Battery reached Philadelphia, stopping there for more than an hour, the Philadelphia Red Cross treating to cigarettes and

fruit. Leaving Philadelphia, the course crossed the Delaware River into the state of Delaware, passing through Wilmington and many other cities. Crossing into the state of New Jersey, the Battery was greeted at every city and town through which it passed by an outflowing of patriotic citizens who fairly went wild in expressing their

ardent feelings toward the boys in khaki. In all these towns, Old Glory was in evidence.

New Jersey gave the most enthusiastic greeting the men had thus far received and a person could not but feel inspired by the scene.



FRENCH 75 MM. FIELDPIECE

Arriving at Jersey City at half past seven in the evening of June 4, the journey east came to an end, after having passed through the states of West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, part of the District of Columbia, Delaware and New Jersey. Detraining at Jersey City, the Battery marched through the streets of the city, entertaining the populace by singing old Camp Sher-

man songs such as "Ohio, Ohio," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," and many others. After parading through the streets for about an hour, the Battery returned to the coaches, where they slept that night. The morning of June 5, the entire Battery boarded a ferry which conveyed them across the East River, passing underneath the Brooklyn Bridge and disembarking at the Long Island railway terminal. After loading the barracks bags on the train, the Battery boarded the train for Camp Mills, Hempstead, Long Island, arriving there at noon. While there, the men slept in pyramidal tents, a squad of men in each tent.



CAISSON—LIGHT ARTILLERY

During the stay at this camp, the time was taken up with issuing of overseas equipment, inspection of equipment, medical inspections and visiting New York City. After a six days' stay here, the entire Battery, on June 11, entrained over the Long Island railroad for a port of embarkation. Detraining, the Battery loaded on a ferry which conveyed them to the port from which they sailed. Late in the after-

noon, the Battery disembarked and were served coffee and sandwiches by the Red Cross. After disposing of the lunch, the men were handed cards on which were written, name, date and address and bearing the following message, "The ship on which I sailed arrived safely overseas." After filling out the cards (which were to be mailed to the person to whom they were addressed, after the ship's arrival over on the other side), the Battery lined up and roll was called and the Battery embarked on the steamship *Canopic*, handing in their cards as they walked up the gangplank. That night the Battery slept aboard the ship, leaving New York Harbor at eight o'clock the next morning, June 12.



ARTILLERY PULLING OUT OF POSITION
AFTER FIRING

Before steaming out of the harbor, all persons were ordered to go below and all portholes closed. After the ship got under way, all men were permitted to come up on deck and watch New York City and the "Statue of Liberty" fade in the distance. During the trip across, fair weather was encountered, although the sea became very choppy at times, quite a few men became seasick, a fact which afforded their more fortunate brothers a great deal of amusement. There were thirteen ships in the convoy, and one cruiser, the *San Diego*, later torpedoed. Several U. S. destroyers escorted the boat out of the harbor and remained with us for two days, leaving



SMALL BUT MIGHTY—FRENCH 75 MM.

only the cruiser. The *Canopic*, on which the men sailed, was formerly a Mediterranean liner, having been built in 1897, and capable of carrying at least two thousand passengers. Being a British-owned ship, the British Government converted it into a troop ship, it being the second fastest ship in the convoy of thirteen. Life guards were posted at various places on board and life drills were held each day.

The ship was armed with one ancient type Russian rifle of about 4.7 caliber. Submarine watchers were constantly on the lookout for "Subs." The ninth day out the cruiser left; the convoy being joined two days later by a flotilla of British submarine chasers. On Sunday morning, June 24, land was sighted, which afterwards proved to be the northern coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Sunday morning the boat steamed up the Channel and services were held on board the ship, conducted by Regimental Chaplain H. A. Rinard. Sunday night, June 24, the boat docked at Liverpool, England. This brought to an end a sea journey last-



LIMBERING PIECE—ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN GERMANY

ing twelve days without sighting a single submarine, and every man on board feeling in excellent condition. The following afternoon, June 25, the Battery disembarked and was marched through the streets of Liverpool to Camp Knotty Ash, arriving there at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Battery remained here for two days. We entrained over the Midland Railroad for Southampton, England, June 27. After a cross-country ride through England, lasting all day, the train arrived at Southampton in the middle of the afternoon. During the trip many British Red Cross trains were passed filled with wounded British soldiers.



After dark a steamer was boarded for Le Havre, France. The Battery remained aboard all that night, the men sleeping below deck. In passing, it might be said that sleeping room was at a premium. After traveling all that night, the boat arrived at Le Havre the next morning. The boat was escorted across the Channel by British sub-

marine destroyers. Several Australian soldiers were aboard, all of whom were returning to the Front from furloughs and sick leaves. After policing up the boat, the men were marched through the streets to Rest Camp No. 1 at Le Havre. The camp was a medium-sized one, being situated on a high hill overlooking the bay. The second night there, the air raid alarm was given, but fortunately "Heinie" never got any nearer than eight miles to the city. On July 1, the Battery entrained for its training camp in France.



Traveling all night and the greater part of the next day, the Battery detrained at Messac, a small town in western France, and marched at least a mile and a half to the château "Darda," which was to be their billets and at which place they remained for a period of five weeks, undergoing a course of

intensive training. The château was a very old building, having been built in the fifteenth century and at the time of present occupancy it was still in good state of preservation, papers bearing the dates 1600 and 1611 were found in it. It contained one kitchen, a dining room and nine living rooms. The château was not large enough to hold all the men, making it necessary to



A LITTLE MUSIC IN GIERSHOFEN

billet the remainder in a stone stable near by. The grounds about the château afforded an excellent place for drilling purposes. A mile south of the château was a river in which the Battery took its daily swim. The training for the first two weeks consisted of close-order drill, calisthenics, road hikes and signaling. Towards the middle part of the training, the men were given more advanced drills, such as

mounted drill, arm signals and lectures on the French 75 mm. gun by a French Sergeant. Next to the last week in training here, the assignment of the famous French 75 mm. guns were received. Immediately gun drill commenced, the first and second gun crews being



UNLOADING LUMBER FOR BARRACKS IN
GIERSHOFEN

given simulated gun drill four hours each day. For recreation the men played baseball, several ball games were staged between the various batteries of the Regiment, the Battery winning all but one game.

During the stay here, the Battery received news of the death of 1st Class Pvt. Dean F. Frye, who died in Base Hospital No. 15 at Camp de Coëtquidan, at 12.10 p.m., July 20, 1918,

of bronchial pneumonia. The young man was a man of exemplary character and was highly respected by all his comrades in the Battery for his many Christian qualities. His death, while not wholly unexpected, cast a shadow of gloom over the entire Battery. He was given a military funeral, comrades from the Battery acted as pallbearers. The burial was in the American cemetery at Camp de Coëtquidan.

On the morning of August 16, the entire Battery left the château for the artillery target range at Camp de Coëtquidan, hiking a distance of twenty-five miles through a scorching hot sun and clouds of dust, arriving there late in the afternoon of the same day. On arrival at camp the men were assigned to billets.



WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO MOVE HOMEWARD,
GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

The camp was situated on a high hill and contained several hundred frame and brick buildings, power plants and many bathhouses. Also a German prison camp was located here in which many Germans were billeted. Adjoining the camp were many small cafés, jewelry stores, dry goods stores and quite a few restaurants, all of which were

operated by French citizens. On the Monday morning following the arrival at camp, the first and second gun crews participated in their first actual firing of the famous French 75's, the crews being given practice in direct fire, the firing being conducted under the supervision of Lieut. Col. S. R. Hopkins, commanding the Second Battalion. The crews conducted themselves like veterans, the way in which they handled the guns was surprising, as the men had only one week of training on the guns. Twice each week the crews went to the range for practice and as they progressed, the men were practiced in firing the various kinds of barrages, the laying being both direct and indirect. Toward the end of the course the crews were practiced in firing at targets representing tanks. On days not spent at the range, the crews were given simulated gun drill four hours each day. Lieut. Col. Kiefer, commandant of the camp, through Gen. Glenn paid the following tribute to the men composing the 158th Field Artillery Brigade, "The 158th Field Artillery Brigade is the best all-around Brigade that ever trained at the camp." The stay here lasted for a period of five weeks, having been on the range eight times in all and qualifying for active duty at the Front in that period of time.



GIERSHOFEN—D AND E BATTERIES—BILLETING AREA

DEPARTURE FOR FRONT

On the night of September 19, at ten o'clock, the entire Battery mounted and all wheeled matériel left camp for the Front, arriving at the railroad station at about two o'clock in the morning. Just after daybreak all animals and wheeled matériel were loaded on the train and at 8.30 the train with all officers and men aboard pulled out of the station. Ten to twelve men occupied a car, the men being supplied rations which consisted of "Bully-beef," "Cornwillie," bread, jam and hot coffee. Each car was provided with bales of hay on which the men slept. Passing through many towns and cities, among which were Rennes, Le Mans and Versailles, the Battery ar-

rived at Souilly, Sunday morning, September 2. After unloading, the Battery encamped in a near-by woods, remaining there until about dusk that evening, when orders came to move forward. Moving forward under a downpour of rain, we reached a woods early in the morning, having traveled twenty kilometers. Remaining here all day, we broke camp about dusk that evening, moving forward to take up position. After moving forward a distance of about three kilometers, the Battery came to a halt along the road, due to a congestion of traffic. While waiting to move forward again, the men received their baptism of fire, the German front-line trenches being only a few hundred yards away in a near-by woods, and they having direct



BATTERY E, PICKET LINE

observation on all roads and points in the immediate vicinity. After the shelling started, the column moved forward, the Battery moving along at a very rapid pace to a church. Here the Germans again shelled the men who were seeking shelter behind the carriages, the Germans continuing the shelling throughout the

entire night. Early the next morning, the Battery returned to the woods which they occupied the previous day, remaining there all day and moving forward by a different route that evening. After journeying for several hours over a rough and narrow road, the Battery reached its destination at the edge of the Argonne Forest, pitching camp there that night. Just after daybreak all carriages and wheeled matériel were camouflaged with leaves and branches of trees as a protection against being spotted by enemy aviators, who at this time were very plentiful in that vicinity. Early this same morning, the men witnessed for the first time several air battles which took place almost directly above where they were encamped. In the several battles which took place that morning, one Yankee aviator succeeded in downing his opponent, much to the joy and satisfaction of the men. During the day, caisson after caisson load of ammunition was hauled, preparatory to the great drive which was to be launched two days later.

MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE

At midnight of September 25, our guns were put into position, and by three o'clock the Battery was ready to fire. At 2.00 a.m. the heavy artillery started its preparation fire, hurling shell after shell into the German lines, marking the beginning of the great Franco-American Offensive, which will go down into history as one of the greatest and most successful offensives of the entire war. It was estimated that 4700 guns were used, among which were many giant sixteen-inch naval guns manned by American and French sailors. At 5.30, Battery E, along with hundreds of other batteries of the same caliber, opened fire on the German lines. So effective was the fire and so great was the concentration of artillery that the Germans failed to send back any reply. At 6.00 the doughboys went "over the top" behind our barrage, capturing many prisoners and sweeping everything before them, and driving the Germans



GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

back seven kilometers. At 11.00 our Battery ceased firing, having fired continually for five and one-half hours. This occasion marked the men's first time in action, both men and officers conducting themselves in a very cool manner. The objective was a hill which the French had tried time after time to take but failed, with the loss of several thousand lives. Here the Germans had been entrenched for four long years, living in neatly constructed dugouts containing electric lights, sleeping quarters and dining rooms. After ridding the hill of Germans, Yankee soldiers found dugouts which contained all manner of drinks and eats, also dugouts which were used as machine shops. The Battery remained in this position for two days and two nights, moving out of position on the morning of September 28. On October 1, the Battery moved from the woods to a near-by field, leaving here at 9.00 p.m., October 4, for Camp Gallieni, marching the entire night, arriving at Camp Gallieni about 8.00 the following morning and remaining there all day. That night the Battery moved

forward to take up position east of the Meuse River and Nord Canal. Traveling all that night, the Battery pulled into position about eight o'clock in the morning, the drivers and limbers returning to Camp Gallieni about 3.30 p.m., October 5.



BATTERY E SUPPLY SHED—GIERSHOFEN

During our stay here, the Battery fired several barrages, encountering very little opposition from the Germans. On the afternoon of October 9, we moved forward about four kilometers, taking up position in a valley near which was the town of Marre,

which had been heavily shelled. After our arrival, the men witnessed about one hundred and fifty Allied planes returning from a bombing expedition on German ammunition dumps, the largest number we ever saw assembled together. The following morning we opened up fire on the German lines, laying down a barrage which lasted for several hours and which proved to be very effective. That afternoon the Battery sustained its first casualties, the Germans dropping a large shell, which exploded in front of the first piece, killing two and wounding five. Those killed were Pvs.



VIEW OF GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

1st Class James Roger Naylor and Herman Hofner, and the wounded were Sgt. Thomas M. Brooks, Gunner Cpl. George H. Tiegler, Pvs. Charles Hope and Ever Beacraft of the first piece, and Pvt. 1st Class Walter Hawthorn, who was No. 1 of the second piece. The men were given first aid treatment, later being loaded into ambulances and carried to a hospital back of the lines, Pvt. Hope dying while en route.

Pvts. Naylor and Hofner were buried in a near-by field, Regimental Chaplain H. A. Rinard conducting the last sad rites. The deaths of these men cast a shadow of gloom over the Battery; all of them were very likable young fellows and their passing away brought home the war more forcibly to all. Pvt. Naylor had been a member of the Battery since December 13, 1917, having come to Camp Sherman from Washington County, Pennsylvania. He left to mourn his loss, his parents and two sisters. Pvt. Hofner was a member of E Battery since May 24, 1918. He left to mourn his loss, his parents, wife and one child, all of whom reside at Louisville, Kentucky. A sad part about his passing was the fact that he never lived to see his little son, who was born while the father was at Camp Coëtquidan.

Pvt. Charles Hope, who died in an ambulance on his way to the hospital, had been a member of the Battery since July, 1918, having joined the Battery while we were at Messac, France. The young man sailed for overseas with a regiment of in-



BATTERY D AND E MESS HALLS, GIERSHOFEN

fantry, in February, 1918. Soon after his arrival at the Front with his company, he was taken ill with typhoid fever and was sent to a hospital in France, where he remained for three months, leaving there and going to an artillery camp at Angers, from which place he came to our Battery. His home was in Wichita Falls, Texas.

During our stay in this sector, the Battery was subject to fierce enemy shell fire. On October 13, 2d Lieut. Jacob P. Brenner and Pvt. Clarence Hawkins were seriously wounded during the course of a fierce shelling of our position, Lieut. Brenner receiving a serious wound in the foot and elsewhere about the body, necessitating his removal to the hospital. Pvt. Hawkins received a very serious wound about the head, which rendered him unconscious and he later was removed to the hospital. On the afternoon of the 16th, by some unknown cause, the gun of the 4th section exploded, wounding the gunner, George F. Hane, about the forehead, and Pvt. Edgar F. Burrous about the head and left arm, the other members of the crew

escaping with slight injuries. After remaining here for a period of eight days, the Battery moved to take up position on the outskirts of the Belleu Woods. Upon their arrival at this position, the "Frit-zies" were putting on a party, but fortunately their shells were not directed toward us. Establishing the position here that night, the Battery was ready to fire before daylight on the morning of October 19. The night of October 22 will always remain a memorable one in the history of this Battery, for on this night we were subjected to the worst shelling that we had thus far encountered. All night long without any intermission, the German artillery fairly rained shell after shell on our position, with a large per cent of casualties, which



GERMAN MILKMAIDS, GIERSHOFEN

included two killed, two seriously wounded and several gassed. Those killed were Pvts. 1st Class Leo E. Dwyer and Russell J. Smith, members of the signal detail, who occupied a spot in a large communication trench which ran parallel to the battery position. Both men were killed instantly, due to the explosion of a gas shell. Both men had been members of the Battery since

its early days, coming to Camp Sherman with the second contingent of selective service men from Montgomery County, Ohio. Those wounded seriously included 1st Lieut. William R. Goodall and Pvt. 1st Class Albert C. Plassmeyer, both of whom occupied the telephone station immediately in the rear of the guns. Both men were on duty at the time, Lieut. Goodall as executive and Pvt. Plassmeyer as telephone operator. The gas shell which fell in their dugout rendered Lieut. Goodall helpless and knocked Plassmeyer unconscious, later necessitating the removal of both to the hospital, where Pvt. Plassmeyer died, on October 28, without regaining consciousness. Lieut. Goodall received burns about the face and a large amount of gas in the lungs, later recovering from the effects. During our stay here, the Battery sustained a loss of twenty-three men, including killed, wounded and gassed. It was in these woods the Germans were putting forth a most stubborn resistance against the triumphal force of Americans who kept driving them back more and more each day.

At about eight thirty o'clock on the night of October 28, the Battery was relieved by the 104th Field Artillery.

Traveling all night we arrived at Camp Gallieni early the next morning, remaining there for two days. Leaving there on October 31, we moved forward through Avocourt to near Montfaucon, where we encamped in a woods the remainder of the night. Passing through Nantillois on November 3, we came to a woods, where we encamped for one week, moving again this time in the direction of Dun-sur-Meuse, crossing the Meuse River at Dun at night. The Battery encamped for the night about five kilometers from Haraumont. Leaving early the next morning and passing through Haraumont, we arrived at the town of Brehéville at noon. Upon the arrival there the Germans were in retreat. We remained alongside the road for the remainder of the day and going into position in a thicket northeast of the town of Brehéville.



JUICE CART

THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

November 11 marked the cessation of hostilities. At eleven o'clock all firing ceased, much to the joy of the men. The event was without any demonstration on the part of any of the men. The Battery remained in this position until the morning of the 12th, and then moved into billets at Brehéville. During the stay here the men were kept busy cleaning matériel and harness, also bathing and policing up in general. November 16 the Battery moved to the town of Ecurey, about three kilometers farther south, at which place we stayed for two days. During the stay at Brehéville, the Battery was notified that it would be permanently attached to the 32d Division and accompany that Division on its march to the Rhine. On November 16, the Battery was outfitted with many new horses, preparatory to beginning its march to the Rhine.

THE MARCH TO THE RHINE

At half past seven, Sunday morning, November 17, 1918, the Battery began the historic march to the Rhine, leaving the town of Ecurey and arriving at Sorbey, parking in a barnyard, and sleeping

in billets that were provided us by the townspeople. November 18, they left Sorbey and arrived at Cons la Grandeville, where we billeted, remaining there until the morning of the 20th, and arriving at Zeover about dusk, and sleeping in pup tents in an open field, having served



UNLIMBERING PREPARATORY TO FIRING

as advance guard for the 127th Infantry. The following day the Battery acted as advance guard for the 128th Infantry, arriving in Hostert that night. On the 23d, we moved forward to Sennigen, being relieved from advance guard. On Saturday, November 23, we arrived at Manternach in Luxembourg, about three kilometers from the German border. Here we remained for one week,

spending Thanksgiving Day here. On Sunday morning, December 1, the Battery crossed the Sauer River into the town of Wasserbillig, Germany, and continued the march all that day, arriving at Möhn, Germany, that night, and sleeping in barns. December 2, Orenhofen was reached, stopping there for the night and proceeding to Herforst the following morning, arriving there about noon. The Battery remained at Herforst until the morning of December 5, moving forward to Bleckhausen, arriving on December 6 at Boxberg. The 7th and 8th of December were passed in Luxem. At noon on December 11, Rubenach was reached and we remained there until Friday, December 13. While at Rubenach, a large dance hall was used as sleeping quarters.



BATTERY E, ON HIKE IN GERMANY

Friday morning, December 13, the famous river Rhine was crossed, arriving at the city of Sayn that night and sleeping in Sayn castle. The following day they removed to a town hall, in which we slept and lived for a period of two days, leaving early Sunday morning, December 15, for Giershofen, at

which place the Battery arrived about noon, thus completing our journey.

The following letter of commendation from the Commanding General of the 32d Division to the Commanding General of the 158th F. A. Brigade, will prove interesting to the members of the Battery.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., BASSENHEIM, GERMANY

11 DECEMBER, 1918

From: Commanding General 32d Division A. E. F.

To: Commanding General 158th Art. Brigade.

Subject: Commendation.

1. I have noted especially during the latter part of the march of your Brigade to the Rhine, the excellent march discipline maintained by the Brigade. This excellence has also been commented upon by various Officers of the Corps and Army. I request that you express to the Officers of the Brigade my appreciation of the good work thus done.

2. It has likewise been my impression that the animals of the Brigade have been well cared for during the march and that they begin to show signs of improvement in condition.

(Signed) WM. LASSITER,
Major General U. S. Army.

The following description of the Franco-American bombardments of the German positions on the night of September 26, was sent by Reuters to the American Press:

“With the American Army on the Champagne, Thursday night, September 26. Last night’s bombardment of the German lines preparatory to the attack was a magnificent spectacle. It was a cloudless night and thousands of guns, all firing furiously, wreathed the hills in a ceaseless sparkle of flame like myriads of fireflies. For six hours the roar of the cannon, like the roll of a giant drum, was unbroken. The staff work of the American Army was excellent. Continuous touch was maintained between divisions and reports were received without delay. The transport of supplies is working without a hitch.”

HOW DID YOU FEEL?

When you boarded the train to go to camp?
When you put on your first uniform?
When you spent your first Christmas in a military camp?
When you left Camp Sherman for the port of embarkation?
When you had your first dose of seasickness?
When you first saw the chasers?
When you ate those big meals at Knotty Ash?
When you first donned your overseas cap?
When you spent the night on the English Channel?
When you first saw those endless truck trains coming from the Front?
When you received your first mail from home?
When the first German shell fell near you?
When you heard the gas Klaxon for the first time?
When you saw your first German prisoner, recently taken?
When you saw the first dead soldier?
When you were relieved from before Brabant-sur-Meuse?
When November 11 arrived?
When you started for "God's Country"?

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG BOOK OF PVT. WILLIAM
DILL—BATTERY F

Saturday, January 5. A general inspected us to-day. You can't help feelin' sorry for his wife. She must spend most of her time lookin' for a new hired girl. I can just see him when he's home. I bet he comes down to breakfast every morning an' looks under all the plates to see if they was washed on both sides. An' then he probably licks his finger an' runs it along the top of the ice box.



BRUCKRACHDORF—BILLETING PLACE, BATTERY F

If that fello' ever said anything nice to anyone I bet he'd come back an' apologize. He's the kind that eats his own young.

A couple of hours before he came they telephoned to have a horse for him. He could drive up in his limozine to 50 yds. of where the Battery was lined up. Generals never walk, though. That's a rule in the drill regulashuns. I guess the first general was a cripple and they handed down the custom. If they could get



PICKET LINE, BATTERY F, BRUCKRACHDORF

the horse in the limozine and get on him there they'd do it.

Everybody know the general wasn't comin' over to hang no reaths 'round nobodies neck so we all slicked up pretty well to humer him. The place was so clean that nobody darn't sit down all morning

for fear of getting something dirty. I wonder if generals think things always look like that. If they ever blew in durin' the week they'd have an applectic fit.

Everything would have gone off as well as you could expect



GAS LIZARDS WAITING FOR OFFICERS TO COMPLETE INSPECTION

though only for that horse. I don't know who picked him out but his sense of humer must have had a bad fall when it was young. A jokes all right in its place but its place aint under a general. The horse was so big that the general like to have busted his pants and the aids back gettin' up.

As soon as he got set the horse took a couple of steps. Then he sat down in the mud like a dog an' let out a groan as if he'd had an attack of heart burn or something.

Of course it was all off then. You might as well have buried everything in the mud for inspeckshun. By the time he'd coxed that horse up to the Battery he was so mad he'd have found rust on the pearly gates and put St. Pete under arrest for not bein' shaved.

By the time he got round to my sekshun I thought he was due to be out of breath. I had a little rip in my pants that I hadn't had time to sew up. Nothin' that anybody'd notice. Just mi knee stick'n through a little. That fello' could see a hole in a fello's under-shirt.



MAJOR GENERAL, GENERAL AND COLONEL OF 322 F. A. DEPARTING, AFTER INSPECTION OF WHEELED MATÉRIEL

When he came up to me he looked me all over like I was a window

dummie that he didn't care much about. Then he says to the Capt'n, "What do you mean by lettin' a man stand inspeckshun like that?"

The Capt'n looked at me kind of surprised like he'd never seen me before. Then he turns to the sergeant an' says, "Sergeant, I want a report on why that man was permitted to stand inspeckshun in that condishun."

They all talk as tho they was doin' me a favor by lettin' me stand inspeckshun, I'll tell the world I didn't go around and ask nobody's permishun.

The sergeant looked at my pants kind of hurt as if I hadn't ask him

for a new pair 37 times. After the general had put the whole Battery under arrest an' rode away in his car to get some raw meat the sergeant sighed like a fello' that everybody's against. Then he turns to the corporal an' says, "What, the this an' that, do you mean by gettin' me in Dutch, you big space filler?"

So the corporal sticks me on a detail manicurin' the streets for a couple of days. About all there is left for me is to go around an' kick a few horses in the stummick after dark.

The funny part of it all is that everybody knew there hadn't been no trousers issued since we got here. Half the fello's in the Battery is comin'

through in places the general couldn't see because he was mounted. That don't make no difference. A fello's knees don't have no rights in this mans army. I wish I was a Lady from Hell an' I wouldn't have to bother about pants.

They call this passin' the buck. They got it fixed in the army so that nothin' aint ever nobodies fault. Its always on the next fello'



MAJ. GEN. LASSITER MOUNTING HIS SPEED X AFTER THE INSPECTION



BATTERY F

down. This works out pretty good unless you happen to be the bottom step, like me. I don't know why they call it passing the Buck. I never saw it pass him yet.

I hear we're goin' home pretty soon. I certainly hope we get out of this dump. The mess sergeant says there's goin' to be a meetin' of all the mess sergeants in the regiment to-morrow afternoon. As soon as that's over, he says, we'll leave. The only way they'll ever get me in a uniform again is to use it for a shroud. If I ever have a kid an' find him even as much as steppin' off with his left foot he's goin' to get the thrashin' of his life.

NOTHIN' ELSE HAPPENED TO-DAY.

SUPPLY COMPANY

THE DAYS AT SHERMAN

Says the Supply Company: Takes all kinds o' people t' make a world, all kinds of characters with all kinds of characteristics—and every world had its Melting Pot—and naturally everything has to copy after this big world. Take a military regiment for instance. It's just picked from the world and course it's got its all kinds of characters with all kinds of characteristics, and of course the 322d F. A. had to have its melting pot, too, and when it comes to meltin' pots, the Supply Company seems to make a dandy place to melt down



anything. So all a man had to do to get into the Supply was to get in bad with his C. O., or delve into the mysteries of A. W. O. L., lam another guy in the eye, or just simply lay down on his job. When "A" gets tired of her Top Kick, Supply started settin' aside a space just about Van Leuvan's length; when Headquarters got tired of one of its specialties, in walks Michaels; "D" had too much energy, so over comes Hutch, Hody and Shepherd, to Supply's advantage—after a little trimmin' up.

Same attitude prevails when they start organizing the Supply: In comes a bunch of rookies, all the B. C.'s give them the once over, knock off all but about four or five, then the Colonel turns to Capt. Dissing 'n says, "Well, Capt'n, you get four men out o' this bunch, take your pick." It aint good policy to fill up a Supply to full strength right off the bat either, cause time they get to meltin' down for a couple months it's way over stocked. Course the Supply aint nothin' but a bunch of mules, manure and common labor, so what they generally ask for, and undoubtedly get, are the old hill climbers,

the husky clod hopper, lion tamers and hard laborers—and takin' everything into consideration, when you get a clod of this kind of stuff to stickin' together, it generally makes a hunk of clay, fearin' only the Lord and no commandments and the man at the gun is going

to eat if they ever get the eats far enough for the Supply to lay hands on it so as to be able to tote it on up.

Supply here, bein' no different from any others, they starts organizin' according to regulations. Course they were handicapped right on the start by a bunch of non-coms being



FORMING WAGON TRAIN

already on the job, but the Cap'n having been under non-coms once his'self, knows the difficulties, and knows how to overcome them: So the Supply mooches right along up, startin' out gettin' a square deal, and Supply aint had its share of recognition.

One place they all made their first big mistake, though; the Y just had to show it was on the job, so it starts a little athletic enthusiasm floatin' around. The Cap'n didn't have much confidence in said bunch of earth tillers and pure brawn break-in' any speed records, so right off the bat he starts makin' excuses, "Dese men aint gott time f'r such foolishness," but the Y, tryin' to live up to its rep of good fellowship, didn't want to hurt anyone's feelin's so she includes the Supply in her program just to sort o' flatter her and kind o' let her down easy, anyhow.

But they all overlooked this here meltin' down stuff, aforesaid, and when "C" hands P. O. Quirk his papers and he walks down two



WAGON TRAIN

barracks to the S. C., accompanied by Cousin Jonnie Padgett, they lost a mighty good football bet, Patrick O'Leary Quirk, jest roll the fightin' Irish of it around your tongue and taste the results. Then take old Joe Moehler, tryin' to learn how to doctor horses in State University, but playin' better football than doctorin', and then Bass Ward aint got all kinds of swimmin' medals hanging on his chest for nothin'; and Ernie Nitzke, never seen a football game before but gets out there the same day he gets his shot and throws that lop-sided pill like it was a baseball he'd been throwin' all his life for a livin' and there's Monk Johnson, don't nobody know much about Monk, cause Monk didn't consider that a good policy, 'n Barney could outbutt any goat goin', and get your goat quicker than anybody goin', course they had to have another man in the back field, and Barrar bein' about the first comer in the Supply they didn't want to hurt his feelin's, so they just let him stay back there, too, and, oh, boy, when this crowd lines up and started leavin' clouds of dust behind—with Joe callin' the numbers and



WHEN SOLDIERS CLEAN HOUSE

handin' the ball to Ernie or Barrar as they came around the corners, or steppin' outa the way of Barney as he came buttin' through from full, P. O. tossin' the ball back from center with Ol' Bill Engle and Fackler, just a couple o' kids who'd only been firin' and runnin' a locomotive for the past twelve years, on either side, and Glenn Huston only bein' a frail blacksmith and Monk Johnson another two hundred pounder, playin' tackle, Bass holdin' down one end and Jenks on the other when he wasn't bewailin' his old age—then's when the Supply Company began climbin' the ladder of recognition—then's when the 322^d began learnin' they had a Supply Company, and after the first game, Lieut. Post started gettin' interested. All the men take off their hats to Loot Post, all of 'em darn glad the team won him enough jack for a rip roarin' Leave, and hated like hell to lose him. Can't forget neither that Roger Enwright took part in the game. Who was it says Roger musta thought the football field was a ball-

room and when there wasn't nothin' between the goal and the husky tearing down the field but Roger, that Roger wanted to congratulate him when he stepped out of his way and caught him by the sleeve, but the rude fellow didn't seem to want to shake hands and just about

that time somebody felled him for his bad manners; 'n Roger got his bran' new football suit dirty, too.

Them were the first good old days of Camp Sherman, when the Supply wasn't taken seriously in athletics and then showed them all up. Won't nobody forget just before Xmas of 1917 when Supply and "A" came together for the supremacy in football, more jack floated around that day than water on the high seas; then mabe Joe Horner didn't loom out when he got where a basket ball was bein' man-



BATTERY A VS. SUPPLY COMPANY

handled. Couldn't see nothin' but lots of Horners on the floor and he seemed to always be just under the basket catchin' the ball as it dropped through. Everybody admits Supply was a little too rough in Soccer, but that's a angerin' game anyhow. Didjasay, baseball, or didjasay Nitzke, they both mean the same thing, and if Bunk hadn't been gettin' too much money in civil life for playin' the game and would a done the same thing on thirty per, the Supply sure would have been invincible there too. Then, ther's the time poor old Douglas left his cookin' to play football, and then being the only man in the Supply to hit hard luck and get laid up for several days; then Mitman started helpin' Jenks out at end.



CLEANING HARNESS

Nobody aint forgettin' the first old days at Sherman, when Baker was officiatin' as Top Kicker, getting things runnin' right and gettin' the office orderly too, cause Hawkshaw done proudly said his former

business was detectivin', and Hawkshaw could always ferret out any place he was sent. Then the physically unfit were sorted out and we lost Humphrey, Old Humph didn't like water but he was a good fellow at that, and he didn't have a thing on Rice cause that man detested anything wet and it always took about four or six boys to help him to take a shower bath; then Firestine and Douglas got their unfit quittin' papers, both good men, and then Bud Ary's reumatism got the better of him, and he had to go back, made old Slim Devoe feel almost as bad as it did Bud good. Then along about that time poor Anderson died, the Supply's first death and everybody hatin' it too. Then they started weedin' 'em out on farmin' claims, and Carl Huston went, and Wehrle too quiet to claim his own soul, ceptin' when P. O. convinced him he could throw anything 'n the Supply—and he tried it—then he lost his soul altogether. Then they let Rottman go to take care of his family—the old boy could crab more in his few wakin' hours than a hard boiled lobster could in any ordinary day twice as long as these. Then they had to go and take Old Bill



COAL DETAIL

Danacker and Burba, 'member the time they carried Burba passed the barracks on the stretchers, when Burba hurt his back at the stables—the way the men came piling out of those barracks, you'd thought they were giving something away outside. It took little Frank Papetti to put 'em on the pan though, Frank could darn near throw a fit any time he wanted to, and there wan't no one or two men holdin' him either, cause when Frank threw any fits he threw 'em right, and didn't come out of 'em till he got darn good and ready; got away with it too, cause it wasn't long before Frank got his papers—darn glad of it too, that man didn't use any sense about his fits. Take Martin for instance, delicate little Martin Liberkowski. Martin was highly insulted when he first came in cause Barrar took one peek at his physique and fell on him with a loving look as a football find, but Martin was shocked. Take for instance when Martin would throw a fit, he'd calmly and very ladylike, simply fall down

flat on his face or which ever way he happened to be balanced and lay there quietly till it was time to get up, it made no difference to Martin whether he was in the mess line or not either, whenever he wanted to fit, he fit, that's all. Martin's ignorance at the stables was real bliss too, the way he'd walk around the fighting end of a mule



GUARD FATIGUE

would give you a sinkin' feelin' around the heart. One man couldn't stand it anymore so he hollers, "For the love of Pete, Martin, talk to those mules when you walk up behind them, or you'll get your brains kicked out." "Oh," says Martin, in his sweet treble, and forthwith walks up within range for a nice barrage, 'n says,

"Hello," as if he'd just met his best girl, and calmly enters the stall. One little lady, not understanding Martin's sweet disposition took a side swipe at him, "Oh, you mean thing," exclaims he, and from then on had nothing whatsoever to do with her. Martin got across with his fits though, and when they handed Martin his papers, the Supply hated to see him go, cause that left them absolutely without any femininity whatever.

Thers all kinds of characters in every company, but you never see any of their characteristics till you hap-



ARTILLERY SOLDIERS UNLOADING MANURE

pen into the bath house between retreat and taps, there's where tales flow easily, there's where you learn things that never goes down on a man's service record, there's where the past, present and future of every man comes out sooner or later—and right there is where you will hear every man talk most, and then along at that time between call to quarters and taps when the man is lying in his bed

thinking things over and when thers supposed to be no talking, then too, occasionally they let loose, and they're always tales of interest.

The old bath-house has her specials too; there's James (George) Washington, George has barbered in more companies and camps than any man in the service—but George's wanderlust always carried him further, and George was a good sport too, he'd just as soon shoot you craps for a hair cut or shave as put it down on the company book, cause it made no difference to George, he'd lose it in craps after he got it anyhow. Everybody says George was a good barber, if you could get him to do any barberin', and George would barber too, fifteen minutes after pay day when he was broke in order to get another stake again; and George never lost faith in himself. Then there was George's side kick, Ferdinand Foster, we believe Ferdie was spoiled at home, and Ferdie was undisputed champion cusser of the Company with no challengers; then we come to Benny, Benny Cottenbrook, Benny had been there, gone through two mills, and showed life things it



FIELD MESS

never saw before, and there was real lonesomeness too, when Benny, George and Ferdie hit the long trail for Waco, Texas. No wonder Polly Erdman volunteered as steady bath-house orderly, cause the man holdin' that position was boss politician of the spare hours, and Polly reigned supreme until the Base Hospital took a good look at him and decided Polly would make a better civilian than soldier. Then Crawford got canned, Crawford had soldiered before and knew the game, so he didn't stick. Monk Johnson and Grove Edingfield volunteered to go overseas, Monk says, "I've got a brother whose been over there in the trenches for the last four years, and aint got a scratch on him yet. I don't believe they got a war over there, 'n I'm goin' over to see." And Old Edingfield went along too. Eddie was the funniest combination of pious man and I-don't-give-a-damn man you ever saw. He'd cuss an hour straight for a spell and then bawl you out fifteen minutes later for easin' your tongue up a little. But how that old boy could cook, though.

Every man mostly thinks of the time he soldiered first, and likes the man he soldiered with first. Take back there in old little half sized bath-house at Sherman, they built it for fifty men, then raised the Supply to over one hundred men, but forgot to raise the bath-



GALLERY PRACTICE

house too—but along towards evening you might first hear Benny tellin' George Huglo about what him and Sally Ann did back in nineteen so and so, and when it come to tellin' things Benny didn't top George by any great heights, and it wouldn't be long before the old audience would be gathered, and Washington would disappear to get his comb and piece of paper, and the music he could get out of that thing was delicious, and he and Ferdie would strike some Hawaiian strain or a little jazz while Benny put on the hooch, and its many a professional that would envy that man, when it come to hoochin'.

Benny wasn't no mean man with the dice either, but Donald Fiske was the Monte Carlo of the Supply, and it wasn't long till Donald introduced "All down and up she comes" and it cost Joe Opo many a penny too before he got his education. Joe

couldn't say his own name in the American tongue when he first "enlisted" but Joe was soon put through the mill, and is a good all around American citizen now. When it come to shootin' craps though, Ed Kennedy got his share before he went to the Depot Brigade. Ed had a pretty soft soldierin' life, seein' as how he kept his big seven passenger car down to camp with him, it didn't hardly do not to treat Ed nice. Joe Szymanowski had the pull of the com-

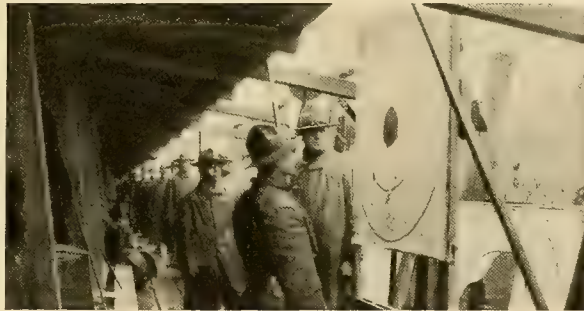
housed towards evening you might first hear Benny tellin' George Huglo about what him and Sally Ann did back in nineteen so and so, and when it come to tellin' things Benny didn't top George by any great heights, and it wouldn't be long before the old audience would be gathered,



RIFLE RANGE—FIRE!

pany though, and many're the times Joe would tell how he and the Colonel rode down town in the motorcycle and he'd advise the Colonel on many questions of import. Joe, the Cap'n and Col. stood as one, and they'd sooner resign themselves than fire Joe—but—as Joe said, they need expert mechanics down in Texas and this was a General Order or the Cap'n and Col. would never let him go.

The Supply had quite a shift of Loots too; course Post and Eddie Mac, or Eddie MacNichol, if you wish, were the first on the jobs, and Eddie stuck clear through Camp Sherman, and Eddie wasn't such a bad scout at all—outside of crabbing—but when it came to Chapman ringin' in his school teachin' ideas on the Supply Company for a while, assisted by Brown at the stables. Brown didn't seem to be very familiar with the stables, and they wasn't there to learn, but no doubt they did. Then Tiny Wales came along; only one thing we didn't like about Bunny, and that's that he wanted to ride up in balloons and left the Supply, taking the entire respect of the Supply with him. Then Lt. Ryder—there's one



RIFLE RANGE "BUTTS"

man all the boys liked to take exercise under—time he'd mop his brow, walk up and down in front of the company with his hands behind his back and get a command goin' it'd be time to quit, and thas whatcha call gettin' off easy. Mabe Chapman didn't make up for it though, when he leads the Company for a seven mile hike, it seemed, double timin', one mornin', just to try endurance, he says, and there were Supply Company men strung all over that route after the first three or four hundred yards, and when the Loot got to the end of his journey he didn't have to dismiss the company, cause there wasn't any company with him to dismiss.

Can't forget J. Guy McCormick, neither, Ex-Top Kick of the Supply, Mack must o' had some sea-farin' blood in his veins, cause he had the old sailors habit of placing one hand on his belly, one hand on the back of his trousers, and scrooching up his pants. Mack wasn't leveled quite right either, cause one shoulder would insist upon staying about two inches higher than the other one, and everybody

held their breath when Mack did about face, and thought sure he'd break a leg one of these days, but Mack wouldn't take any chances and would always get around in about six or seven shifts. Every time Mack would salute, a man would have to close his eyes,



STRAW PILE

cause J. Guy was sure reckless with that thumb of his. He'd keep his arm flattened against his side, raise his fore arm reckless like—with his thumb stickin' straight out, and how he missed his eye every time, is a mystery yet.

Then Bill Smith steps in when Mack leaves. The Cap'n's army regulations tells him he just naturally had to have a Top Sergeant, and Bill's six foot, 'n something, toppin' everybody else, he was picked. Bill had been running the forage end of the game and had the boys hustling oats and hay so he was now put in charge of the gang. Buck Buckman was settin' himself for the job, but they'd already taken down Buck's service flag at home, when they got the news that he was made Supply Sergeant; it was supposed he didn't want to put them to the trouble of puttin' it up again.

Everybody was just gettin' settled down to soldiern' too, when winter came sneakin' on 'em. Kinda slipped one over, too, cause she must have been



REST

storin' up her coldest weather for a century before, and then put it all over that year. The Kittens began gettin' rough shod, and the rougher they shod them the rougher they got. Then they organized a firing range about eleven miles away, and only having one way to get there over what they pleased to call roads. The boys began gettin' an idea of real soldiering when they started hauling supplies out there. They never figured on how many would turn over to-day,

or how many would get there, they always wondered if they'd be the lucky one out of the bunch to stand up without accident. Charlie Riley used to worry more about goin' to the range, then he would over his meals, and meals are the things to worry about. Gotta hand it to the Supply for that winter, cause thats when they worked more than they slept or ate, and didn't holler about it either.

Thats where the old bath-house shined too, in the cold weather, and woe unto the man that tried to take a bath along about call-to-quarters when the lights had to go out in the barracks, crap games had to break up, and the men began filterin' out to bathe. Every time too, thats just when Opo would decide to take a bath, and it wasn't no man but would rather stay there and see Joe try to take a bath at that time, than go to any show that the Liberty Theater ever tried to slip over on a poor unsuspecting soldier. Then too, is when rumours of overseas movements began floatin' in stronger then ever, and gotto takin' first place in all arguments, and whenever Kelly could be gotten



LOADING OATS

off the high seas long enough for someone else to get in a word, she'd always drift around to Going Over. Kelly used to salt away anywhere between fourteen and sixteen hundred dollars almost every night, and the women that man knows would make a picket fence clear around the Argonne Forest.

It wasn't long though, till the 322^d began knowing it was their turn to take a trip, and Jenks got to wieldin' his hammer and nails like he was a young man, with Opo always just in the rear with the saw. Col. Devoe and Horner almost wore out their stenciling outfit, and got more red paint on themselves than they did on the crates and boxes, everybody began getting overseas equipment and a funny feeling around their middles.

The smiling days of June had just begun to filter before us. The days that Supply Company put in hauling rations and forage in those odd looking, brown colored wagons, over snowy and icy roads, sometimes leading to the artillery range, sometimes throu camp, when

the mercury in the thermometers were biting off degrees toward the bottom, were a thing of the past. Mess had been put away and all that could be heard was the occasional bang of pans as the K. P.'s were winding up their day's work in the kitchen.

Shadowy figures could be seen moving toward the bath-house.



UNLOADING OATS

Tipperary had just been sung. It finally drifted to, "It's a long Way to Berlin." Of course a Drafted Man could not be sent across the pond as it was ultra vires per Constitution of United States. It is but natural for a group of soldier's to argue or crab. So old Uncle Hiram Winters, with his abettors were lined up on one side of the latrine and those contra were lined up on the other. Old

Webster had nothing on us when it came to arguing. Just then some one turned on the cold water. After dodging soap and mopping up the extra water that had congregated the NEWS was in full sway.

Just then the Officer of the Day stepped in and everything was jake. Yes, even arguing must cease when "Attention" is yelled. O. D.'s never stick around very long so after taking a hurried glance about and assuring himself that every one was busy and no one was loafing, he slammed the door and soon his steps could



STONY CREEK RANGE

be heard fading away in the distance. Some one gave "Rest." The Imperial Quartet, Larry, Enwright, Hockenlightner and Rish, were soon hitting the swells in Mother McCree and occasionally the other less important members of the singers union would strike their favorite note as it came along and the end would sound like a grand opera on Broadway. The flying squadron soon checked in. This

made the assemblage complete. After giving the army hell, because of the new order to do all hauling at night, Kelly soon had us sailing on the deep blue sea and, after assuring us that his experience in the Navy had done him a world of good, we were wondering if we could not suspend the Constitution of the United States and depart immediately for Berlin. Suddenly the long, shrill notes of the bugle filled the air. "Dam the bugle," snapped Berky. We all moved to the further edge of our seat so as to be ready in case of any emergency. Everything was set now for the discussion, old, new, and expected orders of military importance. Even the air had its flavor of Omar, Piedmont, Camels and Psh! went the lights. Here comes the O. D. Everyone was in the barracks and either asleep or had just got up to see if "All was well" when he arrived. Many were the dreams that night judging from the nazal sounds that only a group of soldiers can produce.

Imagine our surprise! Honest to Goodness passenger coaches were strewn along the Camp Sherman siding in the morning. Great was the rubbing of eyes after the bugles had blown. The next few days were busy ones. Jenk and Horner were kept busy slapping "A. E. F." on boxes. In fact so lovingly were the K. P.'s attached to those beautiful tables in the mess hall that "A. E. F." was noticed upon them. Harness, set after set, was shoved carefully (?) in boxes. Wagons were taken apart and painted. Then came the days of long distance calls and telegrams. We got our backs ready for the first touch of the haversack. Eddie Mack takes us all outside and lines up the Company. That bunch lined up like real soldiers too; talk about your military fits; they were right though, that's what pockets were made for, to put things in and no stipulated amount, and aint no man going to leave bananas, apples or anything like that behind when he's got pockets to put them in, and cause a few things like that couldn't be crammed in and were stickin' out, wasn't no reason for Eddie to

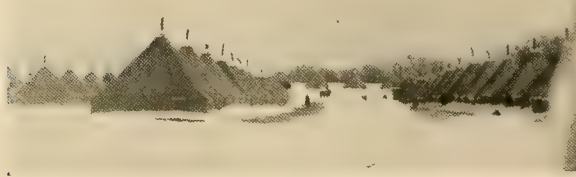


CLEANING TENT CHIMNEY

make a lot o' fuss about, but Eddie had to have something to holler about, and he sure had us up a tree when he says no packages should be sticking outside, and nothing but the haversacks and blanket rolls.

Everybody was looking at those cars settin' right in front of us on the tracks; but o' course these wasn't our cars, wasn't no sense in

bringin' cars right up to a person's door, and nothin' like walking a man about half a mile when you got the chance—and it sure was ideal time for the railroads to run out o' pullmans when the 322d had to leave. Anyhow, Eddie lines the men up



CAMP

outside the barracks, "Line up," says he, "and be sure and get in your proper places." Couldn't blame Eddie for that, cause wasn't it just a few days before that Camp Taylor loaded most of their responsibilities on to the 322d and Supply got its fill up of Kentucky rookies, and they almost ate the place out of house and home before they could be rationed down to their size. "Tension" pleaded Eddie, "Right Dress" and "Front" both about the same time, cause he might as well, if he didn't make them quit right dressin' they'd be swaying back and forth there all day. "Open ranks, march"

comes next, and everybody got away with it too, still holdin' on to all excess baggage. "Prepare for inspection" Eddie insisted, but what could a man do but stand there and hold on to his packages? Eddie went stone blind then, but how he got past all those bundles without bumpin' against them, shows he was pretty clever and when he rubbed against some one's pillow, he didn't see that, but P. O. Quirk



"BATTERY TARGET," ARTILLERY RANGE, 1918

was takin' up entirely too much space, and P. O. weighing about two fifty, Eddie just simply had to stop and argue the right of way with him. "Quirk, what have you," Eddie trembles, while a lovely pink improved his already lovely pink features. P. O. glanced down at the one big beautifully wrapped can under his left arm, to the other beautifully wrapped can under his right arm, not big cans they weren't, only just little enough for each arm to circle. Little giggles, all eyes turned in that direction but P. O. never even makes a twitch of an eyelash, not the faintest sign of worry showed itself, "Peaches, sir," says P. O., "P-e-a-c-h-e-s." A blast of the train whistle saved the day, "Close ranks, march." Roll was called next. Eddie had the company down to that point of efficiency at that time to where each section chief called the roll and the section chief passed it up to the Top Kick, and he turned around and handed it to Eddie and then all Eddie had to do was to turn around 'n report to the Capt'n. His report was, one private absent, sir. "Huh," mutters the Cap'n. "One private absent, sir," repeats Eddie. "Who's dot," the Cap'n was anxious to know. "Charles Barber, sir," says Eddie, "Charles Barber." Darn if it wasn't a fact, quiet old Charlie Barber, never said nothin', never asked nothin', never wanted nothin', old Barber who nobody ever took seriously or worried about at all, nobody ever thought of asking him for advice or anything, and here he'd done showed the whole Company up, done slipped one over on the whole crowd, and when everybody come to think of it, nobody had seen Charlie since the night before when they announced that the Company would entrain the following morning, and here he'd done gone and showed he had more sense than the whole shootin' match put together. Later at Camp Mills when a couple guards come walking in with Charlie for company, he explains how he started walking the hundred miles or a little less to his home, and got within a few miles of the place when a plain clothes man picked him up—but after that everybody respected Charlie more then ever they had before.



R. O. 1, ARTILLERY RANGE, 1918

Eddie walks the bunch down to the train though, and as per usual stood around on the outside until the men finally unloaded their packs of their own accord, during which time was put in with the



usual crabbing, then they got the train sectioned off, and in they piled, only to pile right off again to load on baggage, then on they piled again with the never missing instructions not to move a muscle or get off for "any excuse at all," and there they sat for the usual two or three hours, trying to look sober and almost

getting away with it, or trying to look happy with less success, but nobody actually worrying about anything. Wasn't no women around to shed tears and make a fellow feel like cuttin' his throat, so when the old iron boy toots her whistle, and jerks her back, then up again with slowly increasing movement, everybody yelled whether they wanted to or not, and Camp Sherman began walking away—Ole Camp Sherman, dog-gone her, many're the kicks that have been put over there, and many are the times she was brought back to mind when a man got to soldierin'—in another atmosphere.

The bunch gotta settling themselves then for the trip, and the bus pulled into Chillicothe, and everybody gotta craning their necks to see what the "girlie" on the other side of the coach was shedding good tears for—the train had no more than stopped until she was in front of the window where George Dewine was sticking his head out—when she spied her George, the tears started flowin' heav'r than ever. George says he thought the train never would pull out o' there, but she did, and George handed her



SEMAPHORE ON ARTILLERY RANGE,
1918

her final O Revoir, and breathed his first easy breath since he met her.

It was sooth'n to a heavy heart the way people ran around to see the train pass, and wave their hands, and it wasn't long till everybody done fell into the spirit of the trip and people, and was wavin' at everything human they passed. Tyree was the only one that didn't wave and enjoy hi'self, cause Tyree done pick'd up a little American flag somewhere and held it out the window for the whole two days, and got madder'n hell cause everybody he passed didn't salute it. Tyree's been in the army so long he couldn't figure those civilians out. Mabe that crowd didn't like West Virginia when they passed through, when they got to seein' some of the fairy women they raise down there.

They've been wonderin' why they spent so much of their lives in any other part of the country. That little stretch when we got off the cars at Washington, D. C., was just like a man taking a confirmed smoker and blowing good cigar smoke in his face. Then when pass-



ARTILLERY RANGE, COMMUNICATION BY VISUAL SIGNALING

ing through Jersey City and New York, they saw about as much of the city as they did Washington; then came the canvas city of Camp Mills. Nobody don't forget Camp Mills cause thats the last thing in God's country they got to see, and it was only a few short days of that, mostly days of inspection, and then again we steps out for a last train ride on a real honest to goodness train.

EMBARKATION—GOOD-BYE U. S. A.

The long rows of rifles could be seen gleamin' down wharf fifty-seven as Supply Company lined up along its busy corridors. Before us was a sight we had never expected to see. Soon eyes were measurin' up the long side of our transport. Its sides were painted with curious waves of black and white. We were soon filing up the gang-plank but before goin' up we bumped into a lotta red tape. We only had to hand our names back and forth, last name first, first name last an' so on about five different ways before gettin' on the boat. After

once on board not even Quirk was able to rock the boat. Cards had been given us which designated at just what place we were to eat 'n sleep. There was an awful smell below deck but that was soon forgotten as someone shoved you into a dark corner and shouted,



“Where do we sleep? Where is bunk eighty-four?”—however we managed to locate our bunks in short order and equipment was soon piled upon the bunks. Beds were arranged bunk above bunk. It sort o’ look’t like a penitentiary the way things were fixed. What does a soldier care as long as there is a dry place to flop and a promise of three meals a day. We were soon up on deck. Lined up on one side of us was the tall building of the National Biscuit Company while about two hundred yards away was another transport being loaded up with soldiers. It was not long before we were yelling over the side of

the boat at ‘em such exclamations as: “What outfit yu’all from?” “What yu in for?” “Do yu think yu’ll ever come out alive?” while a tall lean guy perched up on the end of the other boat, after looking at the water with sort of a melancholy air, yelled over, “Hay, Buddy, can yu swim?” Someone yelled back, “No, yu fish, we’re goin’ to walk.”

We had all been handed chow cards. Soon the ding-a-ling of a bell could be heard at the far end of the raft and someone yelled, “All down for mess,” but a big fat guy with a blue uniform and enough gold braid danglin’ upon it to make one sort o’ think he was admiral of the whole dam fleet, soon checked us and let us

know right off the bat that as far as mess was concerned he was the king bee. He soon had us showin’ our cards an’ all those that didn’t have “first sitting” stamp’d on ‘em were kicked out of the line. Well, we all stood around on one leg an’ could hardly wait until Supply Companies sitting came. Natur’ly they had us slated for third an’ last sittin’ so we kind’a thought we would not only get our share of



RAILHEAD—DIERDORF, GERMANY

the grub but what was left over as well. After the first bunch came up we were all curious as to what kind o' chow they served on this 'ere boat. We were assured in the most faithful of language that among other things, that is good, they had chicken. Well this sort o' made us feel pretty good so after changin' foots a couple of times and seein' visions of fried chicken, roasted chicken and stewed chicken we were suddenly started by the bell for the third sittin'.

Supply was up an at 'em and after deployin' as skirmishers an' havin' firmly resolved that we could outflank any part o' said chicken that could possibly be shoved before us, we were goin' down the steps on high when Shorty Birkhiemer was suddenly awed by the appearance of a mountain of human flesh tied up in the personage of the guy with the gold lace, who proved to be the steward, with what came to be a familiar cry, "Cards, please." "Cards be damned," said Birk, "we want something to eat." This guy, the steward, sort o' resembled our mess sergeant back in the states, but this bird had an awful bunch of authority. We were soon seated at tables that were covered with white oilcloth an' everything was ready but the feed. We were soon issued ta' from what resembled a sprin-klin' can only this thing contained many bangs 'n dents 'n



U. S. COMMISSARY, DIERDORF

had evidently b'n used as a means of settling a barrage when the waiters from the third class mess hall tried to keep the waiters in the officers' mess hall from going over the top. Here comes the chicken 'an we all shov'd our plates up to be filled but when they returned they contained but one lonely egg. We did not know whether this was the "leavin's" or not but someone assured us this was the first course and all we had to do was to be patient. We don't know who was guilty of stealin' eggs when Noah put out 'n his ark but these eggs sure did date back that far. The next course proved to be stale bread and strong butter, it smell'd about like the ship, 'n after that we were soon hustl'd out of the place so the waiters could "police up." As we passed up the stairs many were the smiles that greeted us. We were promised that our future meals would be better but they wer—n't.

Outside of scratch'n and breathin' fould air 'n seeing all kinds

an' models of submarines we spent a fair night's repose. We began to be towed out of the harbor about nine in the mornin'. We naturally were ordered off the deck and ordered to "close all portholes." Well we got down 'n the bottom all right but when it came to clos'n portholes that was a question that we thought we had some say to,



GASOLINE DUMP, DIERDORF

for we were lined up about fourteen deep waiting for a last peep at the shores 'n build'ns of good old U. S. A. Jimmie Fero was next at the hole and after stickin' around mor'n his time he finally asked who be the woman wavin' farewell to him. Well, about twenty-five of us tried to get a look at the dame who was biddin' us a last farewell, suddenly Gorham—the silent partner, managed to get one eye in focus 'n says, "Why, boys, that am the *Statute* of Liberty." Sur'nuf there was the old girl herself biddin' us a last farewell. Some of us grumbled when out in those covered wagons on icy roads 'n hills but as the shore faded away and U. S. A. was but a streak on the horizon many were the wishes that longed for even a glimpse of those roads 'n hills we had left behind.

About all we could see now was water so conversation naturally drifted to submarines, life belts 'n the war in general. The crew and help on this boat were English and many were men that had seen service in the front lines trenches, so they say, and they were always glad to tell of their experiences. Ya remember Scoty don't ya—Old Scoty was one of the crew and did quite

a bit of quiver'n 'n jerking, shell shocked, they kept him belo' peelin' spuds, 'n he smelt like a spud and from the dirt he looked like a spud. Whenever he got a chance he was up on deck 'n tellin' 'bout going over the top 'n seein' submarines. The Capt'n of the boat was the only one who interrupted him 'n then he'd go shootin' down the steps.



RAILROAD FROM GIERSHOFEN TO DIERDORF

Life belts are a mighty help no one will deny but when it comes t' wearing them all the time—'n sleepin' with 'em, 'n eatin' with 'em, 'n drinkin' ale with them—well sinking would be a pleasure.

There was nothin' doing in the night but lay around on deck 'n dream of good eats that we had left behind and other things. If we went below the smell would spoil your sleepin' qualities for the night. No smokin' at night after 6.30 p.m. because of "subs." 'Member the night when we were all 'n bed 'n meditatin' to ourselves whether they'd ever be another day in our lives after this night when suddenly a noise like that produced by so many monkeys rent the air 'n there stood Sam Chirco, ravin' like he was mad with his hair all ruffled up. We finally discovered that someone had poured water down on Sam from the bunk above 'n if you ever saw Chirco angry he was sure afire now. Most of us pretended that we were asleep and soon Sam crawled into his bunk still ravin' and talking Italian.

This was a peculiar journey across the pond 'n anyone seein' us would have laughed aloud—but war is war and submarines don't leave no tracks so we always had to be 'n good shape to swim if necessary. Old Supply

being the only company armed with rifles, were giv'n stations or posts near lifeboats and other important places on the ship and ordered to shoot anyone who disobeyed instructions in case of an attack. Naturally we were to be the last ones off the boat if an emergency arose so you can sort o' picture how Supply enjoyed the trip. About this time little Eddie's nervousness had got the best of him and he finally got permission from the Capt'n to read the articles of war to us. Well, everything went beautiful 'til someone went to sleep 'n then Eddie's wrath began to grow. About the next provision he read was about goin' A. W. O. L. This made us all smile as we gazed upon that vast tract of water 'n most of us wondered if we ever would get a chance to go A. W. O. L. 'n after bein' fed on the English diet for a week, none of us cared what the "Courts martial may otherwise direct." All we wanted was one square meal an' a place to put our feet upon.



HAULING SUPPLIES IN GERMANY

We had some of the boys from the "Border" in Supply and on this particular night we had one for sergeant of the guard. The alarm in case of emergency was six blasts of the old boat's whistle. This night everyone bein' tired out with articles of war 'n other stuff had rolled in for a quiet night's sleep. About 1.00 a.m. in the

morning we were startled by five toots of the deep-roaring boat whistle. We had all imagined the sixth one had blown—at any rate when we heard the 1st-2d-3d-4th 'n 5th and well Fiske didn't ever know whether he had blown his whistle or not for everyone was up on deck and ready to dive or swim. Some on board had managed to get to their posts with rifles only to think they had left



ORDERLY ROOM AND BILLET OF BATTERY F,
BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

behind their life belt. Great was the excitement until we were finally informed that the sixth blast had never blown. When we returned back to our sleepin' place there laid Cook Snyder in all his glory ripping off the greatest piece of jaz music one could imagine. He probably thought he was back 'n the states as ever once in a while he would display a big smile an' say, "Get 'em while there hot, boys." About then some one hit him with about six inches of water and he wrinkled up his face like he was swimmin' the English Channel.



MAIN STREET, BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

We had ta'all take off our hats to the boys from Ireland for early in the morning the Irish Brigade upon the boats had sighted the shores of Old Blarney an' they were all wearing an extra smile during the day. Never will any of us forget that sight of land, those green

banks and the white lighthouse high upon the steep cliff. Would we get to the shore 'n safty? We followed bouys that contained lanterns most of the night an' in the mornin' our eyes followed the sandy beach and there before us was the city of Liverpool and the glistening water of the Mersey River. We ate a farewell dinner on that never-to-be-forgotten ship *Canopic*. So long, Tommy, will see you later. Hurrah! again those feet of ours was upon good mother Earth. We were informed a short walk was ahead of us 'n then we were going to have a rest. The kids both old 'n young were lined



VIEW OF BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY, OCCUPIED BY
SUPPLY COMPANY AND BATTERY F

up along both sides of the streets and it is little wonder that they smiled as we passed, however, we were not bothered in our marching by anything like canned peaches, bananas etc. nor stuffed pockets of eats. From now on it was Corned Willy.

A few bum meals and we were off this time throu England. Everything seemed strange—even the trains. The engines were small and coaches entirely different than ours. Southampton was our destination. Soon we were upon a large transport and sardines packed in a can had nothing on us, for we were about four



SUPPLY WAGONS—322^d FIELD ARTILLERY

deep. This was the last stretch of water and how we hoped it would be a safe trip. The English Channel was a dangerous place, so most of us outside of being more or less religious managed to keep awake all night and tried at least to keep on top of the mass of sleepin' men as they lay on the floor. We hit France at Le Havre. We were soon on land.

Do yu' remember that long hill—how the presperation rolled off our brow as we climbed it with full packs? We finally located on the heights above the town where we could see the harbor and far over the English Channel. We were busy with the manual of arms



BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY, SUPPLY COMPANY

while here. A dirigible balloon in its steady course across the Channel and a warning that we were to go to certain places in case of an air raid reminded us of the fact that our days before actual service were limited indeed. Many were the cheers that greeted us as we travel over France in our pullman-box car. No one knew where we were bound but soon we pulled up to a place named

Messac-Guipry and it is here that we soon discovered we were to detrain.

MESSAC

The cars had hardly stopped before all were off. It was but natural though, for us to hop off those cheese boxes for after eatin' "Corn Willy" 'n hard-tack and being packed in cars a man must do somethin' that contains action or he never will move. Who ever heard of the town of Messac before? None of us had 'n instead of seein' skyscrapers all we could see was "Cafe" and stone barns. We soon knew all about barns tho for most of us were quartered in them. We couldn't talk French so all we could do was to wave our hands or walk in a store and begin pickin' up things and pay later. No one had any cash after our hunger-voyage on the Yacht *Canopic*, only the Capt'n 'n Hayes. We managed to scrutch some from the Capt'n but Hayes stood firm. So even the stores were not frequented very much. An American is always anxious to give things the once over so it was not long before many of us strolled

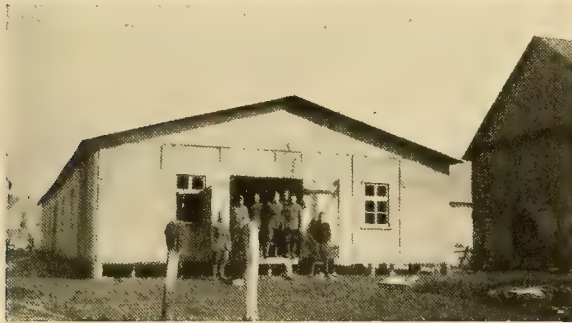


EVERYONE UP!

about to see what this part of the world really contained. We soon discovered the Vilaine River. How curious it seemed to see women lined up along the banks of the river 'n washin' clothes like their very life depended on how much they washed and then to settle all arguments they would slap them with a paddle 'n finally shove 'em in a wheelborrow. "Look out, here comes a Packard," yelled Huglo, and along comes a cart pulled by oxen. It looked curious. How the steers rolled their eyes when they passed us. The clatter of



BUILDING MESS HALL AT BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY,
SUPPLY COMPANY AND BATTERY F



SUPPLY COMPANY AND BATTERY F MESS HALL,
BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

wooden shoes could be heard coming down the street and soon the small children were eyeing us shyly. After a few weeks we became accustomed to the life and discovered that the French people were kind and generous. It was not long before they could be seen helping us out with our washing and helping us with their language.

Fourth of July came along, the Colonel brought out his band 'n after Bowser sang a few songs and the French passed 'round the red wine the French thought, altho most of

us were boys, we sure had some "pep" and ginger and from then on we were all "jake" around Messac.

We had many things to do at Messac and every day found Supply exceptionally busy. After our first pay and mail arrived everyone seemed to put an increased effort in their work. Wagons were put together. Days were spent drilling in the hot sun. Gas masks were

issued. Overseas caps and wrapped puttees put in their apperance. For our faithful work many were given passes to visit Rennes, a



SOME OF SUPPLY COMPANY DETAIL, AT DEESEN, GERMANY

neighboring city. By this time we had all learned some French and the people were indeed sorry to hear that we were to leave for our final training at Camp Coëtquidan, an artillery camp. Some of the girls had become sort o' Americanized as far as wooing was concerned and many were the tears that rolled down

fair faces when our wagon train began to grind the dust toward Coëtquidan.

CAMP COËTQUIDAN

Coëtquidan was a dirty place and was located upon a high hill. Long wooden barracks were assigned us and Supply Company was again ready for work. A few hurried weeks were spent here. It was not long before final preparations were made for us to depart. How we loaded wagons, kitchin's and all upon flat cars and the speed with which we loaded would make a circus



SUPPLY COMPANY DETAIL AT DEESEN, GERMANY

organization open its eyes. In less than half an hour every horse, every wagon, was loaded for, we knew not where, but some place near the Front. Our journey took us to the very edge of Paris. Many were the shouts that greeted us as we rolled along. We detrained near Souilly just after dark and within the sound of large cannon. From then on it seemed as tho we had entered a different world. No

civilians could be seen, no children, no women. Houses lost their name as houses and stood now as ruins.

MOVING TOWARD THE FRONT

Orders are orders 'n Supply Company must obey them as well as others, but it seems dam peculiar that orders must come at such pleasant times. Imagine yourself what the talk would sound like, especially in the army, after having spent most of the preceeding night working, then sleepin' on a wet ground upon a hasty bed made in the black of night 'n now ordered to move just as it began to get dark 'n rain comin' down in torrents. "Pull out," shouted Mitman. After hittin'

a few trees 'n guiding Walter's horses over a narrow culvert we were soon on our way 'n making our first trip to the Front. The rain continued in its fury and Peak wondered if we were still in "Sunny France."

The long-ranged volcanos had nearly wrecked our nervous systems but now we were confronting those old French towns that had been reduced to ruins and now resembled a pile of rock in a prison yard. We slipped

into the once city of Brabant. No lights were allowed but the flash of long range guns showed the jagged pieces of buildings as they stood silent defying those bolts of force that sought to eliminate their existence. Horses and wagons having been put in shelter of old buildings as much as possible, we were soon groping in the darkness for places to flop. It was 3.30 a.m. Some slept in wagons, some on barn floors, while some managed to find a room in a house that had escaped thus



PASSING AWAY THE TIME IN GERMANY, SUPPLY COMPANY DETAIL, DEESEN, GERMANY



INSPECTION

far the shell and which served as a protection against the weather. Hardly had we hit our beds, altho some were asleep, when a long Sm-m-m-bang! A Jerry shell went over us. Again and again they came but all went over. Jerry was shelling a near-by town. We were nearly all asleep when suddenly we were awakened by the simultaneous screeching of Klaxons and the yell of *Gas!* We could hear gurglin' sounds 'n cursing under breath as the gas masks were being swung into position and the final snap to the band that goes about the head could be heard distinctly. We were soon informed that the gas had not reached us so with a hurried jerk, off came the masks. It seemed as though we had hardly hit peaceful sleepin'

again when we heard that familiar cry of Smith's, "Everybody Up."

Great was the surprise and wide were the eyes as some were informed that during their peaceful slumber during the night a gas alarm had been sounded as well as shells had been flying over head. Outside of having a



INSPECTING HORSESHOEING

hand-to-hand fight with a few rats that proved themselves too familiar, John Meyers had never heard a thing.

Nig Clemmer had the kitchen put in an old building that had been torn away, with the exception of one room, by shell fire. Drake and Snyder were busy handing out slum. Some Frenchmen passing exclaimed, "White Bread," and after sticking around awhile were soon in our mess line and a smile of satisfaction played on their faces when they were handed a slice. We soon discovered that a kitchen sure was a crowd drawer and had to be camouflaged.

The day was unusually clear. Truck after truck had passed throu loaded with shells, shells, shells. Now came field hospitals. We had to move to the other side of the road so as to allow the field hospitals room to get into action. The shrill notes of the bugle sounded and gave us warning to get under cover. Soon we could see Bosh planes high in the air and puffs of smoke played about them from the anti-aircraft guns. Pansy Koehler knew they had taken

a picture and said we sure would be shelled that night. He expressed the sentiments of the crowd, for we all felt that something was about to be pulled off. Capt'n released our anxiety by givin' orders to move as soon as possible after supper. Chow was put away in a hurry that night 'n no one cared to line up for seconds. Our wagons had just begun to pull out when s-bang! a shell with no hum at all hit just above where we had put in part of our night's sleep and the next s-bang! hit where our kitchen had been. We waited for no more particulars. Bunk



SUPPLY COMPANY, BRUCKRACHDORF

Showers had been seen to hop into a wagon, he never walked, but after the first shell he was seen to jump out suddenly and—the wagons were too slow for him. Shells were drop'n pretty lively in the town now. We halted about



PUTTING THE "HOB" IN HOBNAILS

half a mile out of the town at some French barracks near a steep hillside. We were soon ordered to move forward taking our position on the summit of a hill. It was now dark and the Cap'n said this would be the last place the Huns would think of shelling and would be a good place until daylight. At twelve mid-

night we were all startled by a heavy boom and then rockets could be seen buldging from all directions along the horizon and suddenly the whole heavens seemed to belch forth a flare of flame. Then came the noise. A crash! The very earth trembled as several large naval guns opened up just behind us and belching forth their breath of flame and with groaning sound hurled their mighty missiles toward

the Hun. Suddenly Jerry began to send his compliments. A wicked crash. Hundreds of whizzes could be heard in the air but Jerry was out on his range and how we hoped he would stay out. From midnight on this Hell on earth never lost its vigor. We were not permitted to move from this position as only ammunition was allowed to pass upon the roads. It was now daylight and our position could be seen by the Huns. Jerry's long-ranged shells were coming over regular now. We could see a black cloud of smoke from our anti-aircraft guns 'n then high in the air could be seen several German planes. We would surely be shelled now but all we could do was to wait. The Capt'n was heard to say, "My God, if they split that angle on their range they'll get us sure." Thanks to Jerry—he was too

slow. We were now moving toward the Front and were soon in a long valley protected at least from observation.



SUPPLY KITCHEN, BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

AT HESSE FOREST

We had passed shell hole after shell hole and every once in a while Colvin would say, "There is a fresh one," and point to a large

shell hole deep enough to place our whole wagon, top and all. It makes you feel a little faint to see the fresh ones for at any moment one may fall near it 'n—curtains for you. It seemed hard to realize that one would have guts enough to walk right up among engines of war that were doing their work of Hell but there we were, Supply Company's whole train and those nine-inch, long-ranged pieces firing directly over us. They looked like barrels from the Front. What an awful noise. The horses nearly flattened to the ground when the ones let loose toward our right. Van and Johnson soon came lumbering along with their trucks and we unloaded rations right under those barking Vesuviuses. How we used to grumble when those hundred pound cans of bacon came in but now they seemed light and never was better time made in unloading. Jerry shells continued to whistle all around. Now we could see them slashing throu the near-by trees. Doc Lores wagon got stuck and all the swearing Doc could

rake and scrape in Yanky and Frog language would not make them go. Dewine hitched in and with men on the wheels after a long hard pull we were soon over part of the long hill. It was hard work to get wagon after wagon over the shell-torn places. It was sure miraculous the way those horses pulled but many things can be done under shell fire. Even the horses seemed anxious to get off that improvised road and get in the shelter of trees if nothing else.

The kitchen was soon in action at the edge of the woods. Most of the shells were now going over us. It was dark. Our work was just beginning; supplies consisting of rations and forage to be carried across the muddy and shell-torn field



CHIPPING OFF WOOD

to the cover of the woods. We camouflaged the wagons as best we could. It was mighty damp sleeping that night. We were up with the break of morning partly because it was too cold to sleep or partly because the water began to run under our blankets. Before us in the

gray dawn of morning we could see the outline of a high hill from which the Huns had just been driven. As it grew into prominence we could see that it was robbed of its green foliage and soon we could see the gaping craters that those great blasts from the large guns the previous night had torn into it. It stood there in its solemnity, robed in a shroud of gray. It seemed to be ashamed of its

SUPPLY COMPANY SADDLER IN OPERATION,
BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

presence—that it had used its very self as a shelter for those figures clad in gray that sought to cast their power over the world by force and rob it of its freedom.

CAMP GALLIENI

Everything seemed so beautiful as we pulled along that stretch of camouflaged road that led toward Camp Gallieni. Camp Gallieni

sounds very well but it is a misnomer as far as camp is concerned, for all that proved to be there were rough shacks and old bunks that contained bold members of the cootie gang. Nevertheless, we began to love its peacefulness and we sure did enjoy a quiet night's sleep under the branches of those large beech trees. Most of us had crawled under canvas and jerked it over our heads when the rain strove to make the night uncomfortable. We all were feeling mighty fine in the morning. Drake had the celebrated stew on for dinner and many were the razors that glistened in the sunlight as we began that process of cleaning up that we all needed so badly. In fact, Manor, Day and others could be seen going throu the process of an open air bath, had stripped off their clothes and stood looking to see if any cooties had made there apperance.



SUPPLY COMPANY WAGON IN ACTION

Suddenly from out of an unadulterated sky came a thunderous crash and men could be seen going in every direction. Capt'n Dis-sing was sure making splendid time and headed the procession of men—some minus clothes, some with razors, some with one

side of faces shaved and some with shoes off. All of us in the valley wondered what had happened; then suddenly and as unexpected as the first came another but now limbs of trees could be seen going in every direction. Jerry shells were coming and coming so close that it knocked one man and soon our peaceful place changed to a dumping place for G. I. Cans. It was little wonder that this inviting place had been left unoccupied for we afterwards learned that it was shelled every day. 'Member the piece of shell Michael picked up weighing about ten pounds? It was not long before Supply was ordered to move. Soon our wagons were in the opposite woods and we smiled as the Jerry shells continued to spend their fury where no one happened to be.

VERDUN FRONT

Our long train of Supply wagons could be seen slowly winding throu the outskirts of Verdun. Many were the glances and expres-

sions as we passed that battle-scarred place. Thierville, an outskirt of Verdun, was passed. Our wagons were moving forward on a new front. Before us were stretched those hills that marked the stopping place of the Huns in the early days of the war. On the crest of nearly every hill was a fort. Shell holes could be seen on every side, many old and many new. Supply took its place in a small town just a short distance from Charny. Every favorable day and night Hun planes were in order at this place. They always kept a keen lookout for supply bases or wagons knowing full well if food were to be cut off from the batteries, they could not operate. The Boche long-ranged guns always kept the roads under fire. They were answered by the long-ranged guns at Fort Charny and many were the duels that these put up. Jerry continually dropped shells over us into Verdun and every night their long moanings could be heard as they passed and exploded with terrific force. How we hoped none would stop near us. Every day found our men and wagons and trucks rolling over long roads to the batteries. Every trip saw shells playing peculiar pranks. It was then that many of us left the supply base not knowing whether we would ever return. However difficult the road or however dangerous the hills always the supplies went forward. Many were the trips and many were the drivers that held their breath as they passed the old wooden bridge that spanned the Meuse which was screened by a long wall of camouflage. The Meuse and Charny will never be forgotten by old Supply.



TARGET PRACTICE

WAR FINISH

The night we pulled in the Forest of Hesse we often wondered where all our shells were going and what they were doing. Great was the surprise and with much eagerness did we progress when we were informed that we were to take a new position which would take us over the territory that had been shelled by our batteries the first night we went into action. We were passing over territory that a

few months before the Huns had little dreamed would be occupied by enemy, let alone American soldiers. Avocourt was one mass of ruins. The German barracks on the hillside near Cheppy were torn to pieces. German caissons, horses, equipment and everything could be seen along our route. Never had we passed through places that had been the subject of barrages such as this. Fields, forests and hills were torn into fragments. So destructive was the shell fire that new roads had to be constructed throu the Argonne Forest. Roads built of logs throu the greater part of the forest served as a road for us. Everything could be seen in the woods; German uniforms, German machine guns, helmets, gas masks, shoes, signal ammunition, rifles, picks, etc. Machine-gun nests that had been built in trees



TARGET PRACTICE

were seen in the woods. Most trees had been shorn of their branches entirely while those parts of the body that remained, if any, were scraped and torn by shrapnel. Several nights were spent in the woods. The Germans were being driven back.

We maintained a steady barrage and only occasionally a Boche shell would come whizzing along. Newly made graves marked the way. A large German grave was passed at Nantillois. We put up at Madeleine Farm, most of us sleeping in a German wheatfield in ditches and dugouts that had been made only a few days before by German machine gunners. Dead soldiers could be seen along the way. Machine-gun ammunition that had not been opened by the Germans was scattered about for miles. After drawing supplies we moved to Haraumont. Never will the night at Haraumont be forgotten. News that an armistice had been signed by the Germans had been received. All during the night signal lights were flashed into the sky by men on both sides. Rockets of every color and description bent their long trail of fire and burst with the brightness of day. Everything was quiet and peaceful. Hundreds of camp-fires could be seen during the night. Was it possible that the day the whole world had prayed for—that most of us had prayed for, the day when peace and happiness was to dawn again, was now before us? We hoped so.

ON THE RHINE

The bright sun seemed to fairly dance between the spokes of those wagons that had spent many a weary day on long and dangerous roads, as we swung 'round the bend at Ecurey. Italians, Americans and many other civilians and soldiers, who had been prisoners, could be seen returning slowly and steadily from the German border. Some were happy. Most were sad. Our route was marked here and there by new entrenchments or posts 'round which the Germans had hoped only a few days before to stretch a barrier to our progress. Their lines mostly had been broken and nothing remained to protect them but natural barriers of which hills covered with dense underbrush and trees formed the larger part. Along the road could be seen German barracks hurriedly departed from. German graves could be seen dating back to 1914, the first days of the war.



SUPPLY WAGONS OF SUPPLY COMPANY LINED UP FOR INSPECTION

None of us will ever forget the night we spent at Cons-la-Grandville. Massive trees marked the entrance to a building the Germans had converted into a hospital but now it was used by us as a billeting place. Most of us had never known of Luxemburg. We soon discovered that Luxemburg was a neutral state between the two war-worn countries of France and Germany. Its beauty seemed to be magnified by its peaceful atmosphere. Instead of shell-torn places, this proved to be a busy country with pretty farms and houses. As our trucks pulled into Differdingen we could hardly step about because of curious onlookers. As we unloaded hay, men were seen to pick it up and scrutinize it very carefully and finally bring it over to us 'n say "American." Children were mostly attracted by the rubber tires on our trucks but as the motorcycle with the side-car attached hove in sight it proved to be the center of curiosity; most people were afraid of it and marveled at its speed.

Thanksgiving Day was spent near Wecker, Luxemburg, and had it not been for our being able to trade eight cakes of issue soap for a chicken we would have had a quite different dinner. As we entered

Germany it was hard to realize that we were in enemy territory and outside of food being scarce, one could hardly tell from the face of things that a war had been waging only a few weeks before. We crossed the Rhine River on Friday, December 13, about 1.30 p.m. That evening was spent in a German Baron's castle at Sayn. Its large rooms with its libraries, pictures and armor proved interesting and will never be forgotten. Our journey was ended at Bruckrachdorf where we were billeted in houses and halls. Our long hikes and hardships put in sleepin' in fields, dugouts and ruined villages are now a thing of the past. No more shells or gas alarms arouse our peaceful slumber at night.

THE BURSTING BOMB

After a long and exhaustive research, and in the light of accumulative evidence, the much-mooted question still remains unanswered. There have been insinuations, regulations are not explicit and commanders disposed to boast of a former condition of servitude, have failed to establish a precedent which would point to a solution of the vexing question—WHY ARE WE?

It is to be conceded, for the moment, that whatever may have been the motive for the inception of the organization in question, that profound judgment could not have chosen a roster number more unique, conservative or efficient, in fact, it is a number which in itself lends a certain degree of respect and confidence—twelve. The leader of the Great Command, Himself, chose twelve and intrusted them with the unfathomable trust of disseminating those great truths, for the sustaining of which the greatest armies ever assembled had been led into distant lands. It is twelve, good men and true, who preside over the sensitive scales of justice and cause to be recorded in the Doomsday Book the multitudinous infractions of frail humanity, so, whether by chance or wisdom, we are twelve.



And just when our interest in Armageddon was beginning to relapse into innocuous desuetude, we were thrust into a closer proximity to the desolation and destruction characteristic of the handiwork of Mars. And there we behold the paradoxical situation of a world made dangerous in order to make it safe. And we contributed our best to make it more dangerous that it might sooner be safe.

It is, then, with modesty and pardonable pride, that we would

point to the fact that, with great celerity after our entrance on the greatest battlefield of modern times, the greatest conflict came to a successful termination, so our number has achieved vindication and history has given the answer to the hitherto unanswered question: "Why Are We?"

THE TWELVE BURSTING BOMBS.

"OUR GOLD STAR"

It is with sincere regret that we record the loss of our comrade, James Bellen, killed in action October 13, 1918, in Death Valley, north of Verdun.

Jim was a good, congenial fellow and his jovial disposition and his smile will long be remembered. Generous to a fault, it was entirely in keeping with his character, that he should give his life in time of his country's need.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT.
322^d F. A.

I

WITH THE WISE ONES

Theatrical Booking Agencies, please notice.

"I can box, swim, dance, play on the typewriter, minstrel man, card-shark, play any athletic game that the Y. M. C. A. can suggest, and last, but not least, speak any foreign language desired." This was the willing answer given the Y secretary at Sherman by Cpl. Thos. F. Cahill when asked in what manner he could offer public entertainment.

II

WHO AM I?

"I don't smoke cigarettes,
Nor use tobacco much,
I don't like the women,
And liquors never touch."

III

"Pappy" Combs, the man with the "biggest line" in the A. E. F., was always receiving bad news from home. This time while in Messac he received a letter saying that his father was a candidate for a political office in his home county. "Pappy" paused to tell the boys that "he wouldn't vote for his dad if he was running for President

of the United States." On being asked what his particular reason for such a statement was, replied: "Well, sir, registration day, 1917, he called me out of bed at 5 a.m., drove me in the car about fifteen miles to the registration stand and got there just in time to line up and be number 13 to register, and that hoodoo number has been hanging to me ever since and I hope that he gets drafted instead of elected." "Now will some one give me a chaw of Horshoe?"

IV

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Sgt. J. T. Nicholson, while attending Ordnance Instruction School at Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois, had the misfortune of having a "double" there in the

person of another Sgt. Nicholson, whose military bearing was not of the best standard, so it is plain to be seen that their names were easily and often mixed. As a result of too much Liberty Loan celebration in Rock Island, a certain Sgt. Nicholson was given a ride in a Cadil-



ORDNANCE OFFICE, BRUCKRACHDORF, GERMANY

lac patrol wagon, an easy bunk in the municipal rest house and the privilege of being introduced to a prominent judge in the morning. After much red tape, telegrams, etc., Sgt. Nicholson from this Detachment was liberated and his "double" given the benefits due him.

V

Cpl. Cahill of our honorable Detachment invariably reminds the War Department that he is "an only son" and for authority we refer you to the many personal forms, allotment forms, etc., he has filled out and which are now on record in the Ordnance Field desk.

VI

VARIETY—AS THE SPICE OF LIFE

Shortly before leaving the States, the Ordnance Personnel was inspected by an officer from the Ordnance Department, Washington,

D. C., relative to their qualifications, etc., as ordnance men. When Pvt. Bob Graham, better known as "Excelsior," was questioned, the following was discovered:

Inspecting Officer: "Pvt. Graham, what was your trade or position in civilian life?"

Pvt. Graham: "Sir, electrician, auto-mechanic, gas engine mechanic, motorecyclist, garageman and violinist."

Inspecting Officer: "You must of been crowded considerable, Graham."

Pvt. Graham: "No, sir, not as much as I am here."

VII

"LEST WE FORGET"

Three Goldbricks sat on their cot,
Crowley, Wanura and White.
They never shirked inspections or work
As they never could be found in sight.

Crowley left and was made a Lieut.,
While our Wanura was sent over the sea.
Then White was called to the Headquarters crew,
Thus vanished the Goldbricks Three.

VIII

"SAD"—BUT TRUE

The following exchange of greetings was passed between two of our loyal associates:

Cpl. Scheiding: "George, why don't you give up cigarettes?"

Pvt. 1st Cl. Risch: "Why, I do every time I meet you."

IX

"CENSORED"

Writing letters was a bore,
I don't write them any more
And my friends can't say a thing;
Where's thy Victory, O war?
Censorship, where is thy sting?

PVT. L. LIMBERT.

X

“Cursed be any mule whose bray is like unto a 75 mm. shell.”

ORD. PVT. I. N. COGNITO.

XI

“MORE LIGHT”

Will someone kindly tell us
For it worries Geo. Risch so;
Why Cahill snores so loud at nite,
And why pay-day is so slow.

Why Huston hates the women
What makes Limbert always grunt;
If the Ordnance must wash brass shells
All the while we're on the Front.

There's a thousand things he'd like to know
And Empey Reynolds, too, does crab,
But we hope they will be happy
When they leave the Olive Drab.

XII

A CONFESSION

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these “Ben might of Been,”
Allowed to remain in his music store,
To greet old customers with sleepy ease,
Explain Victrolas and Ivory keys;
But he chose to hearken unto Freedom's CALL,
To hike long miles and sleep in straw;
Forgetting the good old days of yore,
Now like all Clerks—he's learned to jaw.

[Courtesy PVT. REYNOLDS.]

XIII

A SLIP

I remember, I remember
My ambulance so fine;
So neat, so swift, and kingly
With every wheel in line.

But Corporals are hard drivers
And speed their only will;
And frequently they rue it,
Forgetting Jack and Jill.

This hill was steep and slippery,
Then the wheels began to slide;
And now our pretty ambulance
In ruins does abide.

[By permission of Cpl. SCHEIDING.]

FABLES IN O. D., OR TWELVE MEN AND AN ARMY

A long time ago
When we had just entered this man's army
And were getting acquainted with cornwilly,
Squads' east and other things;
We met with a tall lean fellow
With blue eyes and a red temper,
Who said, "I'll run this gang,"
And he did,—
For a while.
But he left us and gained a bar.
We miss him.

We shook hands also
With a young man who wants to know
If I can see
His moustache grow.
As if I could.
Breech-blocks and latch-pins, too,
Hold no secrets for his brain
If he's feeling good.
There's another in this gang,
I am told he's always worrying,
About where he's going to sleep
And what's in the camp to eat?
And will our Liberty Bonds ever pay,
Do you think?

And on the Muster-roll
There's one who always rode a horse,
When he was little.

We can't say whether it is true or not
But, maybe you can tell.
And when the shells dropped
All around;
You could find him there,
Only the kitchen was a long way off
Sometimes, just sometimes.

There is another traveling with us,
A swimmer of far renown
Who never had to do K. P.
Or other menial things
Like that.
His face is his fortune,
And by his airs, one would think
There might of been an eagle
On his shoulder.
But there isn't.

There's a long, lean man
Who can do most everything.
Used to run a factory
And lick a bunch of Irish,
With one hand.
Easy, too.
And as Napoleon longed for worlds to conquer;
This man longed for tongues unknown.
He knows it all.
He told us so.

Do you know our light-haired chap
Who always wished the lousy war was over,
And he was back home
Where the G. I. cans didn't come?
Well, he's with us yet.
And if there's another war
He'll be in Patagonia
Or in the jungles of Siam,
He says.
We wish him luck.

And there's a man who smokes a pipe
With Greek letters carved thereon.

Behind tortoise spectacles he's camouflaged;
It makes him wise,
So he thinks.
He has another battle yet to fight
When he gets back.
And manholes for dugouts he will sight,
I pity him.

There's with us, too, an electrician,
But no one thinks of that.
For he talks X,
He dreams X,
He rides an X
Where motorcycles hold the ground.
He always holds his own.
When I see him coming
I turn and run.
I'm afraid I look like an "X"
To him.

Then there's with us a Roman
Who dreams of the fair Tiber,
But for shrapnel, he never cared
To speak of it in English.
At least not much.
He thought of days aboard the ship
And dreamy Italian shores,
I guess that's why
He hesitates to speak
Our language.

Then we have the Lawyer,
A future Judge, who would reign
On the Supreme bench;
Without perjury.

But now he craves for decorations
Where the iron rations fall,

Some day he's going into partnership
And sign a contract for life,
He says.
We wish him luck.

A man from old Kentucky is with us,
A double veteran he is;
"I'm a fighter,"
He says.
He left his place
To grab a souvenir from off
A passing shell.
So now on his right sleeve, he wears
A golden stripe.
We are out of luck,
I guess.

FINALE

"OUR CENSOR"

Rome had her Cæsars, England her Cromwell, America her Lincoln and the Ordnance Detachment its censor. Unfaltering and triumphantly he has led his humble flock through war and all its despairing rumors. With the inception of our romantic unit in the days of Camp Sherman fame, he came to us, a peer among men and a prince of good fellows.

Ever ministering to our woes and wants, mindful of our likes, dislikes, joys and sorrows, he's been our unfailing Gibraltar. When one of his flock desired to follow the ways of a civilian lord, at due intervals, it was always our censor who pleaded our cause, rewarding our merits with the privilege of bearing the burdens of a furlough. That's how our censor fulfilled his trust.

When all records were surpassed in a most creditable manner, in the manner his twelve blazing bombs supplied and equipped the Regiment with Ordnance Property, who smiled, grateful to the last hour?— Our censor, ask how. Then while Freedom's battles were being won and the path of glory opening to us all, it was none but our censor who called us in for wise counsel, assuring us of his constant concern for our individual welfare; that's how he spurred us on to greater achievements. We've seen him sad, glad and like all

censors—mad. But he's been the same good pal in spite of the many despairing tribulations of a soldier.

Now that we shall soon be honored among the Army of Worldly Potentates again, we wish that you might all know how, and understand how, our censor, the one who has piloted us through it all, will ever bear our grateful good will. And our censor, the champion of our esteem, you would conquer worlds to know—he's "Howe."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

REGIMENTAL ORDER NO. 1,000

Great Headquarters,
322d Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Memorandum to Battalion Commanders, First Sergeants, Chief of Sections, Regimental Telephone Officer, Regimental Radio Officer, all other officers, buglers, and horseshoers.

I. BRANDING

Organization Commanders will immediately brand all horses if they have not already done so. If they have no branding irons, which they probably haven't, same can be procured from Lieut. Plunien of Headquarters Company. But why don't they make their own branding irons? Lieut. Plunien of Headquarters Company made his.

II. DRILL SCHEDULE

Battalion Commanders will immediately submit drill schedules for their organizations. These schedules will be left to the discretion of the Battalion Commanders: 6:40 a.m., reveille; 7:00, breakfast; 8:00 to 12:00, instruction in feeding and watering horses; 12 noon, dinner; 12:45 to 2:15, instruction in cleaning harness; 2:15 to 3:45, instruction in grooming; 4:00 p.m., retreat; 4:30, supper; 5:00 to 8:45, recreation; 9:00, call to quarters; 9:15, taps. Special emphasis will be laid on the care of mangy horses.

III. RECONNAISSANCE

Battalion Commanders will immediately make reconnaissance for suitable positions for their battalions. These positions will be in the exact spots indicated by the Regimental Commander when they were out in the Dodge this morning.

IV. COMMUNICATION

Communication will immediately be established by the Regimental Telephone Officer. A complete telephone net will be established. The Regimental Commander will have a direct line to each Brigade Headquarters, each Battalion Commander, each Battery P. C., each

Battery O. P., each Chief of Section, at least three gunners in each battalion and everyone else to whom the Regimental Commander might wish to speak. In addition to this the Regimental Telephone Officer will inter-connect and cross-connect all of the above and will keep on cross-connecting and inter-connecting until his wire gives out.

The Regimental Radio Officer will establish wireless connections with the two battalions and no one else.

V. SHOEING

All horses which are not shod at all four corners will immediately do so. Shoes for this purpose may be procured from Capt. Christen Dissing, Commanding Supply Company, who is also the Regimental Supply Officer. He may be found at the Supply Company which is at Bruckrachdorf, one and one-half kilometers east of Dierdorf.

VI. BUGLERS

The Regimental Commander directs that any Organization Commander who has not at present two competent buglers will immediately appoint same.

VII. STATISTICS

All officers of this Regiment will immediately furnish Capt. Weber, the Regimental Adjutant, with the following information:

1. Born? If so give dates.
2. Did you go to kindergarten, or are you self-made?
3. What schools did you attend and why?
4. Did you attend a college, university, or correspondence school? If so, what kind of a discharge certificate did you get? Give any dates that occur to you.
5. To what Frats or Hush Societies did you belong?
6. Are you married, unmarried, or what? If so, how many children have you and what gender?
7. Business? The answer to this is not "Rotten."
8. Tell us frankly all about your military career. Do not even keep it back if you were in the Regular Army. However, we do not wish to know your experiences on the Border or at Statzenburg.
9. Did you ask for "Full and Immediate"? If so, why not?
10. Were you ever on Malbrouck?

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

WHO WON THE WAR? THE BAND

The band, the pride of Headquarters Company (?), was in its infancy composed of a few amateur players and the rest from small town bands, which played a few times a week in the town square and marched slowly at the head of the procession on Decoration Day.

Our bandmaster was busy during the first days at Sherman getting a line on these men, for they were scattered all over the Regiment.

If a man, who later proved to be our bandmaster, or another fellow came round and interviewed you, you could bet on packing clothes and traveling to



Headquarters Company. The headquarters for the band at that time was in the Supply Company building, but was later moved to Headquarters building.

When enough men with any degree of musical ability were collected, the noise began. The first thing thought



of was ragtime, but our bandmaster from the beginning put us under the impression that we were going to play something else. A few marches was the limit of our music and we were subject to many remarks from the Regiment as to why we didn't play some different

tune. The truth of it was, we didn't have the music and quite likely we couldn't have played it if we had.

Our first rehearsal was held in the Supply building near Y No. 76.



REGIMENTAL BAND—322^D FIELD ARTILLERY

fine," and so we thought our first rehearsal was a success. I don't know what kind of impression he got when he first brought down his baton, but I suppose he declined to tell the truth for we were yet a little sensitive to army talk. Thus the first rehearsal of the band passed.

The band was allowed twenty-eight men but we lacked quite a few of that number, so from every influx of men into the army those with musical ability were chosen for the band. On one occasion when the question was asked of the men if there were any who could play musical instruments, one stepped out and when asked what he played, he remarked, "mandolin." The Colonel remarked, "That is just what we want, assign him to the band." A few days later this personage was christened Betty, he having worked with the *Dayton Journal* and supposed to be the author of "Betty Fairfax." For quite a while he performed the duties of librarian, which he did faithfully. During spare moments he worked hard on the saxophone, on which he executed the national anthem fairly well. He was sent to the hospital on account of ill

There we sat on Saturday, October 6, 1917, a few men, some with instruments, some without, but all of us ready to take our turn on those we had. If the bandmaster had not displayed some patience, I am sure we would all have been sent back to our batteries, but he would say, "That is



HILLS NEAR SAYN, GERMANY

health, from which he was honorably discharged. He went back to his old work with the *Journal* and is probably delving into the mysteries of "Betty Fairfax," but he'll never forget the band.

Another who came into the band about this time, who later was honorably discharged, was Switzer, an ex-peck horn player. The expression on his face when playing showed just how much pecking he was doing.

From Brookville came Bush, another peck horn player. He later took up duties with Headquarters Company.

Menche from Hamilton and Stull from Dayton, two drummers, held positions in the battery section until Robinson, the professional drummer from Danville, Illinois, enlisted. Menche took up duties with Headquarters Company and is now a Sergeant. Stull finally landed in the cooking school.

The army will surely do him some good.

Mendenhal, the veterinarian, comes from Trotwood and his favorite instrument was the clarinet, although at times it was hard to tell which he favored more, his bunk or clarinet. While at camp, he was the inventor of several labor-saving machines.

He later was honorably discharged to resume his studies at the Cincinnati Vet. College.

Caiazza, who comes from Washington, Pennsylvania, says he thinks that instead of F. A. standing for field artillery it stands for "fatigue association." He had very little love for a horse and the most unhappy hours of his army life were spent on the stable detail,



HILLS NEAR SAYN, GERMANY



GERMAN FOREST

garbed in his blue denims. He played a saxophone and bassoon. He was later transferred to the Q. M. C. as a tailor.

One day as the band was busy filling straw ticks, two husky farmers strolled into the room. Someone remarked that he would bet that they were bass players, which they later proved to be. They were Ault and Mac Anderson. Ault plays the helicon and often made the remark that if he ever went into another army band he would choose the piccolo. Mac later joined



SCENE NEAR WITTGERT

Battery B. Here he joined the kitchen force and after that he took to himself a wife.

Wagner or "Snapper" was a trombone player from Miamisburg. His feelings were so much with the horses that he took up duties in the stables.

Nick Stagliano comes from Akron. He was a good musician, his only fault being in keeping his material together. On one occasion as the band was going to play a concert, Nick was outside with his horn minus mouth-



WINTER IN GERMANY

piece, music and lyre. Nick made some funny remarks. One day just after he was reoutfitted with new clothes, he, with a smile all over his face, remarked in his Italian-English brogue, "Everything new." No member of the band who knew him will forget how hard it was for him to march in band formation. On account of physical disabilities, he was taken from the band just before we left for France.

Paul Brightman, the card shark, seemed to come from nowhere.

It was hard to tell where he came from, for, before going into the army, he was a traveling salesman representing a soap firm. California must have been his native state for he was always talking of his uncle there, who owns a large nutmeg farm. He was a firm believer in Dr. Pizzaro's Famous Cactus Juice, which he said was a cure for nearly every disease. Shortly before we left Sherman, he tried to stop a freight train with his foot while returning from a pass and landed in the hospital and was never heard of since.

Younce, "the wheat king," was in the grain business at Waynesville before going into the army. His home was in Brookville. If there ever was an argument on any question you could bet on Younce, especially on theological questions he stood up for his convictions.

He put many opponents to shame. When the band left for France he was in the hospital, but rejoined us there.

These were pioneer members of the band who didn't cross the Atlantic with us. Those who did service abroad, together were: Bandmaster Veevaert (who was later commissioned



BAKING BREAD—WITTGERT, GERMANY



BREAD, "BROT," GERMANY

Lieutenant), assistant Bandmaster McCall (later made Bandmaster), Sgt. Bugler Barnes, Sgt. Bean, Cpls. Hepner, Brown and Reif (the former two were later made Sergeants), Musicians Ault, E. Miller, Lucas, Timpano and Theodore (later made Corporals), Agler, Wright, Tracanna (later made Sergeant), Dickey, Rigio, Hardert, Roy, Nowak, Berger, Kimmel, Jenks, Davenport, Prickett, Balger.

In coming into the band, some of these brought their own instruments intending to get into it. The need of instruments was soon remedied by the arrival of the instruments donated by popular subscription from the people of Dayton, Ohio, through the Dayton



FRESH BREAD FROM OVEN, WITTGERT, GERMANY

Herald. Soon afterwards we received the Q. M. C. instruments. We greatly appreciated the interest shown us by the people of Dayton and the *Herald* and later repaid Dayton as best we could by a visit. We were known as "Dayton's Band."

With enough instruments and more music, we now became a recognized band. We had regular rehearsals, playing overtures such as "Lustspiel" and the "Maiden at Her Spindle." As the band progressed, we played more difficult pieces. Nearly every morning would find us at the Y thrashing out some of these.

Right now another duty came to the band. The guards never thought a guard mount complete without the band. Formal guard mount was held every day that the weather permitted.

Counting the stables and all, the daily trips to the hospital for "litters right" and "litters left" were what the fellows shunned most. The idea alone of a

litter bearer didn't appeal to us. We were greatly pleased when the order came to rescind these drills.

Nearly every Sunday we entertained the visitors with a concert. Of course when a lady came to see her soldier boy these concerts lurked in the pathway of showing her a good time. When the weather permitted they were held out of doors, otherwise in the Y.



EDGE OF GERMAN FOREST

Dayton had to hear her band, so we were called there to play for a football game. We made a big hit there mainly because most of us were from there or the vicinity. The people all turned out to hear the band and of course we lacked nothing, the Dayton Bicycle Club, Y. M. C. A. and N. C. R. setting elaborate dinners before us. One man to whom we owe much on these trips is Mr. McGee. He took quite an interest in us, having us play at his hotel. One visit to Dayton called for more, so in all we made five. On one of these we went to Piqua. This place has the reputation in the



PICKET LINE IN GERMAN FOREST, HEADQUARTERS
COMPANY

band as the town of beautiful women. On this occasion, Roy, our saxophone player, got the title, "The Handsome Saxophone Player with Black Hair." This title he carried to France but the French girls couldn't see it. On returning to Camp, Wright, the trombonist

got very chivalric. He undertook to get off the train and secure some violets for a certain young lady. Some say he is a Jew, but he can't be according to the following incident. The Captain came into the room for inspection. He found a cigarette where it should not have been. After question-



VIEW OF WITTGERT

ing who did it, nobody answered. Wright stepped forward and with a snappy salute said, "I did it, Captain." Soldiers like Brownie are hard to find.

The winter of 1917-1918 was a very cold one at Sherman. The band was located in Battery A annex. It kept the room orderlies busy carrying coal for the stove. We give much credit to Jenks, who

arose early every morning, with the aid of an alarm clock bought by subscription from the band, and built a fire. Jenks was our physical culture man. He believed in exercise and a cold shower bath every morning. The former he practiced regularly but the latter died away



PLOWING THE FIELDS IN GERMANY

as cold weather increased. We had some pretty severe windstorms there. Berger said some of them were more than he could stand. He always repaired to a safe place.

The spring of 1918 found us preparing to leave. Every day brought revelations. Boxes were made for the band equipment and

marked A. E. F. We knew exactly what that meant. Finally the time for departure was just a few weeks hence. All, who could, paid farewell visits home. The last concert played in Sherman was Saturday, June 1, at the Community House. Although the boys showed little signs of grief, they took the departure from our dear old home like brave soldiers. We left Sherman on Sunday, June 2.

For awhile we thought of going to every camp in the United States. We finally landed in Jersey City. The metropolis of the east astonished many of us for we had only read of it. We were taken to Camp Mills for a final stay before embarking.

While here passes were issued to see the city. Sgts. Bean and Barnes got passes together. Something must have gone wrong for they returned several hours later than they expected. Maybe they found the city larger than they thought.

On June 11, we left Mills for embarkation. We passed the Statue of Liberty on the 12th. This was the first time many of us were on



HAULING LUMBER

the sea. We soon felt a dizziness in our heads and a peculiar feeling in our stomachs. One old veteran of the seas said he need not worry about getting sick for he had sailed in the Navy. Alas! he was amongst those riding the rail. After we got over our sickness we enjoyed the trip. Balger was kept on the alert constantly, for he had no particular sympathy for the submarines. Not a single submarine was sighted.

We landed at Liverpool on June 24. We made our début into the city by marching through the streets, at the head of our Regiment, to a camp outside the city. This camp, Knotty Ash, was considered a rest camp. After crossing the

Channel, we ran into another one at Le Havre. The band couldn't see why these were called rest camps for, aside from formations during the whole day and playing for several hours, we had the rest of the time to ourselves. In this camp it kept the boys busy blowing

the dust from their instruments for it seemed as though all the dust of Europe collected there.

From here the band went to its first real home since it left Sherman—Messac. The boys took to this town right away and during the six weeks' stay here, some had nearly made homes. Here we had to speak a new language.

Slim, our drum major, and McCall were apt in learning this lingo. Slim talked by means of a small book which he always carried, Mac by means of the hand and arm movements. Our bandmaster, who was born in France, and Theodore were the only ones of the band who could speak French. When the boys wanted to talk in earnest to the French girls they did so through these two.



1920 MODEL COWMOBILE, NO GAS



A GERMAN BOY WITH A GERMAN PLOW

The favorite repairing place on these hot July afternoons was along the river which flowed through the place. For a mile or so along the river the boys could be found lying under shade trees, asleep, with their instruments at their sides.



ROAD IN GERMANY

One day as Elmer Miller, our smiling piccolo player, and Prickett, sometimes called "Brown County," were coming out of a store, they were stopped by an M. P. and put under arrest. They were taken to the repose of the M. P. victims,

where they were given the defendant's chance. After they proved they were innocent and it was explained to them that it was forbidden to enter said store, they were freed. Since then they have been careful through what doors they enter.

We left Messac and went to Camp Coëtquidan. The band performed its regular duties here. Here we had an addition to the band in Floyd Miller of Washington C. H., who was transferred from the Ammunition Train. Miller never met a stranger, and if he should, he would be embarrassed for something to say. He filled a long-felt want in the drum section. Also came Linke from Battery F. He is a professional piano player and plays a violin. Nothing of any importance happened while we were stationed here.



GERMAN PEASANTS WORKING ON FARM

On September 21, after playing all the batteries out of camp as they started for the Front, we marched out for the last time. We entrained at Guer on the French rolling stock known as "Side Door Pullman"-box cars. We stopped in Messac for a few minutes and

in recognition of their kindness to us played a few pieces. This playing proved to be the last for several months. After several days' riding across France we arrived at Revigny. There we were ordered to get our packs together and travel the rest of the way on foot. The army's main hobby of uniformity was strained to its utmost with the shapes and sizes of these packs. Of all, Hardert possessed the queerest looking one. Hanging on his pack was anything from a shoebrush to a pillow. Rigio, who was short of stature, had a pack which dangled a few inches off the ground.



A WEDDING IN GERMANY

With these on our backs, where they nearly overcame our equilibrium, we started on the hike. After the first day we did all the



GERMAN BOYS AND GIRLS WITH THEIR DCG CART

hiking at night, every morning bringing us closer to the Front and causing us to realize more what war was like. On one of these night marches, we were suddenly attracted by a shrieking noise which seemed to be coming our way. It was, and shortly afterwards a loud explosion was heard to one side. This

was our first experience with a German shell and the band felt the stiffening in their knees give way. Hiking did not go so easily afterwards. For the rest of the march nothing was said and the silence revealed that their thoughts were far away.

One morning several days later, we were awakened by a terrific bombardment over our heads. Fritz was shelling the place and they

were coming close. Out of every pup tent came several heads and our faces showed anything but satisfaction. Our bandmaster said that this was not the place for him and we all thought the same.



JOHNNY AND HIS HOONT—WITTGERT, GERMANY

The time now came when we were to be disbanded and do duties at the Front. There was no need for music there, so we were put on different details. The majority went into the first battalion telephone detail as operators and linesmen. Well, that was a far from pleasing place, especially for inexperienced men, but

they were soon doing the work as well as the rest. Those in this detail were: Sgt. Bean, Cpls. Brown and Reif, Agler, Kimmel, Younce, E. Miller, Jenks and Lucas. Sgt. West was given charge of the ammunition. Sgt. Barnes, Yarcho, Ault, Berger, Rigio, Timpano, Theodore, Nowak, Hardert and F. Miller were with Regimental Detail. McCall, Tracanna and Roy were with Supply Company. Dickey and Wright went to Brigade Headquarters for special duty. Mr. Veevaert and Balger went to the rear and stood vigil over the instruments.



CLEANING HOUSE, YES, EVEN IN GERMANY

Whenever any of the band chanced to pass the place where Veevaert and Balger lived, they were welcome to a visit and could bet on a good feed, for Balger has the reputation that a mess sergeant should have.

Berger and Ault took to cooking with Headquarters Company. If any of the band were hungry, which they usually were, they knew where to go.

Rigio, Timpano and Theodore were Regimental orderlies and Yarcho an officer's orderly.

Those in the telephone detail were on the Front doing linework and operating.

Tracanna and Roy were caretakers of horses at Supply Company.

Dickey and Wright did all kinds of work at Brigade Headquarters. Around this place were always quite a few officers and it kept the boys on the alert. On one occasion, Wright failed to recognize one by the usual tip. He was reprimanded and asked what days beside Saturday and Sunday he saluted. This happened to be on Saturday and Brownie was stunned speechless. He doesn't have his certain days for saluting now. The only reason Dickey said he was well satisfied at Brigade was the fact that this was the only place his hunger was really satisfied. At that he was kept busy hunting ration dumps and why he always chose nights for this, nobody knew.

To those who don't know what a ration dump is, ask Brown and Kimmel. They know and even in the darkest nights they could go straight to them.

Yarcho was quite an expensive orderly, for on one night ride to the Front he was caught in the shelling area and his horse becoming excited, ran away. Yarcho searched for the horse and saddle the next morning but they were not to be found. He said he considered that a lucky trip for getting back with his scalp uninjured.

During the waning hours of night and the wee hours of morning, you could always find E. Miller or Jenks in the First Battalion P. C. at the telephone. Kimmel was there during the day. Younce was gas instructor and when not at school, kept the wood supply for the stove in the telephone central replenished.

Sgt. West had charge of the ammunition and of all the band he was the busiest. For several days at a time he would be on duty day and night. In his spare moments he was hunting souvenirs and it



WITTGERT, GERMANY

was a common thing to see him come in with a German or Austrian rifle over his shoulder.

Agler's work consisted of going to the Y for jam and cakes and carrying messages. Aside from a few weeks at the Front, Lucas was at the echelon. Between caring for the horses and dodging shells, he was kept pretty busy. One evening as he was lying on a rigged-up bed in an improvised shelter, three burly Frenchmen came along. Looking in and seeing him one exclaimed, "Boche." To make the occasion more peaceable, an explanation was soon made and in the morning when he awoke he had as bed partners the three Frenchmen.

The band was made up of wide-awake, jolly fellows and their associations with each other were pleasant ones. Several of these associations were severed by casualties. In the band there were eight casualties, divided among deaths, wounded and sickness. We pay special tribute to Reif, Rigio and Davenport, who gave their lives in this cause. Davenport died of disease and the whereabouts of his remains is not known.



322^D BAND MARCHING IN GERMANY

Sgt. Bean went to the hospital with a sickness contracted on the Front. He never returned to the band. Younce and Jenks were wounded by the same shell that killed Rigio. We never heard of him again. Nowak received a slight wound but it wasn't serious enough for him to go to the hospital. He was the first casualty in the band and he proudly bears his wound stripe. With a casualty percentage of twenty-seven it shows that the band did their share at the Front.

After all these mishaps, the band was called together for reorganization on November 9, two days before the Armistice. It was the same as a reunion when we got together again. Each had his story to tell.

A funny incident occurred the night before the Armistice that is worth mentioning. Bandmaster Veevaert had just come up from the

rear and had been telling the men that he wanted only brave fellows in his band. That night a Boche air raid was pulled off and he, not being used to these things, left his bed without shoes, etc., and proceeded to pile headlong into a near-by dugout.

The Armistice having been signed, the long march into Germany started. The band hiked with Headquarters Company and on the way resided in all manner of places from haymows to castles. One morning Brown came out wearing a brand-new pair of English shoes. They

were built so that they could be worn on either foot. That night at the end of the hike, Brown had created a new walk, the Luxemburg Tango, which he attributed to the shoes. On this hike our instruments were hauled in a wagon and in nearly every town we stayed the inhabitants heard the "Star-Spangled Banner."

While we were staying in Manternach, Luxemburg, the band was

increased by the addition of Owens, Brillhart, Baer, Bretz and Archbold. They came from the different batteries and most of them were buglers.

In entering Luxemburg and Germany, a new language had to be spoken. French was a

thing of the past and German was instituted. It was peculiar, how, when the occasion demanded, so many could speak this new lingo. These fellows proved a big help while in the zone of occupation.

As a part of the Army of Occupation, we reached our destination, which was Wittgert, on December 18. Here we again settled down to our regular duties as a band. As the Regiment was scattered in



322^d F. A. OFFICERS AND SOME OFFICERS OF SHIP
ENJOYING THE AFTERNOON BAND CONCERT



the surrounding towns, we made trips to them, giving concerts. The German people were greatly attracted by the music, for an American band was quite a novelty to them.

While here we received twelve new men which enlarged our band greatly. They came from bands that were disorganized and the men sent into Germany to recruit the bands in the Army of Occupation. Those who came were: Sgt. Allison, Musicians Cole and Lauren, Cpl. Bourne, Musicians Bruce, Dillon, Griffin, Griffith, Stoddard, Barnes and Ballenger. A few weeks later Sgt. Hepner, Cpl. Bourne, Musicians Brillhart, Prickett, Baer and Bruce were transferred to other bands. With all these comings and goings and with vacancies caused by casualties, the band still kept a high degree of efficiency.

We now await the order to return to our homes. Although this will be a happy moment, it will be accompanied by its sorrows. We will then part, some never to see again, the friendships made will go with each of us to the four corners of the nation and will return in form only. A designated meeting place should be selected for a reunion.

“THE MONDAY LINE IS OUT AGAIN”

It was the hour just before dawn, and silence reigned both within and without Warfield P. C., broken only by the stentorian snores of the Regimental Commander, and the low tones of the operator, working by the flickering candlelight, as he made and broke connections on the switchboard. The interior of this particular post of command resembled in shape the interior of a submarine, and housed both the Colonel and his staff as well as the regimental telephone detail.



REGIMENTAL TELEPHONE DETAIL, 322D F. A.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the return of a couple of linemen, who had been out repairing the damage done to communication by Fritz's early bombardment.



WASHING MESS KITS, 322D F. A., HDQRS., GERMANY

The pair gracefully stumbled down the slippery stairs of the entrance and made enough noise to waken all except those who slept the deep sleep of exhaustion. The Colonel alone awoke, and with much creaking of his German-made bunk, succeeded in getting up into a sitting

posture and scraping his unprotected scalp on the chicken wire of the berth above him. As if by force of habit, he at once called for

his telephone officer to "get those men up right away" and "when are you going to run that line out to the infantry?" The telephone officer reluctantly left his field service blanket roll in the corner, and in the course of time he sallied forth with the chosen few of the detail loaded down with wire.



It was necessary to run the line up through a particularly bad stretch of woods to the Infantry P. C. near the Molleville Farm clearing. Laying wire by the primitive method of a reel carried on a gun barrel is most decid-

edly a form of manual labor, but it is surprising how fast a line can be laid when the Hun shells are going zzzzzzzz-plang all around you. Fritz took a decided interest in that particular woods and soon both officer and men were demonstrating their ability to dodge shell fragments by the quick-flopping method. A few hours later, after having their share of close calls, the party returned to the telephone central, where they were given the cheering news that a Boche plane, unopposed, had just finished a very fine adjustment of fire on Malbrouck in general and the P. C. in particular. Such little performances by the Hun aviators never failed to bring forth sarcastic remarks from our "land-fighters," who in unmistakable terms accused the Yankee fliers of whiling away their time by the "wine and song" act in the back areas.



MESS HALL AND THEATER, HDQRS. CO., 322^D F. A.

However, the bombardment had spared our rocket-proof cook shack and food was forthcoming for the Regimental Details. Darkness came early on Malbrouck, and life in the P. C. followed its usual course. The Commanding Officer retired to his accustomed station

"en repos" upon his bunk; the Operations Officer was busy phoning the echelon for jam and candles for the coming offensive; and the A. I. O. was amusing himself by compiling a fictitious report of activities of the day to appease his exacting war lord, the Brigade Intelligence Officer.

Then suddenly things began to happen. The first one was a direct hit on the top of the dugout, the concussion putting all the lights out. The next one exploded in the entrance, which caved in

partially. The P. C. was at once filled with C. O. gas and confusion. The recumbent Regimental Commander was bounced out of his bunk by the force of its explosion, and was rescued a few minutes later by the regimental gas-sergeant, who found him wandering in a daze



KITCHEN MECHANICS, 322D F. A., HDQRS. CO.

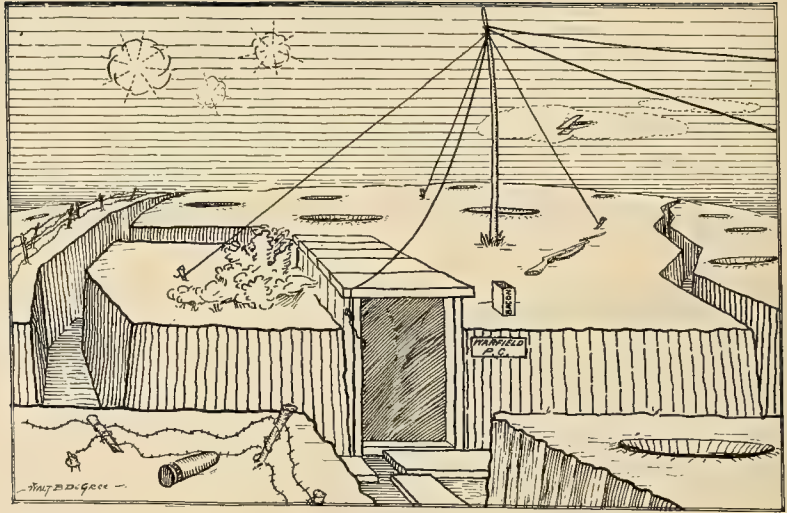
across the open field. The Operations Officer and the A. I. O. ran each other an obstacle race up a ventilator. Needless to say, the P. C. was immediately moved to the damp, but safe depths of the radio dug-out.

But the telephone men, as soon as it was discovered that there were no casualties, were



TELEPHONE DETAIL, HDQRS. CO., 322D F. A., STATIONED AT GIERSHOFEN, GERMANY

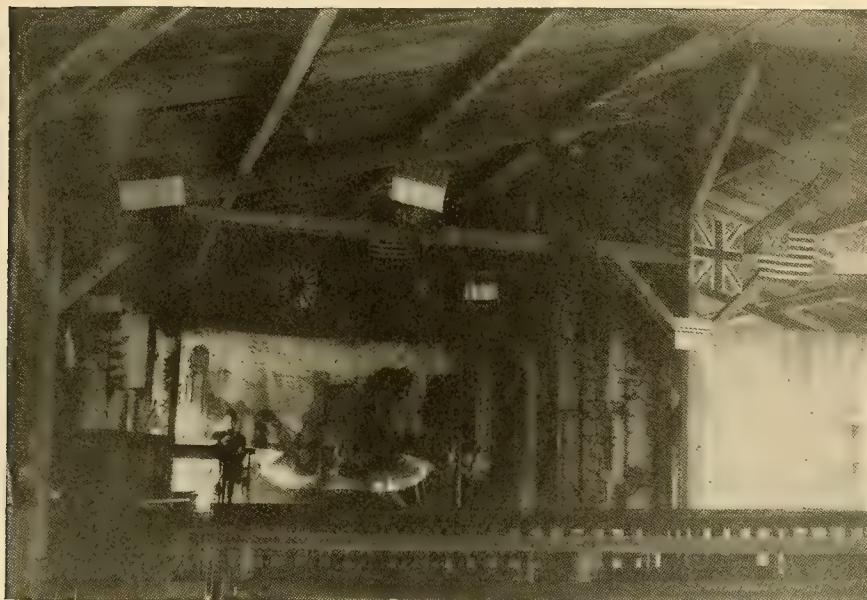
busy reestablishing communication in the old P. C., for Fritz's lucky shot had cut every telephone line and had blown a new cut-in box into bits. Soon all was quiet again, and the trouble-shooters fell asleep, knowing full well that soon they would be roused out to be told that the "Monday Line is Out Again."



A FEW MINUTES WITH THE RADIO

Whang! a “T. D. C.”¹ had landed.

Three men as one, jammed through the little door to the radio dugout on Malbrouck, interrupting the two operators with head phones on, who were busily copying the afternoon communique from



THEATER, HDQRS. Co., 322D F. A., WITTGERT, GERMANY

Paris. Much laughter from the three, loud growls from the operators, and a gap in the “copy.”

The three foragers, for such the intruders were, doing their best to be quiet, dragged the 150-pound sack of sugar, and sacks of bread and bacon (gleaned from an unwary infantry dump) down the steep shaft to the main dugout below, from which in time to come will

¹ Editor's Note: The author evidently refers to a “Too Damn Close” (T. D. C.) shell. A species that abounded in the vicinity of Malbrouck and Death Valley, October 12 to 29, 1918.

percolate the odor of fried bread, syrup and coffee, being prepared for the second and last meal of the day.

Sh——s, the scribbling is under way again.

Again the hurried tread of many feet in the trench outside, and



HQRS. MEN AND THEIR BILLET IN WITTGERT

the hinges on the little door suffer as before. This time it seems as if "somethin' musta happened," as this party is headed by the C. O. and his staff, all with gas masks out, eyes full of tears, and spasms of coughing the deep strangling cough of the gassed. Between inter-



PRIZE BILLET, HQRS. Co., 322^d F. A.

mittent spasms of coughing, we learn that the Huns have dropped an H. E. in the mouth of the P. C. dugout, that is located a hundred meters down the trench, spoiling it for further use as a permanent regimental hub, as well as a store room for vast supplies of candles and jam.

The radio dugout is soon transformed into a new Post of Command, although the radio still sticks to the corner by the door.

Everything is quiet, as the Boche are eating supper, and it is dark

outside. Up the little black hole from the Post of Command, twenty feet below the radio station, much whispering is heard. As might be supposed, grave matters are being discussed, but the whispering is not being carried on for the purpose of avoiding the keen ears of the Hun, but merely is the result of the concentrated attack of C. O.

(carbon monoxide, not commanding officer).



MAKING GOOD THINGS FROM NOTHING, HDQRS. Co.,
322^d F. A.

The council is ended, and outside the enemy is limbering up his artillery for the night "strafing." Crump!—Crump! — Crump! Crump! each succeeding explosion louder and closer to the dug-out as the progressive sweeping advances.

At a summons from below, the Radio Officer makes a rapid descent into the depths, and reports to the Commanding Officer for instructions. "It is reported that a counter attack by the enemy to-night, is probable. Get in touch with Monday, at once, and see that everything is in shape to receive their barrage call. It is still "Food."

The Radio Officer climbs back up to the radio station, and in a few minutes the spark set is spluttering out, "18 de H-96—CRV—CRV—CRV—ar," which means, "How do you get me?"

But now Fritz, in a big spasm, is slamming in salvo after salvo of H. E. and gas, the smashes rocking the dug-out with what seems to be direct hits on the thin little roof above. But these are also "T. D. C.'s" as the roof was probably designed as hand-grenade "proof." In the middle of the sputtering message, two terrific blasts in the trench outside the door seem to smother



COO WAGON, WITTGERT, GERMANY

everything, knocking out the well-adjusted spark. The Corporal nearest the door clamps his teeth on the mouthpiece of his respirator, and pokes his head out into the gas-filled trench. He strains his eyes, for a time, looking for the antenna wires overhead, finally swears softly and says: "They got our home pole that time. These Huns are getting too damn regular, that's four times this week, so far."

Fritz slowed down in his dirty work, but still kept up his regular supply of mustard gas. The "gang" crawled out into the barbed wire and nakedness of the field above the trenches, and got busy. It is



MESS, HDQRS. Co., 322^d F. A., WITTGERT, GERMANY



RADIO STATION, 322^d F. A., WITTGERT, GERMANY

pitch black, and it is necessary for the men to carry their respirators in their mouths, but still it is necessary to find the antenna wire by the "feel" method. Mostly footwork, too, as mustard gas is not good for the hands. The wire is blown to bits, and finding it among a four years' tangle of barbed wire, weeds and shell holes is like chasing the proverbial needle. Fritz is now landing short, and an occasional gas shell case ricochets and sings by. The men worked on feverishly, splicing, where fingers are all thumbs, and "cussing" each shell when they have to flop.

One-half of the antenna is missing entirely, but finally, three-quarters of an hour later, it is in place again. Fritz then quits altogether.

The sending set again sputters, and after another laborious half

hour with the whims and vagaries of a radio set, "Monday" answers, and things are all "Jake."

The Radio Officer climbed back down to his very narrow bunk, leaving two operators with headpieces on for their night vigil in the candlelight, listening for the magic word, "Food."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

“Pursuant to telegram A. G. Washington, D. C., April 12, 1918, Tables of Organization have been amended to provide an additional Captain for each regiment as Personnel Officer.”

Having no Captain available on the date the order was received, 2d Lieut. Ralph E. Farnham was appointed Personnel Officer. Reg. Sgt. Maj. Fritsch and Cpl. Marshall were detailed in the office; the grade of Regimental Sergeant Major, Personnel Section, being created for the work. The purpose of this office was to relieve the

batteries, companies and other organizations of the Regiment from as much paper work as possible; so the work assigned to this section was the preparation and authentication of pay rolls and pay cards of all men, the supervision of the work in connection with war risk insurance and the various



REGIMENTAL HDQRS., WITTGERT, GERMANY

allotments and the checking and tallying of qualification cards. For the first month the batteries were asked to prepare their own rolls, which they did. They then turned over to this office the pay cards of all men and this part of the work was accepted by this office about June 1, 1918. Lieut. Farnham has said that the most interesting part of the work was the obtaining of the information for the qualification card which required the Personnel Officer to interview each man in the Regiment as to his former life. Answers to all questions were placed on this card. It was no wonder that, in the early life of the Regiment, we lost so many good men, as anyone desiring such a man for any position had only to refer to the tally sheet, select a man's card and request his transfer. The order to transfer usually came by name.

On May 29, 1918, I arrived at Camp Sherman, returning from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was informed that I had been appointed Personnel Officer. This assignment rather appealed to me, for I had always been interested in the preparation of pay rolls and paper work. On May 30, 1918, I took over the duties of Personnel Officer, relieving Lieut. Farnham, my first duty being to pack up our equipment for shipment to Camp Mills, Long Island, where we arrived June 3, 1918.

At Camp Mills, I reported to the Camp Personnel Officer for instructions, which, when received, consisted of having each organization prepare five copies of passenger lists and one small card for each man, called a locator card. These lists included name, rank, number, and nearest relative and address. I have never heard how this locator card was used. After a short stay at Camp Mills, the Regiment embarked for service overseas. While on board the boat, we had to prepare the master hospital card for each man and complete alphabetical lists of all on board; total being about 1500 persons. These lists were required at the port of debarkation. I was very glad to reach this port, for I was able to dispose of all the



SMILE—WHEN PALS MEET



cards and lists, one copy of the passenger list being retained by this office.

The Regiment arrived at Messac, France, July 2, 1918, where we were to remain until August 15, 1918, and while here I was designated as Regimental Billeting Officer. My work proved to be of great interest,

especially later, on the march in France, through Luxemburg and across the Rhine. The only drawback to the work was my inability to speak French or German. It was during our stay at Messac that we were able to get the Personnel Office properly organized and on a very good working basis; Reg. Sgt. Maj. Fritsch was assigned to the preparation of reports on the personnel of the Regiment which were required daily, weekly and monthly; Cpl. Marshall and Pvt. Wachs, the latter detailed in July, were assigned to the preparation and

extension of pay rolls and preparation of billeting distributing lists required on the last day of each month. These assignments of duties continued through the period of training at Camp Coëtquidan, until October 4, 1918, when Reg. Sgt. Maj. Fritsch was taken sick and sent to the hospital. The Regiment was then in position in the Forest of Hesse, after its first action, September 26, 1918, in the Argonne Forests.

We accumulated quite a large box of forms, retaining records, and stationery about which Capt. Webber occasionally remarked, "Some day a shell will hit the box—then good-bye Personnel Office." Well, on the eve of October 14, 1918, a shell did hit this box and the contents were destroyed, but it was not good-bye Personnel Office. Fortunately we had a copy of the September rolls in the field desk, also the pay cards, so we were able to resume business the following morning. During the period of action of the Regiment on the Front, which was from September 26, 1918, until the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, we found it necessary to submit almost daily a Form No. 17, which is the notification of killed, wounded or missing. The Regiment suffered nineteen killed, seventy wounded, thirty gassed and four missing, the majority of these men being from the 2d Battalion. Some little difficulty was experienced during this period in rendering reports promptly as the Regiment was divided and it did not actually get together again until November 14, 1918.

Reg. Sgt. Maj. Marshall and Sgt. Wachs are deserving of credit for the work carried on during the period from October 4, 1918, until on or about November 6, 1918, when Cpl. Kappel was added to the Section. On November 16, 1918, Reg. Sgt. Maj. Fritsch was dropped from the rolls of the Regiment and on November 25, 1918, Sgt. Marshall was promoted to the grade of Regimental Sergeant Major and Pvt. Wachs to that of Sergeant, both deserving the promotions.

GAS

Hq. Chemical Warfare Division,
322d F. A., U. S. A.
Dec. 26, 1918.

From: The Commanding Officer, Gas Defence Troops, 322d F. A.
To: The Editor-in-Chief, Regimental History, 322d F. A.
Subject: Elastic fluids in nasent form.

1. In compliance with memorandum from Hq. 322d F. A. which I have mislaid and do not remember the date of I submit the enclosed endorsement.

2. During the mental lapse during which the same was evolved I was a very sick man and under the care of Dr. Gale R. Butts.

3. For God's sake then accept it as she is writ for,

4. Doc. says I am going to be sicker yet.

(Sgd.) H. N. FINDLEY,
1st Lieutenant 322d F. A.
Custodian of the Gas House.



“Now at the count of One you knocks the hat off from the back to the front—ah—I meant to say that you won’t be expected to wear these here hats but tin derbies with the strap under yer chin. Then when I say Two you sticks the right hand into the satchel which is opened with the left—no, I meant the other way and pulls out the mask by grabbin’ it by the metal elber tube.—Now look here,—youse

guys had better pay attention cause some day this here new mask is gonter save yer life and before I gets thru with yer yuh has ter get it outer the sack and hook it on yer face in six seconds." Thus spoke the divisional Gas N. C. O. as he gave us our first lesson last November. We weren't particularly interested because the next day was Saturday and we had "put in" to go home and somehow one's thoughts would wander. Besides we had always thought of gas protection as something that would stop up the ears and would be worn when the "old man" sounded off.

In spite of protests and cold weather we went through a whole week of the cussed slobbering drill, spoiling our only blouses and good dispositions. A whole week that ended up when we were taken through the gas house shedding barrels of tears as we groped our way out. With sighs of relief we checked the masks in and proceeded to forget all about gas as we spent the winter watching the mercury try to crawl out of the bottom of the thermometer.



GAS INSPECTION

"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, tra la," brought another fatal notice in the weekly schedule which spoke as follows, "During the week of — to — each unit will be instructed in gas defence two hours daily." For once at least we welcomed our tour of

guard duty and memorandums requesting that "fifty men and three noncommissioned officers would report to dig trenches for the infantry" were hailed with great joy. This time, though, it wasn't so bad. The instructors knew a little more about the subject and we even got up enough enthusiasm to put a few bets on who could come from the "slung position" to "protection" in the shortest time. Someone even dug a few trenches and let us stand in them while gas bombs were thrown around and rattlers sounded as the first smoke appeared. That lesson was a good one for all of us, we learned what not to look for when gas really came.

The second or third week in Messac brought the false faces back again and this time it was different. Men had been seen who had been gassed and the prospect was not at all pleasing, so we buckled down

to gas drill with a will. Shortly after this there appeared on the scene one of our own officers who had graduated from a real gas college. He had seen, been with and talked to men who had been in gas for hours and who swore that their lives had been saved by the rapid application of the S. B. R., who casually mentioned dichlorophenolsulphide and monochlorethelarsene as if they were old friends and much to be evaded by young men who do not wish to fall in with the good and die young. We lugged the masks on the long, long trail from Messac to Coëtquidan, where we started on the last lap of the strenuous training.

Shortly after we got to the range it became noised about that there was to be an officer and noncommissioned officer for each battalion of the Regiment who were to have no other duties than seeing that the masks were kept in good condition and other supplies were furnished. Rumor gave away to fact one morning as we were firing when an unholy racket came from behind us and the now familiar cry of gas was raised on all sides. Then we knew why several men had been standing beside us with their watches out.

The men who stopped to wonder and question were told that they were dead and had to fall out and play dead until the attack was over. Rather crude stuff but the lesson was brought out. When the gas comes, stop everything else and see that it doesn't get you. The horses came in for their share, too, and soon learned that every bag does not contain feed.

The first barrage was well under way and we had got over the first scare. It wasn't so bad after all; guns were all around us and everyone was so busy that all was forgotten except seeing that Fritz got all that was coming to him and that 322^d was doing a good share of the performance. There may have been gas or may not, no one knows, but when the cry went up every man got protection just as they had been doing for weeks at drill and the barrage went on as before.

That was the first time, in the Argonne, and was repeated a hundred times on the different fronts which were later the haunts of



GAS INSPECTION

Warfield's Traveling Circus. We got to the point where we would wait for the shelling to stop, go out and sprinkle chloride of lime on the holes and go about our business as before. Some of the men were casualties, it is true, for during the occupation of Suicide Ridge the

Regiment was in gas almost continually. In Germany we heard that they were on the way home and here we were cleaning harness and matériel between rumors.

Our experience with gas as with other features on the Front was short but also most darned intensive. There are several things we have learned about it, though, both does and don'ts.

Don't give the gas alarm 'cause you hear it about a mile down the road.

Don't gas-proof the Colonel's dug-out the day before the Boche drop a shell into it (wait until the day after).

Don't use anti-dim or sag paste for toothpaste.

Don't get the gas of the old army confused with that they used in the late unpleasantness.

Do remember, however, to hold your breath when gas is about (married men and readers of the 322^d history please notice).

Do try and forget about gases of all sorts and remember that the young dictionary we carried in the field desk may again come into its own and we can look at this entry and not smile.

"Gas, an aeriform elastic fluid."



GAS INSPECTION

THREE VIEWS OF THE FIRST BATTALION DETAIL

1. TRAINING IN FRANCE

well, after many days of weary travling finds us located in Messac France. in the past few days we have made sevrhal hundred miles. on the water twelve days from Hoboken on the well Known ship Kanopick. we landed in Liverpool England. We landed and disembarked on the 24th day of june. the command was—a mile Hike boys to a rest camp. it was a mile too if it was a foot. After marching for about one hour and a half brings us to the camp it reminded me more of a stockade then anything else with its high Pailing fence around it—so there was no chance to go a. w. o. l. After we arrived and got cleened up a little, mess call sounded. yess it was a mess to, that was one time the word mess waz used exactly where it belonged believe me we didn't want much rest camp like that for we almost starved after eeting cod fish and some other junk about like that on the Kanopick and then getting such eats like we got there was enuf for all of us.

well saying nothin' of the eats we were very glad to even be on land once more. we had bin in this rest camp, the name of which was Knotty Ash, for a night so the next ev'ning our Captin at that time was Captin Noyse, said fall in boys—we wil go sight seeing—so we hiked all that afternoon over some Part of the city of Liverpool. saw many sights of the city.

we are now in the railroad, loading on the train, some train to. a very small coach, large enuf to hold about 40 men made into compartments in which 8 of us traveled, made good time at that. came almost across England in one day and stopped at the docks of South Hampton. we then boarded a ferry boat, i can't think of the name at Present, for across the English Channel. well it was some boat to believe me. we were crowded in there like sordines in a box, so crowded we could not get a Place to sleep and no eats at all but this did not last long, only one night and we land on the French soil on June the 26—a very bright and cheerful morning at that.

well we unloaded—lined up—call roll was the comand, of coarse we were all Present for there waz no chance to be otherwiz. well we

marched through La harve, up a long hill and into another one of these stockades called a rest camp. well we got along all rite here. we had a y. m. c. a. so we could buy some few things—what few that had money could but that waz one thing about out of the question almost every one of us were broke flat. well we did rest a few days—did nothing but fall in and fall out and Police up, some rest wazn't it?

the first of july finds us loaded on another train—o—yess this is a great train too, a small little box car about half the size of the ones in the states. There were only 40 of us in one car. This was great sport sleeping. some of us had to stand up while the rest slept but we did see many wonderful sights through this country. the country is full of mountains now lots of pretty cenory could be seen.

the train ride now is over. we find our selves bilited in a grain-rey—belongs to a very wealthy family by the name of Lucas. they were very nice French people to, are very sociable with the officers and men to—well we are all rested up pretty good now so Hdqrs co. is split up into details first Second and Reg. me being more lucky than good looking i waz lucky enuf to be Placed in the first Bn attachment and i can say i am very Praud of it to. for we have very good officers.

well we now leave Mesac. the first Bn detail are moved to Guprey about 2 miles so we settle down to busines now placing each one in the line of duty he was best fitted for. well i happened to get in the Telephone detail. well we spent six weeks here learning dots and dashes. Then was the great day the day all of us have bin looking for for some time Pay Day. Well we all have bookoo Francs now—it looks like coupons of some Kind but it will buy what we crave most now. had bookoo sider, porto, Cream demint and conac. well we had some time for the first few days. after 6 weeks of this we got orders to move to Camp Coqudan. just one minute before we leave Guprey a very lively little insendent happened while we were biled in the cow shed, about a haf dozen of us waz caught shooting craps by the Captin of A battry, of coarse you all know him, Captin Marty, well to make a long line a short one of the boys were busted from the rank he held and another was made first class Private the next day, then when we were moved he was made sargent he skipped corpral and is now sargent Major, but me being a Buck I held my own very well. the thing that is in my mind is if we get caught one more time he will be made Captin Ha, Ha. well here we are in Camp Coqudan going to the Range every day, stringing lines and firing Problems well we are good enuf for the Huns now so we leave here and board another side

door Pulman for the Front. i will now leave the rest for some of my comrades to write as i waz not on the front i was back on the Ishlan attending to my own and a lootenant's horse.

Sgd. BUCK—member of 1st Bn. detail.

2. "THIS IS HOBOKEN TALKING"¹

It is always a great satisfaction to look back upon any work with the knowledge that you did your level best at all times no matter what the consequent appearance of your work amounted to. If you would ask any member of the 1st Battalion Telephone Detail where he did his hardest work, so far as downright physical labor was concerned, he would probably tell you Camp Coëtquidan. If you inquired as to where he experienced hard work plus excitement, strain and a few other things, he would have only one answer—the Front. But in both places, he would admit if you knew him very well, he did his "dam'dest" to enable the outfit to put across the job expected of it. And that spirit, we think, is about the finest any organization can ever hope to possess.

Yes, it is true that what we did at Coëtquidan was far from easy. While the batteries only appeared on the range every third day, we hoofed it to the scene of the firing every day. If we ever cussed anybody in all our career, we cussed the Corporal when he used to wake us up from 4.00 to 5.30 every morning and tell us in no uncertain manner to get up. It surely was a poor way to start a man in good humor for a hard day's work. Then, we stood out in the cold while some disgruntled cooks dished us out a half-cooked breakfast; after which we formed in a column of twos and stumbled out to the range, more like a bunch walking in their sleep than a squad of Uncle Sam's best soldiers going out to establish telephone communication for the best battalion in the brigade. But we finally woke up on time to set up the station and then start prowling around looking for our assigned derivations. We have an awful desire to meet that man who invented the things they call derivations in telephone systems. We wouldn't exactly say anything to him, but God help us if we wouldn't do something to him—for he got us into a lot of trouble.

"Monk" and "Skinny" usually set up the central while Cpl. Crocker and his cohorts roamed the fields of France stringing the lines. Soon everything was in shipshape condition so that the batteries could commence firing. Then it was that some evil-minded

¹ Editor's Note: "Hoboken" was the code name of the 1st Battalion Telephone Central.

officer got the idea that all those not actually operating the system should spend the rest of their time in visual signaling. The dictionary these officers carried with them never contained the word "rest" or if it did the word was written in French and they couldn't translate it. By the time the morning had spent itself and the firing was over, the main idea in every one's bean was, dinner and loaf all afternoon. There, again, our innocence was proved, for after eating dinner (the last ones to do so) Jack Hufnagel herded us off to school with his "Jar out of it!" While the rest were at school, Lieut. Houseman with Gray, Crocker and the never-to-be-forgotten Gerson went on the range again to run seven or eight more lines or establish a whole brigade system or police the entire range system or any other little thing in order to have something to do.

Sometimes we would all get a vacation after supper, then again we might get a call to run some more lines until long after dark or else stay up until midnight showing the population for miles around that we could tickle a projector button.

But we all managed to live through the ordeal and outside of Fatty and Hood's "Dad Burn It," no one said very much—out loud.

The latter part of September found us in the Bois de Hesse assisting the Regimental Detail with their lines and assimilating several band men who had joined our ranks as potential operators and linesmen. By this time we had quite a complete organization. We had a full force of operators and linesmen, and in addition, Cpl. Brown undertook to organize a handsome handful of runners or agents, while Hayden started his heart-rending career pumping a bicycle. With Cpl. Fox steering the fourgon and Fatty and Skinny teasing the plugs, we presented a fairly well-rounded outfit.

Where we had the joy of life taken out and put into us at erratic intervals was before Brabant-sur-Meuse. Life in that garden spot of the devil's sanctuary will never be forgotten. How those linesmen worked on those forward lines, only they can tell. Mention the "Mortal" line to any of them and they will tell you a whole string of blood-congealing stories. If that line was ever in good condition by morning, it was because the Huns had run out of ammunition during the night; for it seemed that they never stopped dropping ash barrels over until that line was blown to the four corners of the globe.

Then the delicacies we had while living there! That can of cocoa which Lieut. Houseman handed in for us saved the mess sergeant from being murdered many a time. And the way Younce used to plead for milk and candles from the ration dumps would bring salty

tears to the eyes of any hard-hearted guard. But Cpl. Brown could pick up the blue buttons when it came to getting stuff. He would disappear regularly just after dark and stay away for an hour or two; and then on the third night he would come back with a whole crate of molasses and syrup. How he did get it was beyond us. Whether he used his fist or chloroform on the guard we never will learn, but we admit that his explanation that he "never used to do such things back home" was pretty clever.

And so it went—always something to make each day an unusual one, even if one of them had to take away one of our best pals and injure two others. It all seemed to come in the game. And as we look back upon those experiences there, and elsewhere, we do not regret any of them for they taught us one thing, if nothing else, that to work with a bunch of men who are pulling together brings its own reward in the comforting satisfaction that despite all odds the work was the best we could do.

3. A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

Since the censor is not so strict, thought I might tell you some of the things which I often wanted to, but could not. Of course you know that we came through England, never even getting a chance to order a few from one of those "English Bar Maids." Landing in France we were sent to a rest camp on a hill overlooking Le Havre, where we gave our stomachs a week's rest, then to Messac, where we were billeted in barns for a month, then to Camp Coëtquidan. After being equipped and trained for position warfare, we proceeded to the "Front," and went into open warfare. My first experience under shell fire was tame to what I really expected, owing to the fact that the enemy did not return the fire.

Later we were shifted to a position north of Verdun and after crossing the Meuse River we had conditions to suit any occasion a fellow wanted.

You could sleep in a dugout and take your chances with the cooties or sleep up on top and have G. I. cans, rolling kitchens, slop barrels, nail kegs, whiz bangs, and what not, to contend with.

The fellows found all kinds of hand grenades laying around in the trenches. In the daytime everybody took great care to step over them, at night we stepped on 'em.

The bottom of the trenches had a kind of latticework, or duck-boards, to walk on so a fellow did not have to swim in wet weather.

One day when the mud was so deep—Jack, the telephone operator, stole a length of boards to make a bunk out of. Just as he was sliding down the dugout steps, Lieut. (Doc) Lawton came along, and not being able to get by without getting in the mud, wanted to know who in the hell stole the walk. Lieut. Lawton is our Battalion Medical officer. He gives us the same kind of pill no matter what ails us.

Well, this position along the Meuse will long be remembered by every man in the 322d F. A. We had a hard time, missed a lot of sleep and some meals. Now and then we had a good laugh. We made it a rule never to pass a ration dump without stealing something to eat. We soon became real masters at the art. We got so we could put up a pitiful tale and talk the guard out of a loaf of bread without our conscience troubling us at all.

One day Foster, one of the fellows on our detail, was talking for a loaf of bread and I swiped a can of molasses. We used to cabbage onto condensed milk, also. One day the Red Cross gave our Lieutenant a ten-pound can of cocoa. The bunch around us were making hot cocoa almost all the time. She went fine, too. When the boys would be out at night in the rain, mud and in that hell of shell fire shooting trouble and come in, there before us we would see a cup of hot cocoa. I don't think it will ever taste as good as it did in that dugout. You know they have wireless outfits in the artillery. We use ours to get the correct time from Paris. When they do get anything, they call up over the telephone and compare with either 2d Battalion or Regimental. The others do the same. They keep a fellow on duty at the telephone in the wireless station. He calls up every fifteen minutes to test the telephone. I suppose that is to keep in communication with the rest of the world.

The other day "Monk" Meehan was out to repair a telephone line and as he was getting ready to make a splice, felt somebody ringing on the line. He held the ends together so as to permit conversation. It so happened that it was a call from the "Front-line trenches" to our Artillery asking for a barrage to enable them to repel a German barrage. Some stunt; it should go down in history.

A funny thing about this game is that we don't use anything that was taught us at school. A fellow goes out and it is a case of using his own judgment, and conditions are different from the set of rules which we were taught. Then another thing about this position is the entrance to the different dugouts. Capt. Marting, Battalion Commander, has such a fine entrance. The way I present myself is to start

in backwards; turn around and go a third of the way by cleats; fall the rest, trying to light on my feet and come to attention.

The other day I ran a line over to Regimental Central and had to go in their dugout to report. Going in from the light outside I couldn't see and stepped on somebody—liked to have walked all over them. Out of the blankets rolled the old man, cussing to beat the band. Said that he might as well get up—he couldn't sleep with the bunch walking on him.

We have a line working up to the infantry. Believe me, she is some line to take care of. Every day we find a bunch of hits on it. Then the Fritz boys try to find our number when we are repairing it.

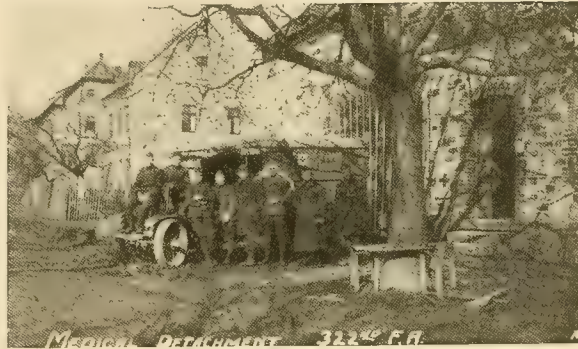
Well, old scout, this will be all for this time.

MISCELLANY

THE STORY OF THE HOMELESS SIX OR "SHAW'S LITTLE ARMY"

It was December 16, 1917, which saw the first contingent arrive and be duly interned as members of the Veterinary Detachment, 322d Field Artillery. This contingent was composed of three, two men and a Hungarian. That night the two men were called to a conference in the Lieutenant's room, and there the plotting commenced, and the prospective future of the Detachment was glowingly pictured by our doughty little leader.

Such was the auspicious beginning of the Detachment whose chief task would be to turn in a good daily report to that uncrowned king, the Division Veterinarian. And when his Honor Sir Major Repman philanthropically allowed us room for a table in his own private



MEDICAL DETACHMENT, 322d F. A.

office, we felt that we were going to have a real outfit after all. Later our ranks were swelled to the number of sixteen, by other poor innocent rookies, who knew not what they were doing.

But all went well, despite the fact that we were all in the army, until those delightful road marches were started. On one of these hikes one of our members took unto himself a sweetheart. Which was not so strange since it was the spring of the year. In fact it was the only logical thing to do when the young lady involved was pretty and had a life-size big six machine. The case gained volume and intensity via the mail route, and one bright May Sunday the feminine member of the plot motored down to Camp Sherman in search of her soldier boy hero. She alighted from her machine and entered the 322d Infirmary to find the veterinary clerk who was to give her final

directions. Upon entering the front door she saw a military-appearing personage busy at a flat-topped oak desk. So with becoming innocence she naïvely inquired, "Are you the Veterinary Clerk?" She really could not be expected to know that veterinary clerks do not wear Sam Browne Belts and gold maple leaves on their shoulders.

It was only a short while after this that a vacancy was created in our ranks by our only representative from the Emerald Isle imbibing too much of the main ingredient in iodine and insisting on staying in that condition. So we lost him. But his place was more than filled (in quantity) by the entrance of "Twig" into our midst. You see "Twig" only stripped three hundred and eight in Father Adam's raiment, so the nickname "Twig" was particularly applicable. But



MEDICS LETTERING BAGGAGE PREPARATORY TO LEAVING GERMANY FOR U. S. A.

we would probably have never known him by this cognomen if he had not done his best to help celebrate the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in the good old French way, down in what was then our home town, Messac, France.

Twig was so built that he could not be so ungentlemanly as to re-

fuse a proffered drink, and neither could he be so ungrateful as not to return the compliment. So a call to quarters on July 14 found him in the private back room (M. P.'s not allowed) of Elizabeth's Café, just finishing, with the help of two select friends, a quart bottle of that delectable fluid, Crème de Menthe. Not being an eyewitness, we cannot verify his statement that one of the commissioned sex chased him the first one hundred yards, but had to quit because the flying gravel was endangering his eyesight. But we do know that he came up the ladder, into our hayloft domicile, on all fours, and his exhaust doing double time, to say that he was excited as he both told and pantomimed his official chase. After finally going to bed he decided that possibly we were still in the dark as to his real identity, so carefully and with much weaving he raised himself cumberously out of bed, and garbed only in B. V. D.'s, took the middle of the floor, and in an oratorical voice that would have made Patrick Henry green

with envy, he announced himself. "For the benefit of you Ordnance guys who don't know me, I am "Twig" Rudy, horse-racin', cock-fightin', son-of-a-gun from Millersburg." Thus we came to know him, but not what size of O. D. breeches would fit him, for the clothing table didn't run high enough for his size. But by the careful manipulation of two pairs of the largest breeches made, the Regimental tailor was able to construct a pair which was large enough everywhere except in the calves of the legs.

The only piece of luck which the Detachment had on the four-thousand-mile trip to France was in drawing lower berths on the good ship *Canopic*. In fact we drew the lowest they had, way down in the bottom of the hold where the air was the dankest and the smell was the worst. And it was little wonder that Knasel and Twig made a record for liberality by their free donations to the fish, which they made periodically and frettingly for over two days.

ATHLETICS IN THE 322^d FIELD ARTILLERY

Many, many long months ago, before the writer donned an O. D. uniform and entered the ranks of the "Bucks," the 322^d F. A. Regiment took up quarters in Section Q and began to accomplish many things. We all know how the "privileged" members of this exclusive club did "Squads east" and "Stand to heel" beaucoup hours every day, but we are more interested in hearing of those happenings which caused us to forget these weary hours.



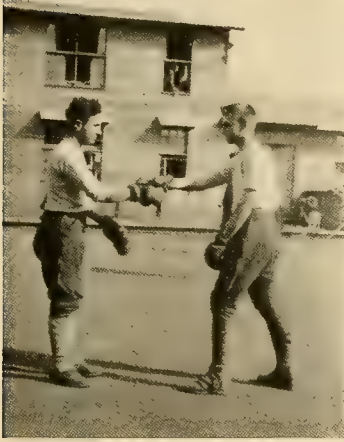
FIRE!

The 322^d secured a reputation in many things during its embryonic days at Camp Sherman, but there was one thing, besides many others, which it did well, and that was—play. The men had to play, and by playing, forgot many of the hard times and "bawlings out" of the Second Lieutenants.

Our Colonel believed that to make a good soldier, a man must be in good physical condition and must be contented. Lieut. Harold B. Wright was appointed Regimental Athletic Officer and with the writer, who in those days

could wear leather putts and call Lieutenants by their first name without fear of being court-martialed, worked out a program and schedule of competitive athletics which was approved by the Colonel. This was the beginning of many days of battle and strife and sometimes bloodshed, but not the kind we were later to encounter across the pond. It was the struggle of team against team, and man against man, to determine which of our eight organizations was to be the winner of that coveted prize, "The Colonel's Cup," which Col. Warfield presented to the Regiment for competition between the different organizations. The program endeavored to provide sufficient difficult sports so that every man would find some sport in which he could compete and represent his organization.

During the fall, leagues in outdoor baseball and indoor baseball were formed and each organization was represented by a picked team in each. The indoor baseball league was won by D Battery. The basket ball league was copped off by B Battery without losing a single game. The combination Graham, Jones and Cecil was hard to fathom, as the others learned to their sorrow.

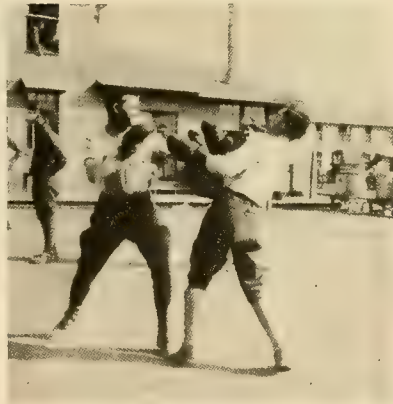


PREPARE FOR ACTION

A track and field meet was also held before the weather man put a ban on such sports. Not until the last event was run off, was it possible to decide who the winner was going to be. But A Battery won out, with D Battery only a few points behind.

FOOTBALL

By this time, there was a new brand of fever which broke out in the Regiment and even dear old Maj. Repman couldn't diagnose it, but when the football schedule came out, the fever broke out and enthusiasm took its place. Every organization outfitted their teams completely and the contests that were staged on the big drill field would be a credit to many Prep school and college teams. Every team went onto the field determined to win, for not only did they want their particular battery to win, but there was the "Cup" sitting up there in Y 76, waiting to be rightfully claimed. Many hard-fought games were played, but Supply Company and A Battery were the only ones who had the honor of going through the schedule without losing a game and neither team had their goal line crossed during the whole season. Of course the tie had to be played off but here another drawback came into form. The weather refused to behave and after many postponements of this deciding game, it was decided to play it,



ACTION FRONT

rain or shine, wet or dry, on Friday, December 21. Thursday dawned with about twelve inches of snow on the field, but the "shovel gang" consisting of most every man in the Regiment, was called out and when Recall blew, there was no more snow on the field. But the weather man was not to be outdone by mere man, so on Friday the sun came out with all its throwing mechanics and by afternoon the field looked more like a picket line at an echelon on the Front. But the council of war had decided and a holiday had been declared, so the crowd assembled, including our glorious (?) band, and the contest began. Coach "Hurry Up" Ed. Connor refereed the game, and he afterwards said that it



FOOTBALL, D BTRY., 322^d F. A.



PUSH

was one of the hardest-fought and one of the best games he had seen. As everyone knows, Supply Company won, 13 to 7. By an on-side kick in the third quarter, which outwitted the A Battery aggregation long enough for Nitzke to fall on the ball back of the goal line, the tie was broken. Rosenkranz and Van Leuvan were A Battery's shin-

ing lights while Nitzke and "Fat" Quirk were the backbone of the Supply Company.

While talking of football we must not forget the Regimental team. Their first battle was with the 323^d F. A. team, which had been playing quite awhile, as that regiment had not carried out an interbattery schedule. After four quarters had been played the score stood 0 to 0. Our goal line was in danger only once, but with 270 pounds of "Fat"

Quirk in the center of our line, our team held them for downs and then punted safely out of danger. It was hard to say what was the

most amusing thing during the game, but to see the Colonel running up and down the field after the team, was well worth the price of admission.

On Thanksgiving Day the team journeyed to Dayton by the famous and never-to-be-forgotten B. & O. special train (?) and there engaged the fast Day-



FOOTBALL ROOTERS

ton Miamis in a hot game, but due to the fact that men in uniform must eat before anything else, the game ended 6 to 0 with the 322d on the small end of the score. Turkey and football didn't seem to work together.

We must not forget the 83d Division team because it is doubtful if that team would have acquired the reputation it did if it had not been for the 322d, for that particular regiment furnished a good show in the line-up. Look at these names and then consider what chances the Division team would have had if they had been left out: Marting, J. A. Garfield, Englehart, H. B. Wright, Wood, Conant and several others.



SHOOTING THE PILL

BASKET BALL

After the football season closed, a league was formed in basket ball and some fast and close games were played on the big Y auditorium and K. of C. floors. It was nip and tuck between C Battery and F Battery, but C Battery finally won out.

The Regimental basket ball team was organized from the Regi-

ment and a fast and smooth working team was secured. Ford (Battery F) and Sajovitz (Battery C) held down the forward positions, while Clevenger (Battery D) and Miltner (Battery C) took care of our opponents' forwards, Bergmier (Battery C) and Horner (Supply) were centers and Woessner (Battery F) helped out at forward when needed.

This team, after a hard-fought contest, finally won from the 323^d F. A. by a score of 31 to 29. Soon after this, they journeyed to Cireleville where they played the unbeaten Cireleville Athletic Club. The game was bitterly contested, but Ford dropped one in from the center of the floor just as the whistle blew and the game ended 34 to 32 in our favor.

Several other games were booked in near-by towns and an extensive trip through eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania was arranged, but the quarantine on the whole camp went into effect and everything had to be canceled. "C'est la guerre!"

SOCCER FOOTBALL

At the same time, a soccer football league was organized and each of the eight organizations had a representative team. This was a new sport to most of the men, but after a little coaching

and practice they took to the game like a duck to water. Snow or slush would not cancel a game and many games were played on a field that looked more like Lake Erie than anything else. D Battery came through without losing a single game, while F Battery only lost one game. Strachan of D Battery, who had played on English



THROWING BASKET



STRETCH, GROW A LITTLE

and American teams previously, did a great deal to help promote this sport in the Regiment.

This league closed the first competition for the "Colonel's Cup." After computing the averages and standings of each organization in each of these leagues, it was found that D Battery had the highest average standing of all the organizations in the Regiment. So one night the whole Regiment assembled at Y 76 and the cup was formally presented to Battery D by Col. Warfield.



ATHLETIC COMPETITION

tion for the cup and it is needless to say that there were seven different organizations which were determined that D Battery should not win another leg on the cup. It was decided to conduct leagues in indoor baseball, outdoor baseball, regulation baseball, and a track and field meet.

The leagues progressed very favorably and of course the most interest was shown in baseball. There is hardly a man who, sometime in his boyhood days, has not played baseball on a vacant lot or some other forbidden place. So naturally baseball was and is the king of sports to the American soldier.

HIGH JUMP, 322^d F. A.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The track and field meet was one of the big events of the season. Over two hundred men took part in the eight events, which consisted of: 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, 880-yard relay, 16-

SPRING ACTIVITIES

Plans and details were now worked out for the second competi-

pound shot-put, running high jump, running broad jump, tug-of-war (twenty men to each team).

A Battery once more proved that they would later be able to dodge



TUG OF WAR, 322^d F. A.

G. I. cans successfully when they got across, and showed their training along those lines by again winning the meet. F Battery also showed that it would take more than a hand grenade to catch her runners, for this Battery finished a close second. As an added specialty, the Colonel's horse, Reno, ridden by Young, and King, ridden



STARTING THE RACE, ATHLETICS IN THE 322^d F. A.

by Sgt. Grodi, Battery D, gave an exhibition of hurdling and jumping.

But now comes the sad part of my story or history or whatever you may want to call this effort. We were never able to finish the schedule and the cup was never presented the second time. The powers that be decided to give our Regiment an ocean voyage. And it was at this time that the writer decided to change the style and color

of his uniform for one of O. D., and his leather putts for the kind you had to wash every Friday night for inspections the next day.

Before ending this résumé of the "good old days," I want to mention the names of a few men who stood out prominently among



FINISHING THE RACE, CAMP SHERMAN

the men of the Regiment, and who deserve this honorable mention because they were all-around athletes in every sense of the word. They did much to promote sports among their fellows and they them-



BASEBALL IN GERMANY

selves were the leaders, for they gave good account of themselves in practically every branch of sport. They are: Clevenger, Battery D; Dadisman, Battery A; Ford, Battery F; Nitzke, Supply Company; Van Leuvan, Supply Company; Sajovitz, Battery C. Of course there are many more who were all-around athletes, but these men were the best in my estimation.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Funny old world, aint it! and the army's funny too, but I think there's a limit to all things, even humor, and when they take a fellow away from a perfectly good training camp, put him on a rickety old train and won't even tell him where he's going, I think it ceases to be a joke. And then, when they dump him off on a deserted old island, where grass won't even grow, I think it becomes a serious proposition and about time they were letting a fellow in on a little



THE CLEAN-UP, CAMP MILLS, LONG ISLAND

of the real dope; but no such luck in the army—guess they think us soldiers aint got no patriotism a-tall and that we tell the Germans everything we know and even suspect. Funny people, these officers, aint they?

Well, Sammies may come and Sammies may go but old Camp Mills, the Land of a Thousand Inspections, goes on just the same. Anyway,

it was there June 4, and the sun was shining, too! We were all tired out from our long trip on that rickety old train and the four-mile hike from the traction station at Long Island City. Saddlebags were neatly strapped over our left shoulder, the regulation way. Oh, yes, always that way in the 322d, we “squads’d right,” right into Mineola. No one watched us but we thought everyone did, because Col. Warfield said, “Men, the eyes of the world are upon you,” and we of course thought we were still in the world, so we did our best.

We marched into camp—through the main gate, too—and discovered a little burg of squad tents with lemonade and peanut stand for suburbs. It reminded me of “Stony Creek”—it was so different. Looked something like a desert but it wasn’t though, for it rained

the next day and I don't think such big mosquitoes could live on sand, they didn't either while we were there.

Found the place in an awful untidy order and not at all fit for

such a good regiment as ours. During the rest of that afternoon and the following day we were busy policing up and we worked hard too, for we wanted a nice clean place to rest—rest! no such luck in the army. The Camp Commander was quite an observing old chap, he recognized our ability right away and the next day every one of us



DRAWING EQUIPMENT AT CAMP MILLS, LONG ISLAND

“hard-boiled” non-coms (some of the fellows call us hard boiled but we really aint hard at all after you git to know us—you see we just have to act that way when officers are around) were given a detail of eight or ten men and invited to demonstrate our ability on the whole blooming camp. Gosh! it was awful dirty too, some of the fellows grumbled and crabbed a little, but we soon got down to business and worked like sixty, for someone said that if we did a good job we might get a furlough or something, but no such luck in the army and all we



A LITTLE REST BETWEEN INSPECTIONS AT CAMP MILLS, LONG ISLAND

got was the dickens for getting our clothes soiled—guess some of those inspectors never done any work in their life and think we can clean up dirt all day and then come out as white as a lily on Easter morning—but it can't be done, I'll tell the world that.

If you think we didn't have any fun, you're wrong again. The

Chaplin, he aint such a bad fellow even if he is a minister, and he doesn't ball you out either if you don't salute him every time he sees you, but everybody salutes him anyway—just because they like to, I guess. Anyhow he fixed up a regimental baseball series and after supper everybody was playing ball that was good enough, while the officers and the rest of us watched them. But the series didn't last very long, for we soon discovered that Hempstead wasn't very far off and that there were lots of nice-looking girls there too! Of course

we didn't like to hurt the Chaplin's feelings or anything, but you know baseball isn't very interesting after supper anyway.

But girls weren't the only interesting thing around there either. There was a flying school close by and the way those aviators cut

up was something fierce and if we hadn't been in the army I believe we'd 'a thought they were crazy too. And then there was the papers, that said the Germans were going to air raid us from submarines and at night there were the funniest sights, the searchlights, just like the moon shining a whole lot all in one place.



LINING UP FOR CHOW, CAMP MILLS

Guess that's what started the whole thing—I mean the rumors. Yee Gods! They came in so fast they made me dizzy. They were about where we were going and when—all the way from Italy to Siberia, even Africa was mentioned, guess by a Kentuckian—and



DRAWING EQUIPMENT PREPARATORY TO GOING OVERSEAS, CAMP MILLS

really believe if we'd stayed there much longer somebody'd said we were going to that awfully hot place, that aint on earth either—but if he had he wouldn't of been so far off at that.

The next day some orders came out about bathing and that's something that went way over my head. When we first came here we had to bathe every day in that open-air shower house, without any roof and ice-cold water that made your teeth chatter like a nigger shaking a pair of them ratteling bones, every time you thought about it. But now it was getting warmer and the sun made the water pretty decent so they put out this new order, that said nobody could bathe a-tall any more—funny, wasn't it?

Guess it was about the second or third day that we was there, that the "top kick" said that a certain number of men could get a pass to New York. I wasn't one of those certain men, though, for when I got to the orderly tent they told me the passes were all gone for that day. The next day it



MODERN MESS, CAMP MILLS, LONG ISLAND

rained so I thought I'd wait for a good one. The first one like that was Friday and right after reveille that morning I beats it down to the orderly tent and gets a pass. I'd never seen N. Y. yet so guess you know how tickled I was. Got all my equipment fixed up neatly so they wouldn't have anything to kick about but I never knew it was Friday all the while. Nobody ever had any luck on Friday anyhow and neither did I. Just getting along about the time for us to check out, when the "top" blew his whistle and said he wanted to see all the men who had passes. Well after he saw us, we didn't have a pass any more for he said they were all annulled or something—and that we'd have to stick around and get clothes issued to us and Gosh! if you'd only seen the clothes we got. Jenkins made Lieut. Crab awfully sore—when they gave him a pair of shoes he said, "I'll bet next war we have, they'll have to draft the men to fit the clothes."

Well, I guess we had all the cleaning up there was to do, done, had all the packing in the warehouse packed and had our equipment and

ourselves inspected about a million times, so one morning at Reveille the "top" said to pack our barracks bags and have them ready to load on trains by noon. Twenty men were also selected as a baggage detail and "secretly" instructed to report at dock 58 N. Y. Harbor. With those two facts at hand, I mean the barracks bag detail and the detail secretly instructed to go to New York, we all deducted that we must be going somewhere—but where? On that point we couldn't seem to get any definite dope. We were busy all morning pack-



OVERSEAS EQUIPMENT INSPECTION, CAMP MILLS,
LONG ISLAND

ing up and by noon the Battery streets were filled with big fat barracks bags. At one o'clock the entire Regiment, in column of twos, marched to the freight yards and before the day was over had said "Good-bye, barracks bags, where will we meet again?"



INSPECTION, CAMP MILLS

The rest of the afternoon there wasn't much doing—guess the "top" lost his whistle, but trained "Sammies" are never idle, even if they must resort to gambling and in short order there was a big Regimental crap game well under way, in which good old Ameri-

can greenbacks were flying about as fast as snowflakes in a blizzard. After supper that evening, we were all given permission to take a bath, with the little tip that it would be our last chance while in Camp Mills.

At Reveille we got our traveling orders and after a thorough

policing up of our regimental sector and after a few of the lucky ones had kissed their girls good-bye, we were all marched to the camp station and boarded the electric train. A funny thing happened here—you see the Kentuckians aint used to trains—don't know how they did it when we left Camp Sherman but that day we couldn't do a thing with them—they simply balked and try as we may we could not get them near the cars, let alone in them. Well, we'd tried all kinds of stunts and was just about ready to give up when an old mule skinner came along and noting our plight, asked, "Why in hell don't you guys blindfold 'em?" Why hadn't we thought of that before? Anyway it worked fine and we were able to pull out with a whole regiment after all.

We reached Long Island City about noon and immediately were packed on a ferryboat—Hempstead, I think. We crossed the East River, passing under the three bridges, saw all the big skyscrapers—Woolworth and Singer buildings and the big Colgate clock, with which we all checked up our timepieces. We passed many loaded transports in the Hudson River and as we approached the docks noticed hundreds of camouflaged ships lying in harbor. The *Vaterland* was among them. Our ferry was headed right for one of the biggest and best-looking boats of the lot and as we approached we could distinguish one of our lieutenants and sure enough, there was the baggage detail with him. Could it be possible that we were getting that one, the biggest and best transport in the harbor—the Colonel's stock took a big jump—but then, as we drew nearer and as our angle of vision opened—what was that tiny, measly-looking little green and black thing back in the corner?—why a ship, of course—the *Canopic*—but what about that swell big one?—no such luck in the army!

THE BAGGAGE DETAIL

Before setting foot on the soil of Europe a detail of about two hundred men and officers under command of Lieut. Post, and known as "The Baggage Detail," was selected to smash that part of the baggage of the 322d Regiment which had not previously been smashed. The detail was privileged to land first that they might the sooner get to work. Their first step was to find the net-and-derrick method of unloading barracks bags used by our conservative British cousins too slow to suit them, and in spite of many protests and "it can't be done" statements from the crew who had been unloading baggage all their lives, the men strung a net from the ship down to the wharf and rolled bags down the net at a rate which made even the reluctant crew smile. This little accomplishment of Yankee ingenuity allowed the men to get on their train a couple of hours earlier, if nothing more. The next morning found the men thoroughly appreciating the well-ordered landscape of England, the journey ending at Southampton, where more baggage was rustled before a march to our "Rest Camp." As far as work went, this camp was a rest camp, which was fortunate, for the battle for food which had to be fought three times a day and which was often a battle lost, will not soon be forgotten by anyone who tried to get a meal there, and surely no one could have stood much work on a subsistence mostly negative. Luckily street carfare in Southampton was only a penny, so nearly everyone had or could borrow money enough for one ride. After a few days of this sort of life, the detail, minus a few cases of measles, was not sorry to have staterooms assigned them in the open air, or in the cowstables of a Channel ferry which landed them in Le Havre the next morning, where they rejoined their respective batteries for the trip to Messac, Guipry, thus losing their identity as members of "The Baggage Detail."

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

We have reached the last jumping-off place before seeing France. We have talked so much of France in the last few weeks, to our friends and relatives at home, and among ourselves on the way over that we are all expectant and I am afraid we are going to be disappointed. That remains to be seen, however.

We unload at the terminal at Southampton and march, full pack, to the large warehouses along the docks. There we submit to a final inspection of eyes, teeth, throats, etc. We crowd around a canteen on the dock and buy all the stock of hot coffee and ginger cake at prices entirely in keeping with the times. While we are lying about on our equipment, those of us who have not gone to sleep are treated to our first peep at the Australian soldier. An entire company, or battery, marched past, in single file. Finally, after a wait of about an hour, the command comes, "Attention, pick up your packs," "Squads right, march," and we are off to the *Monas Queen*, the British Channel transport, which is to take us to Le Havre. She's an old side-wheeler, an old relic in fact, and before we board her we have already decided that she is for carrying troops, not for pleasure trips. We soon find that we were absolutely right in our decision. When the entire Regiment was loaded, a battery of Australian artillery, some British casualties and a detachment of "Tommy" A. W. O. L.'s under guard being sent back to the line, we find that we are quite lucky if we can find a place to sit down, outside or in. But we are on our way to France, on the very last lap, so we grin and bear it all good-naturedly.

On the lower deck of the boat we find two canteens, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of goodies on hand. The Britishers who sell the goods have already found out how careless the Yank is with his money, especially since he now is carrying shillings and pence in his jeans, and said Britishers are doing a "corking" good business. In fact, most of us are so darn hungry, since our evening repast had been a matter of imagination entirely, that we will buy anything regardless of the price asked.

A cold wind is blowing, which is nothing unusual in England, and

we all try to get inside, many of us with success. Those of us who are not successful or who do not care to imitate the lowly sardine, start searching for windbreaks on the deck. The best one to be found is the funnel. This turns out to be the warmest place on board and standing room is at a premium.

Several groups of nattily uniformed Australian artillerymen are kept busy answering questions fired at them by the Yanks. These Australians are healthy-looking youngsters, full of life, and they resemble the American in many ways. They are very proud of Australia and lose no opportunity of stating that they are Australians, and not "Tommies." Their uniforms are noticeably better than the Tommy's, better looking and of better material. In his uniform, the "Aussie," broad-shouldered and full of pep, makes a very snappy soldier. And he is a very good soldier, everyone tells us.

Some of us, being very sleepy, work our way to the lower deck and pile in on top of some of our buddies for a couple of hours' rest. This slumber is disturbed when the Corporal, whose foot you are using for a pillow, decides to draw that same foot up under him in an attempt to strike a more comfortable position. Bang, goes your bean on the floor, a couple of hot ones for the Army in general, a few special remarks for the inefficiency of the British Transport Service and you are off again, dreaming of home. Along about 3.00 a.m. a few of our beloved mess sergeants commence bellowing around for details to help get the travel ration of bully-beef and hard-tack ready. We are awakened again and decide to call the sleeping party off and sneak out on deck since we prefer to battle the Channel wind rather than work on a bully detail. We slowly work our way up the hatchways, being very careful not to mar the beautiful countenances of some of our non-coms with our hobs.

Some far-seeing individual suggests hot coffee for the Regiment before debarking and about four o'clock two of the more energetic mess monarchs take the matter in hand, commandeer a couple of vats from the galley and proceed to concoct some of the best coffee any soldier has been lucky enough to run into. Most of the credit for this should go to the mess sergeant and cooks of Battery A. They fill our cups with it, then we line up and fill our canteens. Coffee to spare, and never such coffee as this.

It is coming daybreak now and we can catch our first glimpse of France. We find that we have been running through a regular lane of destroyers. We slip into the harbor at Le Havre, France, at about 5.30 in the morning and lie along the dock for an hour before unload-

ing. We are amused and entertained by a couple of seaplanes manoeuvring about the harbor and get a glimpse at a submarine. Luckily we have been denied a look at this little "Rat of the High Seas" until now, and this one is friendly.

We debark by organization and march through the streets of the quaint old port town of Le Havre to camp. At last we have come to France. What is before us we do not know, but we feel capable of most anything now.

“BATTERY A, CHIEFS OF SECTION, AT EASE!”

When we first got the French 75's at Guipry, we got a pretty chuffy young French sergeant along with them. It takes a Frenchman to explain anything that's French, and what it took to explain this ordnance, he had. Further, he also had the qualities of a good sport, and having taken a fancy to our Sergeants, with whom he mostly worked, he got it into his head one day to give a little evidence of his friendship.

He appeared one afternoon in our little auditorium home, back on the stage where the sergeants bunked. Characteristically French, he had one of these musette affairs listlessly slung over the shoulder, and from it he produced, innocently, bottles of champagne and stood them on the table.

That was a rather shameless and open way to handle a proposition, which we, back in the States, would have shrouded in sinister oblivion and seclusion. The French are so shockingly direct about their pleasures. Peeny Fisher, the Top Sergeant, said, after the magnitude of the thing dawned on him, “You can't drink that stuff in here.” And a sweeping gesture embraced the sacred apartment as though it had never before been exposed to so black a stain.

French sergeant smiled indulgently at Peeny and bust in on the Captain in the adjoining room. Capt. Marting, on being told the nature and circumstances of the proposition, immediately thought of something very important that he had to do—in other words, “très bien”—with tacit consent.

Things were fixed for after retreat, the First Sergeant saying, “You fellows go ahead, but I feel that I can't conscientiously join you.” The only other man who appeared to have any qualms of conscience was Sgt. Ed. Kreager; but his were caused more by the novelty of the thing to him, as well as by a total ignorance of the joys that lurked in these ancient vintages. But the army had mellowed the sharp edges of his philosophies, and he felt that consistency required of him, sooner or later, this pilgrimage into the realms of Bacchus—what better then than making it the responsibility of another. So he winds up by saying, “Well—if the rest of the boys go,

I'll go with them." At the same time tingling all over in nervous anticipation of his first orgy. It's always that way, what at first we do with reluctance and trembling, we afterwards do often and freely with the sanction of a hardened conscience.

A little side room at the Hotel Morel furnished the setting. And the girl, who still lingers in some memories, lined up the glasses.

The ancient vintage, from the sergeant's own home cellars, was opened by himself—dexterously and with skill developed by practice. Serving to his left, where sat Sgt. Kreager, he poured the sparkling grapes around, when with an eye for finesse and detail, he surveyed the result—Kreager's glass was empty. Between a desire to find out what the stuff tasted like and to get the guilty act over with as quickly as possible, he was driven to this gluttonous and unclubmanlike conduct. The Frenchman was almost certain he had started at his left, but with the delicacy of the real gentleman and thinking that, after all, it might be on him, he promptly refilled, at the same time murmuring profuse apologies.

The incident was repeated at the second round, and later when the bubble water was exhausted, Ed. suggested, and produced the means for further variety—benedictine was tried. All eyes were on Ed. as he feverishly grasped his glass and brazenly said, as an intangible curtain of haze gradually separated him from his material surroundings, "Gee, if I'd ever get started on that stuff."

THE ADVANCED DETACHMENT AT COËTQUIDAN OR FIVE WEEKS' VACATION WITH PAY

Most of us know what an army pass is, a few of us know what an army furlough is, but only those who were with the advanced brigade detachment at Camp Coëtquidan know what an army vacation is. Then you ask, "What is it, that constitutes such a vacation, what do you do, how do you go about it?"

Well, to begin with, you have to travel to the scene of your vacation in a second-class French coach instead of the usual "side-door Pullmans," and it is in the luxurious comfort of these carriages that you gaze with dignified aloofness upon your fellow sufferers in the service as you pass through quaint French towns on your way to the scene of your future loafing.

Arriving at a small town which we will call Guer, for short, you experience your first sensation of blissfulness by plodding leisurely along to a camp some three miles away, under the inspiring leadership of Lieut. Purdy (didn't you love that man when that hike was over?). But you are soon able to forgive all of your enemies when you discover, rising out of the city of your dreams, some real sure 'nuf barracks; and if someone doesn't wake you up, you'll swear that you see some real bunks with some regular mattresses on them. So this is Paris; this is the place they compelled you to come to. You are a little confused at first but you are soon forming some pretty hard-boiled resolutions as to just what conditions will ever make you depart from that place. To prove your contention, you spend the first thirty-six hours of your existence in that place, holding down that bed which you fear will fly away if you do otherwise.

By the way, one of the side shows at this resort was a school of artillery for specialists. One almost forgets that part of his outing in recalling the many things relating to Camp Coëtquidan. A short time previously, we had all been given our choice as to whether, in acquiring the very latest methods of modern warfare, we wanted to lean on a shovel handle in the telephone trenches, or sleep in a buzzer class, or to take a machine gun apart and never get it together again, or else do bunk fatigue all the time and be a chief mechanic. Despite

the numerous hours spent arguing the question, everyone soon came to the conclusion that he had made a wrong choice inasmuch as everybody else seemed to be having an easier time. Nevertheless we all liked the idea of going to school, even though we didn't like the practical application of that idea.

How wonderful those good old days seem now. Days spent in getting on speaking terms with Old Man O'Grady, days when the top kicker spent most of his time sleeping, when the officer of the day would miss reveille one day and retreat the next, when we would go out to see the firing with a full company and come back with half of them missing, when we taught the officers how to play volley ball and baseball, when we could take a swim in the evening by the moonlight, when we could come back and always find at least one man stewed to the gills. Glorious days!

But all good things come to an end sooner or later, and so did this one. After sweating through our last exams, we finally bade a fond farewell to our instructors (who were glad to see us go) and slowly and mournfully rejoined an unappreciative regiment.

THAT FIRST NIGHT

"All right, you section chiefs, get those sections of yours harnessed up and ready to get out of here, but keep under the trees, for the Dutch have good eyes," yelled Tobie; then things began to move quickly, for everybody wanted to get to our first position and the Captain had told us that we were supposed to be there sometime that night.

The day had been a beautiful one, with plenty of sunshine to help us thaw out, for we were a stiff bunch after having been penned up in those famous French box cars for two days and nights. About five o'clock in the afternoon it had clouded up and by seven it was just about dark enough to move. "All right, let's go; look out, Mr. Kaiser, here comes the 322d," and such remarks showed how anxious everyone was to be on the move again. Not a man ever dreamed of the hardships that we were going to meet during those next two months.

"Didn't you get orders not to smoke?" yelled a voice from out of the darkness. "By God, if that gang from Hdqrs. can smoke I don't see why I can't," growled Vic. "You put that cigarette out and don't let me catch you smoking again to-night," snapped an irate lieutenant. "I'd like to have him working for me in civil life," was Vic's answer as he crushed the lighted end off and stuck the cigarette behind his ear.

Just as this discussion ended we made a sharp turn to the right, and from then on we could see the flash against the distant sky and we soon began to realize that by going straight ahead on this road for a few hours we would be upon the firing line. "Get that carriage over to the right of the road," growled an M. P. "What are you, a bunch of schoolboys?" "You'd better get some men up there that have seen a horse before, anyhow," with a sharp turn the carriage was away over to the right, but in the darkness everyone had failed to see the big shell hole which a "barracks bag" had made a short time before, so now we were stuck. "Don't stand there like you were froze," yelled Jake, "give those horses a lift, you won't break your back." With some muttering which no one could understand, Sparks

and two other cannoneers got on the wheels, and soon the carriage was back in its place in the column again.

"Now you drivers want to keep awake," was the good advice which Jake gave the men on the horses, and with that he rode back to his place behind the section.

"Well, I don't see why we don't put these slickers on, I guess they were made to wear in the sun," said "Brandy." "You crab, that little bit of rain won't hurt you," said "Cleve." "You'll see a lot more than that without putting on your slicker." "Well, I am gonna keep mine in a glass case for a souvenir when I get home," answered Brandy, and ten minutes later when the order came down to put on slickers, the rain was falling at a pretty lively rate.

Soon the road, which was in poor condition, due to the heavy travel, was a sea of mud, and tramping through it made everyone grouchy. "Eddie, if that cow of yours splashes mud all over my back, you can clean it off in the morning." "I will like hell," retorted Eddie, "you keep out from in front of him and he won't bother you."

"I guess they are training us to be long distance hikers," snapped the tailor. "You know that's what 'Rusty' told us back at Messac. Here it is 3.00 a.m. and not a sign of a place to take a flop," remarked Steve. "Yes, and that ain't all, chances are you won't find a place, either," answered Jake Weisner, and on we went in the mud.

In a few minutes we stopped and from the length of time we stopped and from the length of time we stood there I guess we must have been awaiting orders from Paris, or the vicinity of it. "This is a hell of a way to treat a man after he has volunteered to do his part," said Shorty Jacobs to "Chief," who was beside him. "Such is life in the army," replied "Chief," who was so nearly asleep that he did not even recognize who was speaking.

At last the order came to "go on," and from the way we wandered for the next hour I think that must have been the order verbatim. There must also have been something in the order concerning picking out the muddiest roads, for we sure did find them.

"Column left, march!" We all heard the orders and recognized the Captain's voice, but for the life of us we could not see where we were going. The wheels just sunk in the mud up to the axle but with a mighty lunge the first piece was dragged into a woods, and everyone thought there sure was no place to sleep around here.

"Halt," came from the head of the column. "There is that damn first section again," growled Kid Nolte, and it sure was as he had

said. Poor old Brownie, there he lay. He was covered from head to foot with mud and his near wheel horse was lying on his left foot. With the aid of the Captain and all the cannoneers we finally got the big boy on his feet, and pulled farther up into the woods.

"Drivers dismount; unhitch and unharness; then rub down your horses' legs!" "Who's rubbing down my legs?" growled Rapp. "All a fellow has to do is run around in the mud all night and then sit up all day to dry out," continued Rapp. "Who said you had to sit up all day? Why don't you find a place and go to bed?" said Dad, who as usual was smiling through it all. "A man's got a fat chance finding a place to sleep in this hole, ain't he?" continued Rapp disgustedly, and with that he wandered away to try and follow Dad's advice.

But fortunately there were a few empty stables in the vicinity and these were used to a very good advantage. Also in some places the grass was very tall, and although it was wet, it was also nice and soft, and as tired as the men were it was an easy matter for them to doze off into a heavy slumber.

MY FIRST NIGHT UNDER FIRE—SEPTEMBER 23, 1918

Note to Reader: I wish to say, that the following account of my first night under fire which I have set down in good faith, I cannot vouch for. It is subject to the inaccuracies of the human mind. Most of my thoughts of that night are clear in mind, but, for instance, I distinctly remember that it was raining, and at the same time I remember seeing the moon. That both of these things were to be seen on this particular evening is obviously impossible; but, I will vouch for the fact, that in the main, what I have written is the truth, the whole truth, and, etc., . . . THE WRITER.

All day we had been concealed in a wood which graced a hill in the danger zone, within sound of the guns. Undisturbed, but for the occasional bronze hum of an aeroplane motor as it sped overhead, we had sought shelter from the rain and waited until evening. We were going in and we were going in to a drive.

Everybody seemed to know that there was to be a drive. It was no secret. Colored engineers on the road, the night before, had said so, as did the French "Frogs" who were taking care of a few horses in the wood. And "Cocky" Neibert, who came in about noon, from an all-night struggle with a fourgon wagon, stuck in the mud, three miles down the road, said that the railroad artillery was coming up with eight inchers. We had also guessed the identity of the camouflaged contents of the flat cars manned by sailors, which with glasses, we could see going up on the railroad, as naval guns. Of course nobody knew when it would be pulled off, maybe in one, two or three days, but there was to be a drive. It was in the air.

At 6.30 p.m., under cover of the trees, we formed our column. At 7.00 p.m., it having become dark, we moved down into the highroad and started out, through the mud, toward the Front. I remember very well I walked behind a gun, with my friend, George Frye.

I have wished a thousand times that mine was the ability to express my feelings of that night. Here I was, an average American, who like most average Americans had been exposed to the hair-raising stories of the current magazines, the vocal gymnastics of Guy Empey, the platform endeavors of Private Peat (not to mention

Brand Whitlock's efforts to keep before the public); here was I, plunged right into the middle of the whole miserable business, and I knew that before morning I was to get a little knowledge of this war game at first hand. Naturally, I didn't feel natural.

The human mind, though an organ of remarkable capabilities, is not without limitations. At times it combats problems of such volume that it cannot comprehend them. They strike the mind a glancing blow, and while the mind cannot fully digest them, nevertheless they have their effect. Being plunged into the very middle of the war, as I was, presented just such a problem to my mind. A problem too big for my mind to digest and one containing, in a large measure, the element of danger. The result that it produced on me, as I plodded along that night behind that gun was a feeling bordering remotely on dizziness; the air that I breathed was clearer and lighter than ever it was before; my feet ceased being an encumbrance and I seemed to float along without effort. And the clarity of the air made me think faster and easier; in fact, I found that I could think of several separate and distinct things at once. I will vouch for the fact that I thought of home, my "Dere Mable," and driving across Third and Main in Dayton in an open hack, bowing to the cheering crowd, all at one time and all the while I was humming, "When the Sun Goes Down in Romany."

On some temperaments, one of these "too big problems, full of the element of danger" will react favorably and the world takes on a roseate hue, a place full of the magnificences of adventure; I have one of those temperaments. You can take this as an effort to sound human nature, a confession or a lot of bunk, as you will, but as I walked toward the Front that night, I found the air brimful of adventure and I saw myself a hero. I thought myself a candidate for a place alongside of Captain Kidd, Sherlock Holmes and Marcus Aurelius. I began to see the possibility of realizing the fondest dreams I had ever enjoyed behind my big geography in school. I couldn't help feeling that way. It was through no effort of mine.

At intervals trucks loaded with men or supplies thundered past us. I remarked to Frye that the truck loads of men were always very silent. We took their silence as further evidence that they were going up for a drive; we didn't take into consideration the fact that it wasn't a hayride or a picnic on its last legs. We actually expected them to be making noise. At one juncture we were halted to let four or five tractors, propelled by that caterpillar arrangement which I have always mistakenly associated with having to do only with tanks,

scurry down a side road. So far it was just as I had expected and I liked it.

Beginning at about 10.00 p.m., we began to pass through small towns occasionally. At first, symptoms of shell fire were rare, but each town that we came to we found in a less normal condition, until at about 12.00 p.m., we arrived at one that had gone completely "back to nature." In this town there was scarcely a building which resembled a habitable structure. Meantime, the firing had become more audible until now it seemed very close.

With our arrival in this town, which afterward proved to be Neuville, began a series of delays. We would move ahead for about thirty meters and then stop for about five minutes. In a period resembling a half hour, we had reached the center of the town, marked by a cross-road. Our Battery had turned down to the right at this point. Here I left the gun and went further to the rear of the column where the rolling kitchen lumbered along. I had always been friendly with the greasy cooks and, considering their advantageous position in the rear, I found their companionship at this time particularly attractive. We had just negotiated the turn when an unusually long delay occurred. Word came down that some Frenchmen in trucks, up ahead, had gotten off the straight and narrow and we couldn't pass. I went up a hundred meters or so to where they lay, engines down, in the ditch, and administered to the tail gate of one of them in an effort to get it back on the commercial artery. There seemed no chance of getting it up, so I "mooched" back to the kitchen. I sat down on the limber and looked around.

To my right, as I faced the Front, was a low, level field, broken about a hundred yards away by the stone ruins of a house, "as once was." To the left was the sad specter of a church that had long since passed into the "has been" class. It might have been somebody's garden wall, for all the roof there was over it. A small side door, the kind the preacher usually uses, invited me, so I walked cautiously in. A few stone pillars were all that remained. I seemed so out of place, that I immediately withdrew and again took up my position on the limber.

Right then it happened. Just overhead I heard a sound like the combined moans of all the whistling winds of three winters, blown into my ear through a soda straw, in five seconds, and with an explosion which sounded as though St. Peter, "up there," had gotten disgusted and thrown the big book down with a bang, a shell burst over in the field. And the war, as far as I was concerned, was started.

I arose from the mud-pie material of the road which I had locked in an affectionate embrace. I thought, "Ha! ha! Jerry, you missed me fifty yards." Then about half a dozen more came over and landed close enough to be nice and neighborly. Wow! I thought, "Old boy, your name is Belgium." Then Fritz increased his range and the shells fulfilled their missions about one hundred and fifty yards the other side of us.

Naturally anyone will wonder, do you get scared? I take upon my shoulders the responsibility of answering that question for all humanity; it was so plain to me. Yes, you most certainly do get scared the first time. If anyone tells you he did not, please for me answer him that he would if it had happened in Kansas, because you can't get anything to drink in Kansas. The sickening wail of a passing shell is of such deathlike quality that it will infuse fear throughout your whole being from the top of your head, clear through your one soul and down to the bottoms of the other two. I do not think man was constructed with a view of making him impassive to bursting shells. As I see it, bursting shells do not come under the head of ordinary wear and tear.

But after it is over; after the danger had passed, you laugh at your fears. You come to see the thing as it really is; a wonderful adventure. Every ingredient of high adventure is to be found in this unladylike little game called war; the hazard, the joy of adventure for adventure's sake, which resembles nothing but itself; and those delicious, tense, expectant moments without which no adventure is complete are all to be found. And the recompense of those who play it and win as we did, is the knowledge that right has again asserted itself and once more vanquished might, and that you have had a finger in the pie.

At dawn the trucks were finally gotten out of the way and we were able to take advantage of the shelter of the Forêt de Hesse, just in front of Dead Man's Hill. A few days later we opened up on Fritz and he left in such a hurry that he scarcely took time to send back an answering shot.

A DAY ON LIAISON WITH THE INFANTRY

The day I will tell about was the first day of the first drive that this Regiment participated in. It was on the night of September 25, the night before the show started, that Col. Warfield sent for me to report at his P. C. Upon arriving there, I was told I was to go on liaison duty that night with the infantry we were to support. I was started out about ten o'clock at night, with four men, to find the infantry P. C. We found the place that had been designated on the map about 1.30 in the morning, but, alas, the P. C. had moved forward. We immediately went back to Col. Warfield's P. C. and were told approximately where it had moved to. Johnny Morrison was there and said he would help me find it; he was then, as always, willing and anxious to help anybody that he found in trouble. At 4.00 a.m., we found the much-coveted P. C., with infantry officers all flustered and excited about what was coming off at 5.30. I reported to the C. O. of the unit I was to be with, and although he seemed to be glad to see me, he was too busy then to spend any time bothering with me.

At 5.30 the big show started, our artillery started their barrage which lasted five hours, and the doughboys went over the top. I was standing on "Cigarette Butt," from which place I could view it all very well, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. The doughboys jumped off at "Mont des Allieux" and met with very little resistance at first; the artillery had done most of the work of cleaning out the Boche for the first kilometer or so. Then we began to see our doughboys having some use for their rifles, machine guns and occasionally a little bayonet work, although it was seldom that the Boche would not give the old familiar word of "Kamerad" when the doughboy would get close enough for a hand-to-hand scrap with him.



LIEUT. MCCONNAUGHEY
[ON LEFT]

We continued to advance as per schedule the rest of the day without much delay, although the trenches occupied by the enemy were deep and well constructed, and his system of wire entanglements was very difficult to get through. I will never forget the first dead American that I saw; it was about an hour after we had started that we found a Lieutenant and three Boches lying all in a heap. They had gotten him with a hand grenade, but not before he had ended three of them. When evening came we had advanced about eight kilometers and had established our line on the hill just beyond the town of Very. We had gone far enough for the first day, so we decided to wait till morning to resume the attack. The night, however, proved not to be for rest, as the Boche artillery began dropping G. I. cans around our section of the country. They dropped them too close for convenience as one of my men, who was lying next to me, had three of his teeth taken out by a shell fragment. He was the only casualty I had, which was certainly lucky, as there were men all around us getting picked off. The Boche decided to stop his harassing fire for a while, but still there was little rest to be had. About eleven o'clock I lay down in a shell hole on the side of the hill, about thirty meters from our front line. I was all in and dropped off to sleep; in about fifteen minutes I heard a yell that I will never forget—a Boche patrol had evidently been sent out early in the evening and one member had gotten separated from the party, thus the cause of his yell. He had found one of our doughboys asleep at the bottom of the hill and thinking he was alone had stuck him with his bayonet. Needless to say the Boche got the same medicine, only a double dose of it. From then on I decided I would not try to sleep. The first day of the drive was over. However, there are memories of that day that will never be forgotten. The one that left the deepest mark on me was that the "doughboy" rightly deserves all the credit given him and a whole lot more beside.

CAMP GALLIENI

The words, "Camp Gallieni," are indelibly written on the minds of every member of the 322d Field Artillery. After the long and chilly night-and-day trip from the Forêt de Hesse, the scene of our first action, the Regiment finally pulled into Camp Gallieni in the middle of the forenoon of October 4. Men and horses were well-nigh exhausted, very hungry and spirits in general were at a low ebb. Weeks later the Regiment accepted such trips as a matter of course but as yet we were an unseasoned organization. But this was a rest camp (so called) and here we would stay for a few days, at least, and clean up and rest. Happy thought.

The Regiment was soon spread around in the various huts of this French camp. I might add that Camp Gallieni compared about as favorably with the camp of our training days in Ohio as one of these "40 hommes 8 chevaux" cars compared with a real American Pullman. But it might have been worse. Everybody ate a meal for a change and then looked forward to some real rest, but no such luck. The "Powers that Be" got their typewriters set up and late that afternoon the resulting orders "to be prepared to move out at once" arrived.

This unexpected order brought forth an interesting and varied flow of language from officers and men, but in a comparatively short time the Regiment was ready to take the road again. Then ensued the usual period of waiting for the final orders to move. It was such orders or lack of orders that tried the patience and puzzled the minds of the American soldier while on the march. At a late hour the order came through for the 2d Battalion to move forward to take up position, but the remainder of the Regiment was to remain and go forward the next evening.

Our second experience with Gallieni was after we had spent several weeks in the hottest sector of the Front and had suffered many casualties. The vague rumor that we were to be relieved with the 29th Division on October 29 proved to be more than a rumor, and after turning over the sector to another brigade of artillery, we found ourselves bound for the rest camp of Gallieni again. "Fritz"

had given no evidence of any shortage of ammunition and had lavished both H. E. and gas upon us with reckless abandon, and as a result many men were in a slightly gassed condition and everybody was very much in need of a rest. But when they found that their destination was Camp Gallieni, that place of bitter disappointments, they were at once distrustful of the word "rest" as connected with that camp. Sure enough, our rest period came to an abrupt end and we were ordered on that never-to-be-forgotten trip to the Bois de Cunel and thence to Ecurey.

"Yes, there is rest, in this army life, there is rest, sweet rest."
(Like h——.)

HEARTS OF STEEL

Has it ever occurred to you that during the many hours you spent in action at the Front, that there is one tragic minute or hour or day or night that stands out more vividly than any other? If someone were to ask you of your most thrilling or nerve-racking experience while at the Front, isn't there one which immediately presents itself in your mind's eye? Perhaps it may be a comrade killed at your side; you may have been caught in a box barrage, or ordered to repair a broken telephone wire with the chances ten to one you will be "knocked off," or one of many other "hair-raising" situations. But we do believe that in the mind of every man who came in close contact with the enemy—as did every man in the 322d—that there is one situation that is stamped indelibly in his memories.

The most damnable experience I can recall, and which is the "unforgettable one," and will be recalled by every man in the Headquarters Detachment, is the "hell" which was raised at our echelon on the night of October 14, about 10.00 p.m.

Our echelon was located in the Meuse River Valley, while our batteries were in action around Samogneux and "Death Valley." With all of the picket lines and wagons of the Regiment parked in the big field, a short distance from the main road, the place presented the appearance of a circus lot or fairground. At the extreme west end of the field, Regimental Headquarters and the echelon of the Headquarters Detachment were established, while at the east end of the field a battery of "heavies" pounded away at the enemy night and day.

For several days the road was heavily shelled by the Hun artillery, and for several nights preceding the 14th, G. I. cans fell uncomfortably near our echelon, some of them driving us to cover.

Just after dark on the night of the 14th, a huge shell awakened all within a great distance as it burst and threw clouds, mountains it seemed, of dirt many feet into the air. But luckily the Hun's range was a "cellar." A few minutes later the mate of the first shell came roaring our way and the terrific explosion disclosed a more accurate range, as it tore up the ground seventy-five yards from our pup tents

and picket line. Almost immediately, a third one followed, and "plunked" into the ground a "dud," not more than twenty yards from where more than fifty men were camped.

This "dud" was the signal for our hasty departure from our tents, so officers and men, picking up a few blankets, hastened to get cover in the "dead space" on a hillside across the main road. This happened before 7.00 p.m.

Three hours passed and no more shells were sent into our position by the enemy, and as it commenced to drizzle a mean rain, our officers and men decided that there was no further danger—for that night at any rate. But the Hun evidently was using better judgment than usual on this night, for shortly after 10.00 p.m., when some of our men were back and settled again, expecting no further shelling, the fourth shell came screaming and screeching, and exploded at our picket line.

The very air seemed to breathe death and destruction, as the cry for "first aid" was immediately set up on all sides, and the cries of wounded men filled the valley. It is in such a critical time as this that the man with the heart of steel shows his true value.

When the toll was taken, it disclosed the instant deaths of Ferdinand Rigio, Springfield, Ohio, a member of the band, and that of James Bellen, Columbus, Ohio, of the Ordnance Detachment. Cpl. Perry Hurt, and Pvts. Eugene Throner, Robert Statton, Charles Gotschall, Edwin Kolbenstetter and Col. Sgt. Charles Dadisman were removed to the hospital seriously wounded. Twenty horses were also killed. The next day our two comrades were buried, side by side, shortly before we moved from this "hell hole."

In the presence of the entire company, Lieut. Findley, who at that time commanded Headquarters Company, publicly expressed his thanks and appreciation to those men who, with "hearts of steel," disregarding the dangers and the probabilities of other shells falling among them, did all in their power to render first aid to their wounded comrades and to assist in removing them to the main road.

This is the night, the experience, and the memory that I shall never forget and where the men with "hearts of steel" performed their duty and made us proud to know them.

TO THE DRIVER

You've heard about the hard-boiled geek,
Who scrapped at Saint Mihiel,
And how that he, though bled and weak,
Had never made a squeal.

You've heard that he went over the top
A-yellin', "Hit 'em low,"
And mussed up half a Heinie squad
And watched the others blow.

And how he told the first-aid guy,
Who carried him further back,
To hurry, "Fix me up a bit,
Lemme get another crack."

And then you've heard how the General,
When he'd been told the story,
Had said, "Good, give him a D. S. C.,
Add more to that boy's glory."

But, oh! how easy to forget,
How quick your memory sags;
Remember the lad, who, on the Front
Nursed and groomed a pair of nags?

How he hitched his pair in the Caisson Lead,
How he'd kick and spur and maul;
How he'd steal the oats for his poor old goats
To make them fit for the haul?

How he'd carry water half a mile
So the poor old team could drink;
How he'd curry and rub them for hours,
Till exhausted he would sink?

No D. S. C. for this poor dude,
No Croix de Guerre for him;
His chance to shine in the Hall of Fame
Is pretty doggone slim.

But, just the same, I'll tell you this,
And I always will, Old Son;
If it hadn't been for this "Driver" bird,
The war had never been won.

H. J. N.

POINTS OF VIEW

AS THEY HAD IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS BACK HOME

Constant efforts are being made to obtain for the boys of the Army of Occupation all the things tending to promote their comfort, ease and luxury. Show troupes, renowned and popular speakers and elevating and inspiring religious services are constantly brought to them to while away the tedium for those who wish it. Needless to say, all of these functions are appreciated and eagerly looked forward to, as is evidenced by the fact that they are attended even to the last man, and those on duty bemoan their fate at having to be absent.

AS IT IS

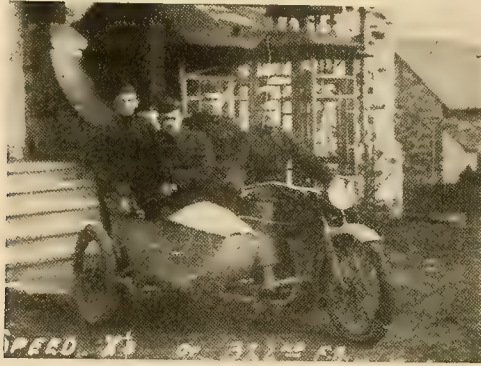
Announced at retreat: There will be a performance at 6.30 at the Gasthaus Hall, preceded by a formation of the Battery at 6.15 tonight. Then, formation of the Battery. Roll call. So and so many absent. Sergeant! get those men and report with them to me. Right face! forward, march! Top Sergeant at door checking the men as they go in, and lieutenants blocking street at each end to prevent surreptitious leave.

Men who are quartered in hall: "It's hell to have to move your stuff every time they want to have one of their damn shows."

Others: "Why don't they have these formations during the day with the rest of the drill?"

LIFE IN THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

“Here we are, grooming, currying, fixing the wardrobe, shining their shoes, feeding, watering, exercising, and so forth, of several



SPEED X'S OF 322D F. A.

horses each day, besides standing and grooming ourselves up for several inspections, standing reveille and retreat, disinfecting curry-



“ANTHONY” AND HIS HORSES, HDQRS. CO., 322D F. A.

combs, waiting tables, washing dishes, eating, sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, building fires, carrying wood and coal, making little logs

out of big trees, so we can get them in the stove, delousing horses, playing football, baseball, drilling, talking German, swearing because we have to do all this, and other things too numerous to mention, all



THREE TIMES A DAY

in one day. Besides that we have extra duty for nights, such as walking guard, keeping the horses quiet and putting them back to bed when they break out of the stables after it is time to be in, seeing that



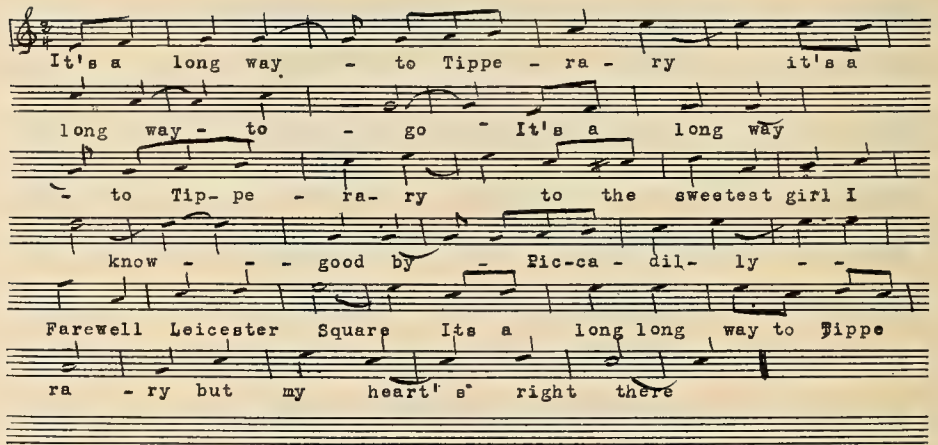
GERMAN GIRLS CUTTING WOOD FOR FUEL

the soldiers do not imbibe too much, chasing them out of the streets by ten o'clock nights, seeing that they do not fraternize too much with German girls, quelling riots, putting out all fires, learning twelve prose verses by heart, making other people happy and a few other things which we will not now mention, for we have to go out to do one of them now."

—Actual extract from a letter of a member of the Regiment.

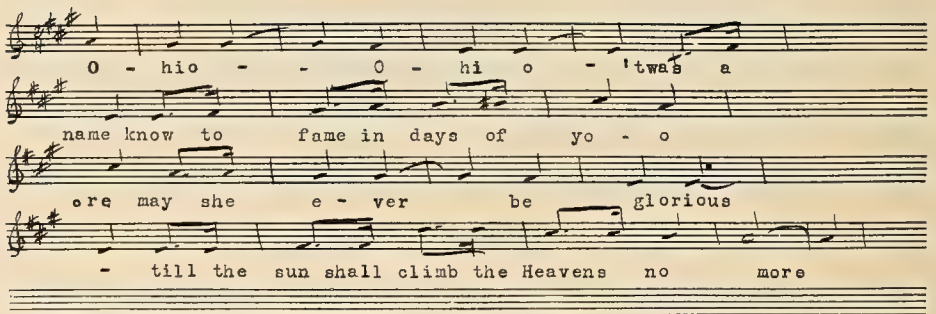
SONGS

(TIPPERARY)



It's a long way - to Tippe - ra - ry it's a
long way - to - go - It's a long way
- to Tip - pe - ra - ry to the sweetest girl I
know - - good by - Pic-ca - dil - ly -
Farewell Leicester Square Its a long long way to Tippe
ra - ry but my heart's - right there

(OHIO)



O - hio - - O - hi o - 'twas a
name know to fame in days of yo - o
ore may she e - ver be glorious
- till the sun shall climb the Heavens no more

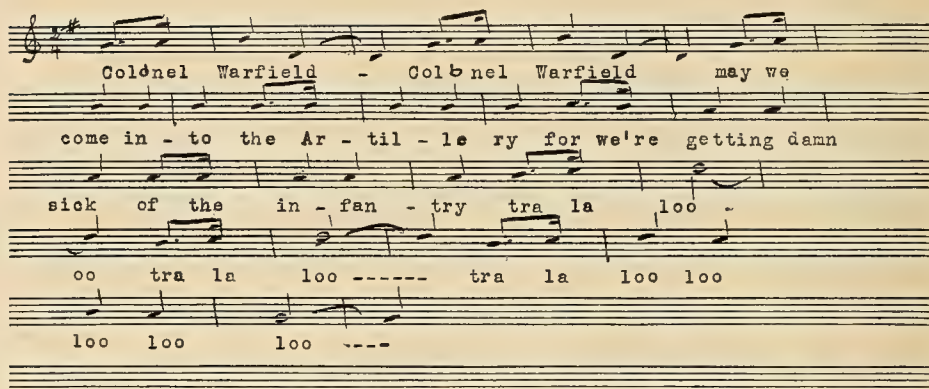
(PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN)
(YOUR OLD KIT BAG)

Pack up your trou - bles in your old kit bag and
Smile - Smile - Smile - While you've a lu - ci - fer to
light your fag smile boys that's the style -
what's the use of worry ing - it ne ver
was worth while so pack up your troubles in your
old kit bag and Smile - Smile - Smile - -

(EIGHTY THIRD DIVISION SONG)

When eight y third di - vi - sion falls in line
you'll find us soon in file a - - - - - cross the Rhine
and we will fight'fight fight for li - ber - ty
and throw our troops a - - - - - gainst the lines of Ger - ma
ny with En - - - - - gland France and Ital' - - - - - by our side
the eig - hty third it is the nation's pride
and we will lay the kai - ser in the sud
yes by God U - - - - - S - - - - - A - - - - -

(BROTHER NOAH)



2.

No, you can't, sir,
 No, you can't, sir,
 No, you can't come into Section Q,
 For it's too damn good for the likes of you.
 Tra la loo,
 Tra la loo,
 Tra la loo, loo, loo, loo, loo.

3.

What the hell, then,
 What the hell, then,
 What the hell's to become of our poor damn souls?
 After ten long years in the French Mud Holes.
 Tra la loo,
 Tra la loo,
 Tra la loo, loo, loo, loo, loo.

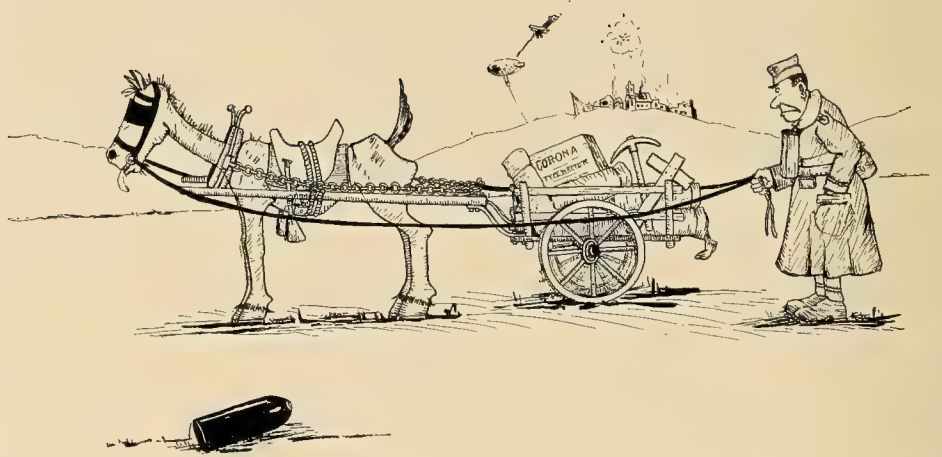
(IN MY CASTLE ON THE RIVER RHINE)

Mod^o

In my cas--tle on the Ri - ver Rhine I'm going to have one
 hell of a time in--laid pretzels on the floor
 German butler at my door I'm going to have a Prin - cess
 Ho--hen--zo--lerin serve my Christmas dinner in the town of Berlin
 hang my pants on the Hin - den burg line in my
 castle on the ri--ver ri- ver on the castle
 castle on the river Rhine

Tickle Toe

Everybody ought to see Warfield's light Artiller-
 y When the heavies are a-sleeping We will give progressive
 sweeping And we'll shoot them all to Hell With a high-explosive
 shell We will give a little short fuse, long fuse, I A, I A
 L, If it isn't far to go We will give them D G o .



RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE REGIMENT'S LIFE

Distance and time always tend to change the opinions of experience. We are all separated from the fields of battle, and most of us have turned facts and figures topsy-turvy in our minds. The 322d F. A. was called to the colors to play an important part in the finals in what we commonly speak of as a World War. The men of this Regiment came to their training at Camp Sherman, Ohio, believing that they were to help cleanse the diseased arteries of commercial, educational and religious life in Europe. With this belief uppermost in mind, they went to their days of training. Seldom was there crabbing beyond what may properly be termed that of the surface sort. Our Regiment was fortunate enough to be chosen from the southern part of Ohio and was originally organized from the men coming from Dayton, Hamilton, a few smaller towns, and the sound and prosperous agricultural communities surrounding these places. Kentucky sent us about three hundred and fifty fine men shortly before we sailed for France. No finer specimens of manhood could be found anywhere in the Union.

Our men were not born or educated in or to things military, but when the burdens of war were laid upon them, they went under them in true American spirit, fully determined to end the job if opportunity came. This same high resolve characterized our officers. Possibly no regiment in our great army could present a more wholesome bunch of officers. They were men who had been trained in the best institutions in the country for civil pursuits, and representing some of the finest homes in the Buckeye State. All things considered, it was a happy lot of men who made the getaway,



CHAPLAIN RINARD, 322D F. A.

but when the business of war was finished, joy was more evident and pronounced. After eight months at Camp Sherman our Regiment was sufficiently trained for active warfare and suddenly orders came to send us across.

It is of the religious activity and the religious spirit that I wish to speak. When we left Sherman there was indeed an atmosphere of solemnity about our departure. I do not think we ever lost sight of that moment. We enjoyed two wonderful Sundays and two preaching services on each of them on our trip across. Of course there wasn't much that had a note of joy in it, so far as this part of our

experience was concerned. I shall never forget the unusual aspect of these hours, and the intense eagerness with which the men entered into them. Neither shall I forget the Sunday morning when our Colonel assembled the entire Regiment on the sea-cliff overlooking Le Havre and the British Channel. At Mes-sac, Guipry, and at Coëtquidan much of the



2D BATTALION MEDICAL DETACHMENT. EVERY MAN A CASUALTY

same characteristic prevailed that was so noticeable before landing in Europe. Foreign soil and foreign customs did not unbalance our men; an "outbreak" was the exception and not the rule. Very few of us could speak intelligent French, but practically all of the Regiment were well trained in the use of the English language. Undoubtedly this fact had much to do with crystallizing and determining our regimental spirit. Work at Coëtquidan was of short duration and no one felt particularly sorry. The shadow of Napoleon's figure or his footprint which he might have left at this old artillery range was not inspiring enough to make us want to remain there. The Knights of King Arthur camped around these hills and practiced the Arts of Love and War, but these memories were not sufficient to anchor us. Gen. Pershing needed us to finish the fight, and with customary speed we were on the way to the trenches and the battlefields on the Front.

Here we lost our conceptions of Sunday, and many of us did not

know one day from the other until we got our bearings and the right use of our minds about November 11, 1918. Actual warfare showed all of us that, after all, war, real war, shows the baser elements of human nature. There were many citizens of our good land who thought the sting of war could be removed by following the men with every comfort of home and community possible. However, the sting of hell will never be removed from the battlefields of war where men are killed, and especially is this true where the causes of war are so misty and hazy as they seemed to be to many of our men. It is hard for men to die for uncertain causes. Hence we saw madness, vulgarity and blasphemy on the Front and also on the march to the Rhine. One thing shall ever stand foremost in the minds of our Regiment. That will be the spirit of sacrifice and the willingness to help each other. It is marvelous to think of two months of the toughest kind of actual warfare, and not a single A. W. O. L. This fact alone speaks volumes for the serious solid worth of American manhood and sound character.

CHAPLAIN RINARD, 322^d F. A.

While we were on the Front no religious services were held except those by the graves of the dead. I believe every man who died in Europe gave his life willingly, and men like Sgt. Ralph Clemens and Lieut. John Morrison, characters of spotless worth, will ever be shining stars for the type of men worth striving to be. After our march to the Rhine was finished and a few other forms of the madness and the wonders of war demonstrated, we settled down in Germany waiting our time to get under the wire for the homeward journey. The Germans did the best they could as those who were defeated, and our men in turn treated them as a worthy enemy, but an enemy. We had religious services here in our various regimental villages during the four and one-half months of our stay. The men came willingly, since practically all of our meetings were voluntary. We did not try to conduct "evangelistic meet-

ings." We tried to live as a man of God among men, and men of all creeds came to our services. When this war is long since a matter of dim history, the fruit of our work will still live in the lives of men, afterwards happy because their blood was kept clean through the efforts of men during this time. Whatever was accomplished was due to the readiness with which our Colonel, the officers and all the men gave to the work. We tried to keep the Regiment where the home folks wanted to see it, that is, on the front line of those principles laid down for the guidance of all men by the Son of God Himself. I stand ready to salute any man or officer of the 322^d Field Artillery. I learned to *love* the Regiment and was truly sorry when we separated at Camp Merritt. The memories of those days will call to mind an act or a face in some form of activity during our experiences together. We are most of us back in civil life; some are yet standing by the colors. We say, "God bless them all till we meet again."

Suddenly one day
The last of ill shall fall away,
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man shall see God staring back at him.

LE RETOUR

L'œuvre enfin accomplie, après cette souffrance,
Vous vous rembarquerez sur quelque grand steamer
Qui vers le soir, majestueux, prendra la mer,
Aux acclamations de mes frères de France.



SUNSET ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

Et dans la vesperale et verte transparence
Vous verrez, citadin ou gentleman-farmer,
Décroître lentement au ras du flot amer
Le sol qui vous devra toujours sa délivrance.

Et lorsqu'il ne sera même plus un point d'or,
Longtemps vos yeux amis le chercheront encor
Dans les roses vapeurs aux flottements de voiles.

Alors dans le silence et dans l'immensité,
Sous le ciel qui la nuit emprunte vos étoiles,
Vous descendrez dans votre cœur avec fierté.

ADOLPHE GYSIN.

Wittgert—Hessen—Nassau
8 janvier 1919.
avec le 322d F. A.

APPENDIX

PART 1. CASUALTY LISTS

BATTERY A

Ruffa, Thomas	Pvt.	Oct. 7.	Slightly wounded.
Gotshall, Frank L.	Pvt.	Oct. 14.	Severely wounded; died later.
Kahoe, Morris E.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Gassed and shell-shocked.
Rovegno, Charles	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Slightly wounded.
Rondthaler, Harold	2d Lieut.	Nov. 2.	Slightly wounded.
Windau, August S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Nov. 10.	Wounded.
Clemens, Ralph B.	Sgt.	Nov. 11.	Killed in action.
Zietsma, Uiltje	Cpl.		Gassed.
Meyers, Earl W.	Pvt.		Missing.
Moening, Sylvester	Pvt.		Missing.
Roberts, Elmer C.	Pvt.		Missing.
Rosenkranz, Wm. J.	Sgt.		Died of disease in hospital.
Talbot, Guy	Pvt.		Died of disease in hospital.
Rust, David L.	Pvt.		Died of disease in hospital.

BATTERY B

WOUNDED

Graham, George A.	Cpl.	Flisy, Anthony	Pvt.
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MISSING

Pawlockajois, John	Pvt.	Wamsganz, Anton	Pvt.
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BATTERY C

WOUNDED

Thompson, Josiah D.	1st Lieut.	Lee, Netter	Pvt.
Woodson, Gail M.	Pvt.	O'Neil, Wm. H.	Pvt.
Roberts, Myron	Pvt.	Wert, Harry	Pvt.
Harris, Eugene I.	Pvt.	West, Martin	Pvt.

GASSED

Hillyer, Edgar E.	2d Lieut.	Lodge, Huber H.	Cpl.
Carter, Bryant L.	Pvt.	Riner, Glenn S.	Cpl.
Cox, Albert	Pvt.	Stogsdill, Oliver G.	Pvt.

BATTERY D

Hausfeld, Clarence J.	Sgt.	Oct. 12.	Slight wound.
Savoy, Frank J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 14.	Wounded; died Nov. 13.
Sullivan, Edw. E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 14.	Slight wound.
Bartlett, Ervan L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 14.	Slight wound.
Dowling, Lawrence W.	Sgt.	Oct. 15.	Killed in action.
Haas, Alvin A.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Killed in action.
Brietenstrater, Joseph	Sgt.	Oct. 15.	Slight wound.
Chambers, Chas. E.	Ch. Mech.	Oct. 15.	Slight wound.
Turvey, Harry	Cook	Oct. 15.	Slight wound.
Rosnagle, Harry F.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Slight wound.
Rice, Richard B.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Shell shocked.
Steinmeyer, Walter L.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Slight wound.
Middleton, Walter L.	Pvt.	Oct. 15.	Slight wound; died later.
Miller, Lee R.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Slight wound.
Otto, Weldon H.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Slight wound.
Grave, Wm. C.	Pvt.	Oct. 22.	Wounded; died later.
Marshall, Jacob B.	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Wounded.
Anderson, Wm. L.	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Gassed.
Goetz, Victor A.	Cpl.	Oct. 23.	Gassed.
Guyette, Harold S.	Sgt.	Oct. 23.	Gassed.
Krimm, Henry J.	Cpl.	Oct. 23.	Gassed.
Miller, Russell T.	Cpl.	Oct. 23.	Gassed.
Mitchell, Fleet	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Gassed; died later.
Arnold, Wm. S.	Pvt.	Oct. 25.	Gassed.
Haywood, Harry L.	Pvt.	Oct. 25.	Gassed.
Krall, Bert L.	Pvt.	Oct. 25.	Gassed.
Monahan, Michael M.	Cpl.	Oct. 25.	Gassed; died later.
Mori, Paul A.	Pvt.	Oct. 25.	Gassed.
Dunn, Chas. E.	Pvt.	Oct. 26.	Gassed.
Brown, Geo. L.	Pvt.	Oct. 29.	Killed in action.
Frye, Geo. E.	Sgt.	Oct. 29.	Killed in action.
Steinbrecker, Jno. W.	Pvt.	Oct. 28.	Wounded—accidentally.
Schwartz, Albert S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Nov. 1.	Wounded.
Tharr, Samuel E.	Cpl.		Wounded.
Wilkinson, Thurlow S.	Pvt.		Wounded.
Wright, Albert B.	Pvt.		Wounded.
Purdue, Geo. E.	Pvt.		Wounded—accidentally.
Lehman, Richard P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.		Gassed.
Vanderbilt, Lester	Pvt. 1st Cl.		Gassed.
Wening, Jno. S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.		Gassed.
Fulkert, Geo. H.	Pvt.		Gassed.
Hagan, Geo. B.	Pvt.		Gassed.
Smith, Aubert M.	Pvt.		Gassed.

Campbell, Robt. A.	:	Shell shocked.
Bergmeier, Jos. F.		Gassed.
Oper, Ralph		Died of disease, Dec. 13.

BATTERY E

Naylor, James R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 10.	Killed in action.
Hoffner, Herman	Pvt.	Oct. 10.	Killed in action.
Hope, Chas. E.	Pvt.	Oct. 10.	Killed in action.
Brooks, Thos. M.	Sgt.	Oct. 10.	Wounded.
Teigler, Geo. H.	Cpl.	Oct. 10.	Wounded.
Hawthorne, Walter	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 10.	Wounded.
Beacraft, Evart	Pvt.	Oct. 10.	Wounded.
Brenner, Jacob P.	2d Lieut.	Oct. 12.	Severely wounded.
Hawkins, Clarence C.	Pvt.	Oct. 14.	Slightly wounded.
Heist, Edw. W.	Cpl.	Oct. 14.	Severely wounded.
Fite, Thos. G.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Wounded.
Burrows, Walter F.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Slightly wounded.
Hane, Geo. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 16.	Slightly wounded.
Beatty, Joseph	Pvt.	Oct. 21.	Wounded.
Bowman, Chas. C.	Ch. Mech.	Oct. 21.	Wounded.
Pierce, Cornelius M.	Pvt.	Oct. 21.	Wounded.
Goodall, Wm. R.	1st Lieut.	Oct. 23.	Gas wounds.
Dwyer, Leo H.	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Killed in action.
Smith, Russel J.	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Killed in action.
Plassmeyer, Albert J.	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Gassed; died Oct. 25.
Pazdernik, Anton	Pvt.	Oct. 23.	Wounded.
Markey, Ray	Pvt.	Oct. 26.	Gassed.
York, Jno. D.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Wounded.
Goldsburg, Ernest O.	Pvt.	Oct. 24.	Wounded.
Bertucci, Frank	Pvt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Brown, Robt. B.	Sgt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Holaday, Otis T.	Sup. Sgt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Morabito, Tony	Pvt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Muntain, Geo.	Pvt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Pora, Jno.	Pvt.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Salmon, Frank F.	Cpl.	Oct. 28.	Gassed.
Dunn, Charles			Gassed.
Fry, Dean F.			Died of disease.
Pflug, Arthur R.			Died of disease.

BATTERY F

KILLED IN ACTION

Carson, Frank A.	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
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GASSED AND DIED IN HOSPITAL

Diefenbach, Albert H.	Oct. 22, 1918.	Brabant.
Jones, Clarence E.		
Locke, Harrison P.	Oct. 23, 1918.	Brabant.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Artley, Freeman J.	Oct. 19, 1918.	Brabant.
Dieterle, Louis C.	Oct. 13, 1918.	Haumont.
Everhart, Lyman C.	Oct. 9, 1918.	Cumières.
Hirsch, Joseph F.	Oct. 13, 1918.	Haumont.
Jensen, Bernell J.	Oct. 13, 1918.	Brabant.
McCarthy, John S.	Oct. 9, 1918.	Cumières.
McCoun, John C.	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Rockey, Walter E.	Oct. 9, 1918.	Cumières.
Schneider, George E.	Oct. 20, 1918.	Brabant.
Stettler, John E.	Oct. 9, 1918.	Cumières.
Wolfe, Harley H.	Oct. 19, 1918.	Brabant.
Zauner, Otto A.	Oct. 9, 1918.	Cumières.

GASSED IN ACTION

Blotner, Hershel H.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Edeman, William J.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Fultz, Ernest E.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Gwozdz, Jacob	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Hundoble, Walter E.	Oct. 25, 1918.	Brabant.
Klopotowski, Walter	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Kren, Frank	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
O'Dell, Jesse	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Reimer, Emil	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Royer, Irvin F.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Sullivan, Frank E.	Oct. 27, 1918.	Brabant.
Schad, Urban F.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Troxell, Lawson M.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.
Vancata, Edward G.	Oct. 28, 1918.	Brabant.

DIED OF DISEASE

Wright, William M.	Dec. 10, 1918.
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HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

KILLED IN ACTION

Morrison, John	2d Lieut.	Rigio, Ferdinand	Mus.
Reiff, Ralph H.	Cpl.	Davenport, Millard E.	Mus.

WOUNDED

Dadisman, Charles A.	Col. Sgt.	Staton, Robert J.	Pvt.
Baumberger, Fred J.	Sgt.	Wagoner, Fred C.	Pvt.
Hurt, Perry F.	Cpl.	Reasch, Walter	Pvt.
Kolbenstetter, Edwin	Pvt.	Jenks, Albert E.	Mus.
Throner, Eugene C.	Pvt.	Younce, Coulus W.	Mus.

GASSED

Applegate, Albert	Cpl.	Craft, Urban F.	Pvt.
Tobergte, Fred H.	Cpl.	Wilson, Carl H.	Pvt.
Asplan, Frank J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.		

MISSING

Curtis, Robert K.	Pvt.	Reynolds, Clyde	Pvt.
Hardert, Wm.	Mus.	Jenkins, Lawrence	Pvt.

SUPPLY COMPANY

KILLED IN ACTION

Wilson, Bert G.	Wag.
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WOUNDED

Donley, Willard W.	Pvt.
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ORDNANCE DETACHMENT

KILLED IN ACTION

Bellen, James	Pvt.
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WOUNDED

Combs, Brooke	Pvt.
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MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Horn, Albert A.	Pvt.	Oct. 11.	Slightly wounded.
Shank, Amadeus	Sgt.	Oct. 12.	Slightly wounded.
O'Malley, Thos.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Oct. 16.	Killed in action.
Wood, Fred E.	Pvt.	Oct. 16.	Killed in action.
Greenslade, Victor F.	Pvt.	Oct. 24.	Gassed.
Grenier, Francis X.	Pvt.	Oct. 24.	Gassed.
Maertens, Alois	Pvt.	Oct. 24.	Gassed.

PART 2. ROSTERS

OFFICERS

Alexander, Arthur D.	Capt.	Btry. A	1814 E. 87th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Bacon, George D.	Capt.	Btry. C	5717 Peabody Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Bissell, George N.	2d Lieut.	Btry. E	1090 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
Brigancee, William N.	2d Lieut.	Btry. B	Pine Ridge, N. Dak.
Brooks, Harold H.	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	168 E. Northwood Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Brumage, Alpha	Lieut. Col.	322d F. A.	512 Miller Ave., Liberty, Mo.
Brumback, David L., Jr.	1st Lieut.	Btry. A	Van Wert, Ohio.
Brumback, John S.	Capt.	1st Bn.	Van Wert, Ohio.
Buell, Raymond S.	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	Barber-Greene Co., Aurora, Ill.
Butt, Gail K.	1st Lieut.	Med. Det.	Johnstown, Ohio.
Carskadden, Henry A.	Maj.	Med. Det.	2044 N. 4th St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Champ, Kenneth B.	1st Lieut.	Btry. F	527 S. 7th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Cleminshaw, Russell H.	1st Lieut.	Btry. D	1918 E. 70th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Coen, Edward M.	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	Vermilion, Ohio.
Conant, Kirsch L.	1st Lieut.	Btry. F	5723 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Dissing, Christen	Maj.	Sup. Co.	108 W. Noble St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Eckley, Alexander M.	1st Lieut.	Btry. B	P. O. Box 85, Dayton, Ohio.
Englehart, William R.	Capt.	Btry. E	151 Front St., New Philadelphia, Ohio.
Evans, Joseph H.	2d Lieut.	Vet. Det.	626 St. Paul Ave., Waukesha, Wis.
Farnham, Ralph E.	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	10510 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Findley, Howard N.	1st Lieut.	Btry. E	8320 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Fishburn, Albert R.	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	340 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fullerton, Rutherford	Capt.	Btry. C	66 Miami Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Garfield, Newell	Maj.	2d Bn.	Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
Glaze, John W.	2d Lieut.	Btry. E	Elkton, Tenn.
Green, William McK.	Capt.		Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co., Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
Hayes, James E.	2d Lieut.	Btry. F	3404 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Hillyer, Edgar E.	2d Lieut.	Btry. C	118 N. Main St., Uhrichsville, Ohio.
Hollyday, Thomas W.	Col.	322d F. A.	611 Ashley Place, San Antonio, Tex.
Hopkins, Samuel R.	Lieut. Col.	322d F. A.	Warsaw, Va.
Houseman, Burton C.	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	530 W. Lincoln St., Findlay, Ohio.
Howe, Sam T.	1st Lieut.	Reg. Staff	1925 West St., Topeka, Kans.
Jordan, Charles C.	2d Lieut.	Sup. Co.	1221 Stanton Boulevard, Steubenville, Ohio.
Knowlton, John A.	Capt.	Btry. F	240 Market St., Akron, Ohio.
Lane, Gilbert F.	1st Lieut.	Btry. A	604 Norwood Ave., Akron, Ohio.
Lawton, Richard J.	1st Lieut.	Med. Det.	21 Franklin Place, Bristol, Conn.
Lowenstein, Harry	2d Lieut.	Btry. F	Lowenstein Furniture Co., Hamilton, Ohio.
MacNichol, Edward F.	2d Lieut.	Btry. B	2030 Parkwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Marting, Henry A.	Maj.	1st Bn.	2004 Waller St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Mather, Philip R.	Capt.	Hq. Co.	2605 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
McCaslin, James F.	2d Lieut.	Btry. C	1488 E. 116th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
McConnaughey, Geo. C.	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	230 N. High St., Hillsboro, Ohio.
Mealand, Arthur J.	1st Lieut.	Sup. Co.	1079 Lincoln Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Parker, Paul A.	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif.
Plunien, Michael	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	27 Gradfort Place, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purdy, Frederick L.	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	3413 Beech Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Reed, Charles L.	1st Lieut.	Reg. Staff	3581 Interwood Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Repman, Harry J.	Maj.	Med. Det.	404 5th St., Charleroi, Pa.
Rinard, Herbert A.	Chaplain	322d F. A.	Breezewood, Pa.
Roads, Conger G.	Capt.	2d Bn.	463 S. Vine St., Hillsboro, Ohio.
Shaw, Ralph R.	2d Lieut.	Vet. Det.	Dawson, Ohio.
Sherwood, Ellsworth H.	2d Lieut.	Btry. A	1629 Marlowe Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
Streeter, Edward	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Thompson, Malcolm W.	Capt.	322d F. A.	Park Boulevard, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Veevaert, Fernand	2d Lieut.	Hq. Co.	Macie, Kinney Co., Tex.
Wales, Horatio W.	1st Lieut.	Hq. Co.	Spring Hill Farm, Massillon, Ohio.
Watson, George A.	Capt.	Reg. Staff	1268 E. 125th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Webber, George S.	Capt.	Reg. Adj. R.	F. D. 2, Kemps Mill, Hagerstown, Md.
Wilcox, Charles D.	1st Lieut.	Btry. C	1103 Center St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Wood, John C.	1st Lieut.	Btry. D	14002 Clifton Blvd., Lakewood, Ohio.
Wright, Harold B.	1st Lieut.	Btry. A	292 Southwest St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Wright, John A.	1st Lieut.	Btry. D	806 E. Main St., Bellevue, Ohio.

OFFICERS WHO FORMERLY BELONGED TO 322^d F. A.

Allen, Walter W.	1st Lieut.	230 Southern Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ashley, Amos H.	Maj.	122 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Lansing, Mich.
Brenner, Jacob P.	2d Lieut.	171 Willis Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.
Briggs, Templeton	1st Lieut.	Fould-Briggs Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Brown, Birch L.	2d Lieut.	326 S. Main St., Dayton, Ohio.
Bush, Prescott S.	Capt.	Marblecliff, Ohio.
Chapman, Lester M.	2d Lieut.	Guysville, Ohio.
Dean, Benjamin H.	1st Lieut.	Middlesboro, Ky.
Dike, Clyde E.	1st Lieut.	214 Fountain St., Akron, Ohio.
Emery, Fred H.	2d Lieut.	2234 Woodmen Ave., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
Garfield, James A.	Maj.	West Mentor, Ohio.
Gay, Edwin W.	2d Lieut.	1837 Idlewood Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio.

Goodall, William R.	1st Lieut.	2905 Vernon Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Harner, Paul S.	Capt.	Roscoe, Ohio.
Klinger, Kenneth	2d Lieut.	No address.
Kultcher, Francis W.	2d Lieut.	R. F. D. No. 1, Columbus, Ohio.
Newberry, Arthur C.	1st Lieut.	University Club, Cleveland, Ohio.
Newell, Kenneth E.	2d Lieut.	4841 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Noyes, Eugene C.	Capt.	712 Marinette Ave., Marinette, Wis.
O'Neill, John, Jr.	2d Lieut.	403 20th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
O'Sullivan, Frank T.	2d Lieut.	Riverdale Ave., Monmouth Beach, N. J.
Palmer, William F.	1st Lieut.	2005 Kenneth Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Post, Nathan C.	1st Lieut.	2993 Somerton Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Rondthaler, Harold	2d Lieut.	Mooseheart, Ill.
Sackett, Arthur L.	Capt.	701 N. Fountain St., Springfield, Ohio.
Seabright, Albert W.	2d Lieut.	308 N. 6th St., Martins Ferry, Ohio.
Sulzberger, Arthur	2d Lieut.	354 4th Ave., New York City.
Thompson, Josiah D.	Capt.	East Liverpool, Ohio.
Warfield, Augustus B.	Col.	Fort Leavenworth, Kans.
Wheeler, Mason	2d Lieut.	60 Broadway, New York City.
Wilson, Myron H., Jr.	1st Lieut.	7418 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

KILLED IN ACTION

Morrison, John	2d Lieut.	3495 Brookline Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
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BATTERY A

Amato, Angelo	2551 39th St. and Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Anderson, Carl P.	On D. S., Hq. Troop. (No record.)
Armentrout, Wilbur C.	200 Graham St., Elkins, W. Va.
Armstrong, Lester S.	431 E. Wadsworth St., Eaton, Ohio.
Armstrong, Lanty W.	Care of Sam Armstrong, Greenback, Tenn.
Arnold, Ralph W.	3432 Columbia Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Arzone, Nicholas	Sangiovani Ingaldo, Italy.
Barney, Ralph Haynes	21 Seminary Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Begas, Fredric Louis	3220 Decatur Ave., New York City, New York.
Billings, Edward H.	Fort Bragg, Calif.
Black, William Mitchell	1311 Clinton Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y.
Bloemer, Henry Herman	1701 Galligher St., Louisville, Ky.
Bock, William Paul	9122 Fuller Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Boggs, James Earl	3041 Woodland Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Bolen, David Scymore	Fancy Gap, Va.
Bond, Alva H.	Barnesville, Ohio.
Bourne, Carl F.	Camden, Ohio.
Bowman, Jesse Roscoe	101 North Charles St., Middletown, Ohio.
Breese, Homer A.	Box 260, Richmond, Ind.

Brooks, Guy Lesley	R. F. D. No. 2, Guysville, Ohio.
Brown, Walter Jerome	1472 Northland Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
Brumitt, Irvin	2723 High St., Louisville, Ky.
Burt, George W.	137 Wilson Ave., Fremont, Ohio.
Camens, Nathan	108 S. Walnut St., Youngstown, Ohio.
Carpenter, Fred L.	221 Turkey Bottom Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chaney, John W.	230 Miller Ave., Dennison, Ohio.
Clayton, Hebert E.	607 Eagle St., Joliet, Ill.
Clemens, Ralph B.	1625 Wyoming St., Dayton, Ohio.
Cook, Samuel B.	756 W. Pine St., Lexington, Ky.
Creager, Edward L.	R. F. D. No. 5, Eaton, Ohio.
Creed, Walter	837 12th St., Augusta, Ga.
Cregut, Edward	Box 364, Houston, Pa.
Crimmens, Harry E.	2888 E. 72d St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Cronin, Lawrence	1631 E. 5th St., Boone, Iowa.
Dannaker, William	R. F. D. No. 9, Dayton, Ohio.
Dargartz, Otto	1874 Finch St., Toledo, Ohio.
Davis, Harry	244 Air St., Dayton, Ohio.
Degen, Alfred H.	28 McKinley St., Dayton, Ohio.
Devanney, Daniel J.	308 East Main St., Wilmington, Ohio.
Didorio, Donato	Box 524, Mingo Junction, Ohio.
Dowling, Michael D.	7232 Sarah St., St. Louis, Mo.
Downing, John O.	721 Euclid Ave., Lexington, Ky.
Earhart, Ivan H.	Eaton, Ohio.
Earliwine, James	R. F. D. No. 1, Warnock, Ohio.
Eickhoff, Harry	415 Troy St., Dayton, Ohio.
Elliott, Jesse	1415 S. Sea St., Richmond, Ind.
Ewell, Cornelius C.	60 Holt St., Dayton, Ohio.
Eyler, Lawrence J.	21 E. 3d St., Xenia, Ohio.
Farrante, Manuel	Castrogiovanni, Italy.
Figley, Harry Cecil	916 Commerce St., Wellsville, Ohio.
Fischer, William	31 Haynes St., Dayton, Ohio.
Fisher, Robert S.	419 N. Maple St., Eaton, Ohio.
Federico, Joseph	Central St., Boxboro, Mass.
Frische, George J.	656 Walbridge Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Fulweber, Louis	1628 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.
Galbraith, Archie B.	Kaysville, Utah.
Garrison, Roy	1635 Clark St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Gebhart, Elva E.	239 N. Hunter Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Geeding, Everett C.	R. F. D. No. 1, Campbellstown, Ohio.
Geis, George L.	294 McClure St., Dayton, Ohio.
Gilroy, Thomas	31 Charles St., Xenia, Ohio.
Gladden, Cyril Stanton	State Treasury, Columbus, Ohio.
Glass, Grover	General Delivery, Lima, Ohio.
Grimes, Henry T.	Lancaster, Ky.

Gotshall, Frank L.	Scio, Ohio.
Grush, Arthur V.	2475 E. 82d St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Habekost, Fred H.	West Alexandria, Ohio.
Hainey, Thomas D.	Ingle, Ky.
Hamilton, Clarence E.	South Whittenberg, Springfield, Ohio.
Hammermaster, Jos. W.	259 Alaska St., Dayton, Ohio.
Heit, Martin R.	242 S. Linn Ave., New Hampton, Iowa.
Hibbs, Robert Coleman	Sturgis, Ky.
Hillard, William F.	200 E. 2d St., Lexington, Ky.
Hirsch, Gustave B.	263 Lexington Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Hojnowski, Augustyn	52 Ward St., Salem, Mass.
Horner, Peter A.	630 Jay St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
Hubley, Chester W.	519 Brightwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Hurley, Richard J.	R. F. D. No. 2, Houlton, Me.
Huscroft, George	309 Summit Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.
Idlet, John T.	Troy, Kans.
Jacobi, Charles R.	R. F. D. No. 6, Care W. H. Knowles, Peoria, Ill.
Jones, Alfred	103 Hadley Ave., Salem, Ohio.
Karr, Edgar	Kingston, Ohio.
Kahoe, Morris E.	1606 E. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Keller, Christ	507 Daller St., Dayton, Ohio.
Kettler, John Herman	1827 Bardstown Road, Louisville, Ky.
Lambert, Leonard	Richmond, Ind.
Larmour, John C.	
Landt, Irvin J.	321 Elm St., Toledo, Ohio.
Leach, Edwin	R. F. D. No. 5, Xenia, Ohio.
Leibegott, William G.	2315 Cedar St., Louisville, Ky.
Lightner, Homer	2011 Gallia St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Lipscomb, William O.	209 W. 11th St., Newport, Ky.
Lorillard, William	R. F. D. No. 1, Box 7, San Antonio, Tex.
Longstreath, John L.	R. F. D. No. 1, Claysville, Pa.
Luntz, Clarence H.	301 Washington St., Wapakoneta, Ohio.
McClellan, Edward E.	Eaton, Ohio.
McConnaughey, Homer C.	East Monroe, Greenfield, Ohio.
McCormac, Samuel D.	New Concord, Ohio.
McDowell, Harry R.	271 Rockwell Ct., Akron, Ohio.
McGill, John R.	Campbellstown, Ohio.
McKee, Clarence L.	Eldorado, Ohio.
McKelvey, George C.	Warnock, Ohio.
Mahrt, Karl G.	519 Carlisle Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Marker, Jacob	Rosburg, Ohio.
Matthews, Thurman L.	Buffalo, Putnam Co., W. Va.
Maxwell, Glenn B.	3395 Glenwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Mayers, Earl W.	1023 Steward St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Miaskowski, Boleslaw	2253 Professor Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Michael, Glenn	124 Valley St., Dayton, Ohio.
Miller, Frank L.	1199 Wyandotte Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
Minton, Theodore	Leitchfield, Ky.
Moening, Sylvester	R. F. D. No. 3, W. Alexandria, Ohio.
Montgomery, Ell	631 Davis St., Findlay, Ohio.
Moore, Philip H.	2078 E. 77th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Musgrave, Clarence W.	Dunkirk, Ohio.
Musil, Edward F.	3305 Glenray Road, S. E., Cleveland, Ohio.
Nash, George H.	Address unknown.
Nebelung, Carl B.	410 W. Bryan St., Bryan, Ohio.
Nichol, Carl M.	R. F. D. No. 1, St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Norwick, Henry O.	59 Vincent St., Dayton, Ohio.
O'Brien, Thomas J.	2618 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.
O'Grady, John J.	25 Wellington St., Kingston, Canada.
Ording, Walter	512 McDonough S. A., Sandusky, Ohio.
Oswald, Edwin F.	1507 Brown St., Sandusky, Ohio.
Overholts, John O.	Camden, Ohio.
Pace, Amedeo	633 Bennington St., Boston, Mass.
Palmer, Howard L.	1671 E. 93d St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Parrigin, Imel	Burnside, Ky.
Passwaters, James E.	Wayne Ave., Rockford, Ohio.
Patton, Charles H.	Dayton, Tenn.
Peck, Arthur L.	Conneaut, Ohio.
Perrin, Walter S.	1812 McClain St., Dayton, Ohio.
Pierson, Elvin Lyle	2229 Franklin Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Plants, Clyde S.	R. F. D. No. 1, West Finley, Pa.
Powers, Harley	Randolph, Vt.
Prinz, Eugene P.	1429 Beech St., Louisville, Ky.
Priest, Andrew	Marblehead, Ohio.
Quinlin, Edmund T.	Fort Loramie, Ohio.
Radunz, George M.	855 Belmont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Raip, John J.	265 W. Cherry Ave., Washington, Pa.
Rensch, Clyde Herman	9 W. Monument Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Rettig, Joseph	281 W. McMicken Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Richie, Russell J.	R. F. D. No. 1, Crestwood, Ky.
Rike, David L.	R. F. D. No. 2, West Alexandria, Ohio.
Roach, Merle	West Salem, Ohio.
Roberts, Elmer C.	Mansfield, Ohio.
Rosenfelder, Andrew	1247 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio.
Rosenkranz, William J.	Cor. Troy and Hart Sts., Dayton, Ohio.
Ross, Chalmers H.	15 South Monmouth St., Dayton, Ohio.
Rovegno, Charles	Address unknown.
Ruf, Charles F.	R. F. D. No. 1, Bradford, Bracken Co., Ky.
Ruffa, Thomas	29 Hanna St., Washington, Pa.
Ruhl, Edward H.	Hamilton, Ohio.

Runyon, Robert E.	Camden, Ohio.
Rust, David L.	Eaton, Ohio.
Salmon, Eli	1509 Jones St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Samolsky, Harry W.	52 W. Chestnut St., Washington, Pa.
Scheve, Louis E.	217 W. Elder St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Schlef, Harry J.	Jackson, S. C.
Schmall, Gerald J.	120 Baltimore St., Dayton, Ohio.
Sengl, Frank E.	712 E. Richard St., Dayton, Ohio.
Sever, Ralph G.	Lewisburg, Ohio.
Shadoin, Claude	Burnside, Ky.
Sillin, Doyle Ruhl	115 Lehman St., Dayton, Ohio.
Sloan, Will	R. F. D. No. 2, Harrisburg, Ill.
Slubecky, Adam	656 Keowee St., Dayton, Ohio.
Smith, Howard J.	5402 Berlin Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Smith, Vernon H.	R. F. D. No. 4, Box 25, Greenville, Ohio.
Smith, Wilbert T.	East Liverpool, Ohio.
Snider, John F.	2208 W. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Snyder, John W.	25 S. Terry St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stanley, Paul	508 Ray St., Dayton, Ohio.
Staton, Grover C.	Cleaton, Ky.
Stephen, Glenn B.	Camden, Ohio.
Stewart, Edwin O.	104 Hedges St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stuter, Murice Ivan	630 W. 1st St., Loveland, Colo.
Surowski, John	3698 E. 61st St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Swart, Lindsay W.	235 W. Wheeling St., Washington, Pa.
Swearingen, James E.	54 Hoyles Ave., West Toledo, Ohio.
Swensen, Wilford M.	Pleasant Grove, Utah.
Talbott, Guy	520 Adrian Ave., Jackson, Mich.
Tapalman, George H.	R. F. D. No. 1, West Alexandria, Ohio.
Taylor, Arthur	Leuser Road, Newtown, Ohio.
Taylor, Thomas W.	Louisville, Colo.
Tracy, William H.	Harrison, Ohio.
Trautman, William E.	Thornton, Ark.
Tripp, Charles B.	451 Michigan St., Lexington, Ky.
Trotter, Wallace	Metsger Hotel, Salem, Ohio.
Tuman, Lloyd M.	Deunquat, Wyandot Co., Ohio.
Voge, Clarence H.	West Alexandria, Ohio.
Walkenstein, Benjamin	Address unknown.
Wdzienczkowski, Zygmunt	1182 St. Aubin Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Werts, Elmer M.	West Alexandria, Ohio.
West, Sanford E.	La Belle, Mo.
Westland, Thomas	Lake Mills, Iowa.
Whitaker, Willie H.	R. F. D. No. 4, Gainesboro, Tenn.
Wilkin, James R.	22 Massie St., Dayton, Ohio.
Windau, August	219 Clay St., Carey, Ohio.

Wolf, James G.
Yacker, Nathan
Young, George R.
Ziestma, Uiltje

2233 Webb St., Newberry, Pa.
Address unknown.
130 McLain St., Dayton, Ohio.
Amsterdam, Holland.

BATTERY B

Ackley, Carl A.
Adamski, Frank
Alexander, Alfred
Anderson, John M.
Andrews, Hollis W.
Ayers, Lawrence C.
Babington, Joseph W.
Baer, Elmer J.
Bailey, Charles
Bateman, William W.
Bauer, Frank W.
Baxter, William
Bechdolt, Paul
Beeler, Emmitt
Betz, August L.
Bevelheimer, Franklin
Blades, Frank B.
Blostein, Sam
Blymyer, Harry E.
Boeckmann, Lawrence A.
Boss, Samuel R.
Bowers, Dale
Braner, Jacob C.
Brasher, Lawrence
Burba, Vincent
Burgett, Thomas O.
Butler, Russell M.
Carson, Frank J.
Cheouches, Speon
Clapp, James A.
Claudio, Sam
Cole, Ray R.
Collins, Christopher
Collins, Roy
Cooper, Carlton
Corblich, Joe M.
Crowder, John F.
Custer, Charles W.

223 State St., Dayton, Ohio.
930 Heston St., Toledo, Ohio.
2238 McDugal Ave., Hamtramck, Mich.
R. F. D. No. 2, Cedarville, Ohio.
1217 E. 2d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Dewey St., West Alexandria, Ohio.
Miamisburg, Ohio.
669 Woodland Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
No address.
832 Xenia Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
1570 E. 39th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Address unknown.
R. F. D. No. 7, Chillicothe, Ohio.
516 Franklin Ave., Woodlawn, Pa.
Malinta, Ohio.
Bradford, Ky.
516 E. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
Rawson, Ohio.
21 Alaska St., Dayton, Ohio.
7 Crescent Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.
915 Richie Ave., Lima, Ohio.
56 Sand St., Dayton, Ohio.
Huntsville, Ky.
Becia, Russia.
R. F. D. No. 1, Beaver, Pa.
810 S. 6th St., Coshocton, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 2, Stoyestown, Pa.
37 S. Pine St., Warren, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 7, Mayfield, Ky.
1421 E. 2d St., Dayton, Ohio.
112 S. Clinton St., Dayton, Ohio.
613 S. 13th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
117 Old Main St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Address unknown.
Browerville, Minn.
147 Alamala Ave., Lexington, Ky.
Peebles, Ohio.

D'Alberto, Cosmo	Finley St., Dayton, Ohio.
Daley, Patrick	1035 Greenfield Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Danielewicz, Stanley	143 Grant St., Dayton, Ohio.
Davis, Harold S.	2620 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Davis, William	427 State St., Charleston, W. Va.
Deaton, Oscar	Harlan, Ky.
Denton, Waverly L.	Trenton, Ky.
Douglas, Walter H.	502 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Duvall, Marion	R. F. D. No. 3, Box 64, Greenville, Ky.
Earley, Francis L.	146 S. Irvin St., Dayton, Ohio.
Emberton, Haskle D.	Emberton, Ky.
Etter, Dewitt T.	R. F. D. No. 4, Covington, Ohio.
Evans, Evan Y.	271 E. Town St., Columbus, Ohio.
Fahrig, Alexander	761½ Troy St., Dayton, Ohio.
Falk, Fred C.	3 Daler St., Dayton, Ohio.
Fenneman, Harry H.	173 Grove Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Ferguson, Raymond J.	2639 Stanton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Feyock, George A.	174 High St., Leetonia, Ohio.
Fogarty, Thomas F.	2015 Marquis Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Foster, Frank S.	14 S. Sugar St., Chillicothe, Ohio.
Foster, Fred W.	47 Burlington Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Frantz, William H.	3500 Woodburn Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Garrett, Bernard	Middle St., West Brownsville, Pa.
Gass, Frank J.	283 E. Broadway, East Toledo, Ohio.
Gifford, Frank	R. F. D. No. 1, Rose City, Mich.
Godsey, James	321 Ashley Ave., Brazil, Ind.
Goodin, Andrew	Address unknown.
Grannell, Guy V.	R. F. D. No. 3, Norwalk, Ohio.
Green, Sheridan I.	Address unknown.
Grimes, Edward C.	Claysville, Pa.
Grossglass, Walter H.	1811 3d Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Hannum, William H.	R. F. D. No. 1, Sycamore, Ohio.
Haran, Joe R.	16 Floral St., Oldham, Lancashire, England.
Harley, William N.	189 McClure Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hart, Harry J.	Sistersville, W. Va.
Hart, Leonard W.	Pandora, Ohio.
Hawks, Ira	Maumee, Ohio.
Hayes, William	2715 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Haynes, William R.	1329 Getz St., Akron, Ohio.
Heinkel, Charles M.	1615 Richard St., Dayton, Ohio.
Henderson, William T.	8 Stivers Place, Dayton, Ohio.
Henrickson, Walter	515 Jefferson St., Toledo, Ohio.
Hesselbach, Frank W.	2412 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hettinger, Lawrence A.	1355 S. Market St., Canton, Ohio.
Heyman, William M.	711 S. Erie St., Toledo, Ohio.

Holsinger, Sidney L.	Union, Ohio.
Hotham, Leonard	1915 Greenwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Huff, Everett C.	47 Burlington Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Hunter, J. Albert	355 Frederick St., Carey, Ohio.
Ianchuk, Louis	740 Edgewood Ave., Akron, Ohio.
Inskeep, Norman	204 Boyd Ave., Greenfield, Ohio.
Karicofe, Wiley W.	R. F. D. No. 3, Lewisburg, Ohio.
Kashbaum, A.	1635 Herbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Kretzler, Fred J.	R. F. D. No. 1, Morris, Ind.
Kyser, William	Washingtonville, Ohio.
Lamberson, William F.	R. F. D. No. 12, New Matamoras, Ohio.
Laub, Samuel H.	1106 Montrose Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Lawson, Eddie E.	Myers, Ky.
Lipowski, Robert	1311 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.
Lizner, Amos	130 Maryland Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Lyons, Roscoe	667 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
McDonald, Henry T.	916 Oak St., Toledo, Ohio.
Mack, Edward G.	332 Irving Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Macke, Harry J.	974 Underhill St., Louisville, Ky.
Mallory, Fay	Beech Creek, Ky.
Maple, Daniel A.	Salineville, Ohio.
Markham, Edward	Dawson, N. Dak.
Marlow, Jack	1424 Wyoming St., Dayton, Ohio.
Martini, Luigi	Box 65, Wellsville, Ohio.
Mason, Earl E.	1635 Oakdale Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Mathewson, Charles J.	Dayton, Ohio.
Mayolette, Frank	1400 W. High St., Lima, Ohio.
Meyer, George H.	4320 Center Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Meyer, William T.	624 Caldwell Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Mikosk, William	23 Maryland Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Miller, George E.	R. F. D. No. 2, Hebron, Ohio.
Miller, Helmus L.	Belle Center, Ohio.
Miller, Ransom G.	2803 Scarborough Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
Miller, Thomas R.	151 S. Jackson St., Lima, Ohio.
Mlynarek, John	1697 Vance St., Toledo, Ohio.
Monroe, Lowell S.	38 Rockwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Montford, Richard E.	136 S. Torrence St., Dayton, Ohio.
Moore, Emmett L.	70 W. Thornton Ave., Akron, Ohio.
Muellieh, Murel	1139 Ontario St., Toledo, Ohio.
Naylor, Everett L.	2 Wentz St., Wapakoneta, Ohio.
Newman, Ray	R. F. D. No. 30, Box 113, Mantua, Ohio.
Newshott, Oscar C.	18 Flag St., Dayton, Ohio.
Niedermeyer, Claude F.	366 Willard St., Toledo, Ohio.
Norton, George S.	13 N. Harway St., Akron, Ohio.
Novello, Michael	68 Stuben St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Null, Roy E.	R. F. D. No. 2, Lewisburg, Ohio.
Nyks, Joseph	1145 Vance St., Toledo, Ohio.
Oaks, Ira G.	53 South Terry St., Dayton, Ohio.
Olaro, Konstantin	21 Mitchell St., Dayton, Ohio.
Parker, Joseph	Brimley, R. F. D. No. 2, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Paxatianasion, Alex	2002 11th St., Canton, Ohio.
Pease, Oliver E.	Klondyke, Ohio.
Perry, Ralph W.	101 Miami Ave., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Piatt, Clyde C.	1607 Clark Ave., Wellsville, Ohio.
Picozzi, Joseph A.	43 Huntington Ave., Roslindale, Mass.
Pollock, Harry A.	Camden, Ohio.
Pope, Henry F.	R. F. D. No. 12, Dayton, Ohio.
Pugaczena, Theodore	Box 81, Bradford, Pa.
Rachford, Robert P.	520 Hart St., Dayton, Ohio.
Rettig, Richard A.	Route No. 1, Box 62, Holgate, Ohio.
Reynolds, Charles R.	119 Harbine Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Riepenhoff, Frank W.	542 W. Broadway St., Wellston, Ohio.
Roetting, John	1532 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rohlf, Spencer O.	155 Grove Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Romes, Frederick M.	R. F. D. No. 1, New Bavaria, Ohio.
Rosen, Maurice	530 Lexington Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Rothbart, Fred P.	Address unknown.
Ryan, Robert R.	2414 Kenton St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sawyer, Fred H.	1213 Melrose Ave., Roanoke, Va.
Schneider, James W.	R. F. D. No. 1, Eaton, Ohio.
Schmitkey, August F.	R. F. D. No. 4, Napoleon, Ohio.
Schrand, Herbert J.	1028 Lockman Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Schroeder, Roy Edward	R. F. D. No. 2, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Schultz, Herman C.	Mill Boat House, S. Windham (Cumberland Co.), Me.
Shannon, Turney F.	Carlisle, Ky.
Sharp, Waldo M.	R. F. D. No. 2, Sidney, Ohio.
Shaw, Herbert	Kells Shop, Ky.
Shock, Irvin E.	R. F. D. No. 3, Eaton, Ohio.
Smith, Paul E.	Belle Center, Ohio.
Sondereker, Fred W.	41 E. Mill St., care of Moose Club, Akron, Ohio.
Spalding, William A.	R. F. D. No. 1, Newport, Mich.
Spin, Ralph	Houston, Pa.
Springer, Alfred	Cowlington, Okla.
Stauter, Willis E.	23 Delaware Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Steiber, Joseph W.	1712 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sterne, Delbert E.	Dayton, Ohio.
Stewart, Pearl	Graham, Ky.
Stokes, Kemp M.	Elkton, Ky.
Strehle, Max	160 Quitman St., Dayton, Ohio.

Strouse, Edward E.	313 Wood St., Reading, Pa.
Suslow, Charles	1711 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Swanson, Walter A.	2606 Haddon Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Swart, Murray	R. F. D. No. 4, Washington, Pa.
Tefft, Ervin W.	278 Bay St., Toledo, Ohio.
Tompkins, Charlie	Leesburg, Fla.
Ullom, Russell S.	237 W. Wheeling St., Washington, Pa.
Vaun, William F., Jr.	Atlanta, Ga.
Velente, Francisco	909 Market St., Lima, Ohio.
Veneri, Arenzi	Glencoe, Ohio.
Volk, John M.	R. F. D. No. 13, Dayton, Ohio.
Ward, Charles	2976 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Warman, Josh B.	Cleaton, Ky.
Weber, Irwin P.	507 E. Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky.
Wefer, Harry G.	New Paris, Ohio.
Westlund, Fred E.	732 State St., Traverse City, Mich.
Wheat, Arlie J.	Mudlick, Ky.
White, Jesse C.	1335 Oak St., Toledo, Ohio.
Wigodski, Jacob	New York City.
Wise, Clarence W.	2224 E. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio.
Wood, Benj. F.	725 S. Euclid Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Wourms, John W.	R. F. D. No. 3, Fort Recovery, Ohio.
Zablocki, Joseph	1456 Belmont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Ziems, Harry A.	1115 Indiana Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Zubrod, Frank A.	217 Grand Ave., Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN BATTERY

Anderson, Oscar	Burba, Vincent	Finley, Dawson
Arters, Raymond C.	Carlson, Joseph E.	Flisy, Anthony
Baer, Elmer C.	Cecil, Earl K.	Flowers, Lloyd A.
Baldassarre, Joseph	Chapman, Harry J.	Forester, John
Baranek, Chester J.	Cole, Ray R.	Frank, Clarence
Bauman, Oscar J.	Collins, Christopher	Gardner, Frederick W.
Bauthman, Roy A.	Corblich, Joe M.	Garrison, Roy
Beall, Hiram	Day, Hugh P.	Giammario, Joseph
Bekizak, Joseph	Derr, Edward M.	Gibben, John S.
Bender, Ambrose A.	Downey, Clarence A.	Goddard, Andrew O.
Bevelhymer, Franklin	Emeli, Antonio	Grabowski, Joseph
Blommel, Charles E.	Engle, Elmer P.	Graham, Charles L.
Bohnsack, Henry J.	Engle, Henry M.	Graham, George A.
Bowen, Jerome E.	Evans, Evan Y.	Grammer, Carl H.
Braddy, John J.	Fager, Ray C.	Grazier, Harry E.
Breese, John M.	Falk, Fred C.	Halverson, Harold S.
Brown, Darwin G.	Farrell, James	Haran, Joseph B.

Hardinger, William G.	Maple, Daniel A.	Rotham, John
Hartmann, Arthur P.	Marshall, C. E.	Seymour, Clarence
Heinlein, Pearl	Mason, Grover	Shade, Henry C.
High, Herbert E.	Masters, Ivan	Shaffer, James C.
Hollingsworth, Daniel	Masuci, Mike	Shipman, Franklin S.
Holsigner, Sidney L.	May, Roy C.	Shue, Paul E.
Gaver, Carl E.	Meier, George G.	Smith, Cleo N.
Geffres, Raymond	Miles, Elmont R.	Smith, Harry G.
Jones, Wm.	Miley, Raymond A.	Smith, Jesse E.
Josken, Elmer	Miller, Ransom G.	Sprawls, Wiley G.
Karricofe, Wily W.	Mlynarek, John	Stanfield, Freeman D.
Kashbaum, James A.	Moeska, Bert H.	Steinbrenner, Carl
Kelly, Charles	Monroe, Lowell S.	Still, John G.
Krebs, Charles M.	Moon, Murl P.	Tourville, Charles E.
Kretzler, Fred J.	Moore, Emit L.	Urso, Savodore
Lambert, George W.	Myers, Wm. T.	Vandel, Oscar
Langworthy, Lucius H.	Myers, Walter E.	Vandyke, Albert E.
Lauffer, Harry	Norton, George A.	Wagner, Frank
Lewis, Albert E.	Otto, Weldon H.	Wakeland, Granville
Locascio, Lenord	Pawlukajies, John	Walls, Hugh
Long, John A.	Peas, Oliver E.	Wamsganz, Anthon
Lucas, Wilber F.	Peterman, John E.	Ward, Charles H.
McCray, Perry W.	Pflaum, Richard E.	Watts, Darrell H.
McGuire, Jerome A.	Ralls, Clyde H.	Webb, Howard W.
McWilliams, Joseph	Ren, Charles	Whitmore, Robert H.
Mahler, J. W.	Riesenberger, Charles	Wiese, Frank H.
Mandry, Walter F.	Roberts, Abb D.	Wild, Fred W.

BATTERY C

Abbott, Charles P.	Eubank, Ky.
Abe, Edwin C.	562 W. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Aldridge, Amen D.	R. F. D. No. 7, Hartford, Ky.
Amburn, James W.	Spruceburg, Ky.
Bader, Wilber W.	Brookville, Ohio.
Balonier, Carl M.	405 Bollender Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Bangerter, Eugene	Bountiful, Utah.
Beery, Carl M.	Brice, Ohio.
Bennett, Ray W.	611 E. Walnut St., Decatur, Ala.
Billingsley, John B.	R. F. D. No. 2, Moss, Tenn.
Bland, James A.	R. F. D. No. —, Allensville, Ky.
Blum, Morris	506 Adams St., Dayton, Ohio.
Boehner, William H.	Stockton, Ohio.
Bond, Hilary G.	R. F. D. No. 3, Franklin, Ky.
Bowell, Robert D.	36 Gerlaugh Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Bowman, Ernest	106 Lawnview Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Brann, Allen	25 E. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.
Branson, Joseph L.	Whisman, Ky.
Braun, Robert C.	119 Central Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Breig, Richard P.	224 Alberta Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Brown, Clarence P.	R. F. D. No. 1, Middleridge, Ohio.
Bruen, Charles E.	Midway, Ky.
Bryer, Oliver J.	1835 4th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Buckner, Leslie	Sloans Valley, Ky.
Burden, William T.	McHenry, Ky.
Burgmeier, Albert J.	324 Hickory St., Dayton, Ohio.
Burke, Louis B.	2739 Danta St., New Orleans, La.
Burke, Thomas A.	540 S. Young St., Middletown, Ohio.
Byars, Arl	Central City, Ky.
Bybee, Vardy T.	Bybee, Ky.
Campbell, Calvin C.	1100 2d St., Beaver, Pa.
Canada, William E.	Jamestown, Ky.
Carlton, Owen L.	567 E. 107th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Carter, Bryant L.	331 College St., Bowling Green, Ky.
Chapman, Perry F.	311 Ogden St., East Liverpool, Ohio.
Cleveland, Joe	Lena, La.
Clevenger, Walter S.	420 Reynolds St., Middletown, Ohio.
Cobb, Lorr E.	Nick, Ky.
Cox, Albert	Coal Creek, Tenn.
Cox, Frank R.	137 W. Chestnut St., Richmond, Ind.
Cozine, Ollie	R. F. D., Waddy, Ky.
Curry, John H.	Water St., West Bridgewater, Pa.
Delong, Winfield	Davella, Ky.
Dils, Howard E.	176 Woodward Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Doesbury, John	1421 E. 90th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Downey, Howard	Lockport, Ky.
Duke, Stanley H.	200 Malvern Ave., Middletown, Ohio.
Edwards, General M.	Trent, Ky.
Eley, Carl W.	29 Olive St., Dayton, Ohio.
English, William H.	Livermore, Ky.
Everly, Arthur B.	Ceralvo, Ky.
Falconi, Daniel A.	852 S. 114th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Fifer, Leroy V.	Trenton, Ohio.
Finn, Martin J.	1512 4th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Folger, Clyde M.	Main St., Somerset, Ky.
Ford, Charles W.	617 Bakewell St., Covington, Ky.
Foster, Claude D.	Greenfield, Ohio.
Frederick, Lawrence	201 10th St., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Gardner, Charles E.	612 New St., Piqua, Ohio.
Garrett, William	Cleaton, Ky.

Garrison, Ernest A.	69 N. Warren Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Goodrich, Russell C.	R. F. D. No. 1, Wellston, Ohio.
Graham, Paul C.	224 E. 11th St., Alliance, Ohio.
Gray, Loren L.	Box 56, Gibbs Ave., Washington C. H., Ohio.
Gregory, Melvin P.	3 Decker Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Gregory, Sidgell F.	Station A, Somerset, Ky.
Grider, Talmage	Burnside, Ky.
Griest, Ronald K.	222 4th Ave., W., Dayton, Ohio.
Hall, Vernon L.	514 E. Madison Ave., Franklin, Ky.
Halvorsen, Harold S.	418 15th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hamilton, Osier A.	178 William Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hanson, Iver N.	Box 83, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Hassen, Oscar W.	1468 S. Brook St., Louisville, Ky.
Harlow, Howard	R. F. D. No. 1, Pleasureville, Ky.
Harper, Frank L.	Martwick, Ky.
Harrison, Edward J.	200 Malvern Ave., Middletown, Ohio.
Haynes, Sam. J.	Arden, Ark.
Head, Edwin H.	Caroleen, N. C.
Hensel, William R.	24 Florence Apts., Dayton, Ohio.
Hetterich, Louis H.	546 S. Front St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hoblit, Glenn R.	West Milton, Ohio.
Horn, Ray R.	R. F. D. No. 3, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Huls, Erwyn B.	4th and Maple Sts., Hamilton, Ohio.
Irwin, Homer	R. F. D. No. 2, College Corner, Ohio.
Iverson, Arthur E.	222 Palmetto St., Duluth, Minn.
Iverson, Julius M.	220 Palmetto St., Duluth, Minn.
Ivie, Carson R.	Samsonville, Ohio.
Johnson, Neil E.	201 S. Monument St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Jones, Amos	Northfield, Ky.
Jones, Frank C.	2100 Eighth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Jones, Hilbert F.	Box 43, Kitchel, Ind.
Kalweit, Harold A.	10406 Buckeye Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Keiter, Charles W.	27 Jones St., Dayton, Ohio.
Kinslow, Warner T.	R. F. D. No. 1, Glasgow, Ky.
Korb, Cornelius V.	335 N. E. St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Lacy, Charles E.	R. F. D. No. 1, Waynesville, Ohio.
Lamb, Robert E. L.	Dundee, Ky.
Liebhard, Aloys J.	211 Quitman St., Dayton, Ohio.
Liebhard, Rufus	211 Quitman St., Dayton, Ohio.
Linsmayer, Ferdinand	835 Carlisle Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Linville, Oscar	Flemingsburg, Ky.
Little, Scott W.	Bethany, Ohio.
Livesay, Joe R.	R. F. D. No. 1, Kyles Ford, Tenn.
Locke, Herschel	Lewisburg, Ohio.
Lodge, Huber H.	427 Huffman Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

- Long, Russel E.
Lorteau, Gaston J.
Lytle, Walter L.
McClearn, William M.
McCoy, Chester
McDonald, Dudley H.
McGill, Thomas
Madlinger, Clarence J.
Mantini, Guistina
Martz, Harry E.
Matix, Lenord A.
Meyers, George J.
Michael, Paul J.
Miller, John C.
Moore, Walter O.
Morgan, Charlie A.
Morscher, William
Newell, Willie P.
O'Neill, Charley V.
Owens, John F.
Ozias, Thomas E.
Paris, James E.
Parks, Chester H.
Payton, Leslie W.
Peirce, Herbert C.
Peterson, James W.
Petty, Alva W.
Pheanis, Simeon W.
Piatt, John J.
Porter, Aubrey W.
Pritchard, Russell C.
Probst, Fred W.
Ramey, Cosby L.
Reich, Raymond L.
Rhoads, Clarence J.
Riley, Ben H.
Riner, Glenn S.
Ritter, Louis A.
Roberts, Arthur
Rodgers, Collie
Ryan, Philip G.
Sajovitz, Leo
Sanford, Ora C.
Saurer, Robert J.
Schide, Harry H.
R. F. D. No. 1, Lewisburg, Ohio.
23 Evanston Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
2720 W. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.
Browder, Ky.
Care of Elmie Smith, Duke, Ohio.
Bowen, Ky.
1203 Young St., Middletown, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 9, Dayton, Ohio.
Chiete, Italy.
2034 Lakeview Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
College Corner, Ohio.
136 Virginia Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
639 Garfield Ave., Middletown, Ohio.
410 Park St., Middletown, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 2, Crown City, Ohio.
Veechdale, Ky.
R. F. D. No. 3, Hamilton, Ohio.
Science Hill, Ky.
520 Hartford St., Dayton, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 1, Cleves, Ohio.
West Alexandria, Ohio.
Care of J. P. Rogers, Carlisle, Ky.
R. F. D. No. 2, College Corner, Ohio.
Olaton, Ky.
2407 8th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Eminence, Ky.
Hartford, Ky.
R. F. D. No. 2, Camden, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 4, Dayton, Ohio.
Lewisburg, Ky.
1662 Dalton Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
Awe, Ky.
317 Cherry St., Maysville, Ky.
519 Seventh Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
725 Plum St., Middletown, Ohio.
998 S. 13th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
705 S. 10th St., Richmond, Ind.
Waddy, Ky.
107 E. Washington St., Shelbyville, Ky.
Owensboro, Ky.
Browder, Ky.
31 Eagle St., Dayton, Ohio.
111 Weakley St., Dayton, Ohio.
642 Laurel Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
406 E. 1st St., Dayton, Ohio.

Schmitt, Carl A.	139 Fillmore St., Dayton, Ohio.
Seibold, Julius M.	832 Morris Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Shain, Clyde L.	117 Arlington Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Siegrist, Carl J.	221 Adams St., Dayton, Ohio.
Simmons, Elgar	Marshall, Highland Co., Ohio.
Simpson, Charles C.	204 Magazine St., Covington, Va.
Simpson, James R.	Dahl, Ky.
Simpson, Martin H.	89½ Plymouth St., New Haven, Conn.
Skiles, John S.	R. F. D. No. 3, Lewisburg, Ohio.
Slack, James W.	R. F. D. No. 2, Georgetown, Ky.
Smithson, James V.	R. F. D. No. 3, Clinton, Ky.
Sparks, Clarence A.	36 Hess St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stamper, Charles S.	Hazel Green, Ky.
Stiver, Wm. C.	620 E. Gercher St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Strassel, Richard S.	425 N. Western Parkway, Louisville, Ky.
Straub, William, Jr.	2036 Sixth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Stuhmueller, Albert H.	948 Heaton St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Taylor, Bruce	Stillwater, Ky.
Thomas, Lester	Smiths Grove, Ky.
Thomason, Charlie G.	219 W. Main St., Georgetown, Ky.
Town, Guy A.	1309 Germantown St., Dayton, Ohio.
Tucker, Charlie G.	Allegre, Ky.
Vanata, Fred L.	615 Walnut St., Greenville, Ohio.
Van Scoyk, Victor	2132 W. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Wager, Eugene O.	17 James St., Dayton, Ohio.
Wallace, Fred B.	216 W. High St., Oxford, Ohio.
Weist, James E.	R. F. D. No. 5, Eaton, Ohio.
Webb, Carl	334 Tytus Ave., Middletown, Ohio.
Wells, Harry	R. F. D. No. 3, Georgetown, Ky.
Werts, Arthur	563 Wabash Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Wetzel, Joseph	815 Garfield St., Middletown, Ohio.
White, Clarence W.	Askin, Ky.
Widmaier, Fred W.	104 Hawker St., Dayton, Ohio.
Willis, Clarence M.	R. F. D. No. 3, Shelbyville, Ky.
Wilson, Clark O.	R. F. D. No. 2, Beaver Dam, Ky.
Wilson, Joe A.	Dunmor, Ky.
Wilson, Martin V.	Faubush, Ky.
Wilson, Thomas L.	Falls City, Ala.
Wise, Elihu	Smithfield, Ky.
Wissner, Albert O.	345 Darlington Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Witte, Luther M.	48 Greenwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN BATTERY

Alston, Gordon	Arnold, Charles H.	Baker, Berlin
Armstrong, Earl C.	Balger, Earl V.	Baker, Herbert L.

Barmehle, Andrew	Foster, Claude D.	Meeth, August P.
Bauer, Paul H.	Foster, Howard J.	Mertins, Emil
Bays, Leslie	Frederick, Harry	Michael, Samuel G.
Bezjak, Stephen P.	Gasiorouski, Charles	Miley, Clarence
Boorman, Leland H.	Gebhart, Leslie E.	Mills, Walter R.
Bowman, George	Getter, Walter	Miltner, Francis N.
Bowman, Herbert	Glenn, Leland M.	Minter, Glenn S.
Boyer, Charles F.	Goetz, Wm.	Moehring, George E.
Brown, Clarence P.	Gordon, Samuel W.	Moesser, Phillip
Butterfield, Shirley	Graham, Robert S.	Moore, Grover R.
Carson, Irie	Gray, Albert	Morris, Benjamin C.
Chirco, Salvator	Grossglass, Emil H.	Mullins, Lewis
Clark, Marion R.	Habkemieer, George	Murray, James P.
Cobb, Lora C.	Hafer, Harry	Naudascher, August
Collings, Oliver G.	Hall, Vernon	Nida, Harry E.
Conrad, John A.	Harges, Arthur	O'Boyle, John
Copeland, Ralph F.	Harn, Everett H.	Owens, Frank P.
Cornet, Kent	Harris, Eugene	Payton, Iva A.
Cozine, Ollie	Hassan, Oscar W.	Peters, Roy
Creech, Lawrence	Hess, Jacob G.	Pitz, Edw.
Davis, Hayden E.	Hiten, Alex. J.	Ployer, Paul R.
Davis, James L.	Hoblet, Glenn R.	Polites, James
Diamico, Guisepppe	Holsinger, Elmer E.	Reeder, Fred D.
Dillard, John W.	Horn, Albert A.	Reimoldi, Giuseppi
Dissinger, Charles H.	Howard, Elmer D.	Rieley, Henry J.
Downey, Howard	Jackson, John W.	Riggs, Mont D.
Du Chene, John E.	Jones, Earl F.	Robert, Myron
Duerr, Mark A.	Jones, Jesse	Roberts, Maurice F.
Dunaway, J.	Kayler, Andrew A.	Ruberstein, Henry
Ebert, Edward	Kelly, Norman A.	Sackenheim, Joseph J.
Edwards, Joe	Kern, Harry F.	Schlick, William
Elliott, William H.	Kistner, Wm. H.	Seifert, George A.
Ellison, Robert E.	Knodel, Walter	Seremetis, Louis
Englebrecht, William J.	Lawrence, John H.	Siek, Edward
Embrey, France H.	Leach, Jobe N.	Simpson, Wm. H.
Emrich, Halden H.	Lee, Chas. M.	Slyder, Clarence
Evans, Fred	Lee, Netter	Smith, Elmer H.
Faber, Walter E.	Linder, Emil	Sons, Claude
Farrenkoph, Albert R.	Ludy, Hearchel	Sprunkel, Adolph
Fitton, Cyrus J.	McDaniel, Charlie	Stage, David A.
Fitzer, Emmett H.	McIlvain, Mose	Stiver, Wm. C.
Flanagan, Philip	Martin, Chas.	Stogsdill, Oliver
Forde, Jake H.	Mason, Ben	Stoker, Joseph
Foss, Rudolph C.	Maybury, Harvey	Stukenborg, Henry
Foster, Atwood C.	Meder, Frank	Suman, Herman J.

Switzer, Carl	Wansmiller, Frank	West, Martin
Tangeman, Harry H.	Warren, Edwin	Willis, Earl
Thomas, Lloyd N.	Watson, Lawrence H.	Wise, E.
Timpano, Frank N.	Webber, Geo.	Woodall, Benjamin
Tyson, Earl G.	Weizman, Edw. A.	Woodson, Dale M.
Vache, Steve	Welch, Robert C.	Wylie, Homer A.
Wachs, Walter L.	Welsh, Paul J.	Younce, Coulus W.
Walther, Albert Wm.	Wert, Harry	

BATTERY D

Adams, Jeff	Holt, Fla.
Adema, Henry H.	32 Greenfield St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Antoszewski, Michael	250 Striker St., Toledo, Ohio.
Arglander, Emil	Mass, Mich.
Arnold, William F.	R. F. D. No. 4, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Baer, Michael	Burt, Iowa.
Bair, Marion J.	Route 11, Suffield, Ohio.
Barnes, Lawrence	218 Norwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Beal, Dorsey M.	Osborn, Greene Co., Ohio.
Beasley, James W.	R. F. D. No. 2, Yukon, Okla.
Beck, Carl N.	Alexandria, Ky.
Becker, Peter P.	747 Washington St., Traverse City, Mich.
Bell, Plummer B.	Brilliant, Ohio.
Bostryn, Adam	312 Second St., Barberton, Ohio.
Bouch, Elmer	723 New York Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Boval, Leonard J.	Centerville, Ind.
Brandenburg, Jesse F.	Howell and Mathison Sts., Dayton, Ohio.
Brandenburger, Edwin	132 S. Kahn Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Brown, Charles C.	Deer Lodge, Tenn.
Brown, D. Guy	516 Detroit St., Laporte, Ind.
Brown, Harry	48 S. Williams St., Dayton, Ohio.
Bruce, Ezra C.	R. F. D. No. 2, Bremen, Ky.
Bunnell, Harold C.	18 Hallwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Burba, William Emmett	R. F. D. No. 5, Xenia, Ohio.
Burns, Sylvester J.	1009 E. 4th St., Dayton, Ohio.
Bussey, Thomas W.	Crooksville, Ohio.
Cadot, Claude C.	741 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Campbell, Herbert J.	1229 Alberta Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Campbell, Robert A.	Maumee, Ohio.
Carr, William A.	1907 Scott St., Covington, Ky.
Clark, David E.	500 S. Jackson St., Dayton, Ohio.
Clevenger, William E.	12 Edgar Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Corkwell, Edward B.	122 Sheffield St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Craig, John	106 Homestead Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Crandal, Robert H.	1413 W. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio.
Cullis, George D.	757 Clinton Springs Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Darata, Charles	3007 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Dickey, William L.	1823 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Diltz, Howard T.	Woodstock, Ohio.
Dodds, Benjamin H.	R. F. D. No. 5, Butler, Pa.
Doss, Ray	540 Park St., Marion, Ohio.
Drafts, Herbert F.	715 Tecumseh St., Toledo, Ohio.
Dubos, Peter	84 13th St., East Youngstown, Ohio.
DuFoe, John R.	Union City, Mich.
Dzego, Peter	Valoon St., Plymouth, Pa.
Eakin, Lawrence E.	Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa.
Elter, Henry J.	R. F. D. No. 11, Dayton, Ohio.
Erbaugh, Gordon L.	2904 W. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Erdrich, Joseph J.	140 Hickory St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Evans, Hayden	342 Kenyon St., Elyria, Ohio.
Ewing, Robert M.	131 Hedges St., Dayton, Ohio.
Frank, Floyd E.	42 Rappee Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Fritz, George W.	R. F. D. No. 2, Valencia, Pa.
Fromholt, Bernard E.	R. F. D. No. 22, Louisville, Ky.
Fry, Henry L.	R. F. D. No. 1, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Garber, William	1206 E. State St., Fremont, Ohio.
Garst, Harry R.	48 Hopeland Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Gebhart, Frederick W.	36 McKinley Ave., Newark, Ohio.
Goodwin, Nathaniel C.	402 Railroad St., Jackson, Mich.
Grave, William C.	R. F. D. No. 5, Butler, Pa.
Grinkow, Parfin A.	1113 Kent St., Toledo, Ohio.
Grusenmeier, Clement W.	148 Grove Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Guthrie, Hugh	30 Warren St., Dayton, Ohio.
Hagan, George B.	New Haven, Ky.
Hanley, Edward W.	719 Linden Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Harrison, Grover E.	685 Macon St., Columbus, Ohio.
Hawthorn, Pliny S.	19 W. 4th Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Haywood, Harry L.	R. F. D. No. 3, Dayton, Ohio.
Hegman, Carl J.	605 Warren St., Dayton, Ohio.
Hendrickson, James F.	132 Magnolia St., Dayton, Ohio.
Henshaw, Max	Hartford, Ky.
Hill, Manele R.	Main St., Walbridge, Ohio.
Hines, Stephen C.	R. F. D. No. 1, Crestline, Ohio.
Hochwalt, Cyril E.	508 Forest Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Holden, Hubert L.	Kyle, Ohio.
Holley, Eugene W.	R. F. D. No. 4, Selma, Ala.
Holloway, Homer E.	103 W. 6th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Hunter, Paul J.	1701 Summit St., Columbus, Ohio.
Ihler, Lawrence P.	R. F. D. No. 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Jacobs, Clifford L.	R. F. D. No. 3, Perrysburg, Ohio.
Jacobs, Willie F.	Gem City Bird Store, Dayton, Ohio.
James, Harry C.	223 St. Nicholas Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Johnson, Emery J.	Forreston, Ill.
Juchniewie, William J.	711 Muskingum Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Karns, Walter L.	329 S. Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.
Keefe, Jesse P.	West Cairo, Ohio.
Kelly, Marcellus G.	247 N. Prospect St., Marion, Ohio.
Kempinski, Wadick	156 Noble St., Nanticoke, Pa.
Keyes, Elton L.	34 W. Liberty St., Springfield, Ohio.
Kiefer, Edward G.	111 Fairground Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Knost, Harry D.	Central Ave., Oxford, Ohio.
Knuth, George H.	R. F. D. No. 5, Dayton, Ohio.
Krall, Bert L.	Cor. N. Front and Pearl Sts., Cambridge City, Ind.
Krick, Louis F.	67 Bell St., Dayton, Ohio.
Krimm, Henry J.	45 Brandt St., Dayton, Ohio.
Krohn, Frank	119 St. Nicholas Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Lawecki, John	1417 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Lehman, Richard P.	1415 S. Broadway, Dayton, Ohio.
Leutert, Louis F.	Williamsburg, Ohio.
Likens, Charles W.	100 Armstrong St., Keyser, W. Va.
Loveland, Walter F.	R. F. D. No. 3, Dayton, Ohio.
Lundgard, Emil	209 Short St., Port Clinton, Ohio.
McAndrew, John M.	338 Mark St., Marion, Ohio.
McFeeders, Earl H.	R. F. D. No. 1, Mineral City, Ohio.
McNeal, John L.	Willard, Ohio.
MacDonald, Kenneth	1010 Orange St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Maddox, Harvey R.	Caseyville, Ky.
Marburger, Ausmus R.	R. F. D. No. 2, Evans City, Pa.
Martin, George L.	White St., New London, Ohio.
May, Jesse	Catlettsburg, Ky.
Mayerson, Samuel	65 Green St., Dayton, Ohio.
Mazurkiewicz, Walenty	1462 Campbell St., Toledo, Ohio.
Miller, Harry J.	R. F. D. No. 2, Farmersville, Ohio.
Miller, Hugh A.	R. F. D. No. 1, New Lebanon, Ohio.
Miller, Russell T.	303 Kammer Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Moore, David W.	144 W. Columbia St., Springfield, Ohio.
Mori, Paul A.	R. F. D. No. 2, Amherst, Ohio.
Morris, Ray L.	224 Oak St., Columbus, Ohio.
Murphy, Daniel P.	845 6th Ave., Coraopolis, Pa.
Neibert, Nelson	712 S. Euclid Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Nolte, Fred E.	R. F. D. No. 5, Dayton, Ohio.
Norton, William E.	1497 Neil Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
O'Neal, Fred	30 Fluhart Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Palmer, Chester W.	19 Snyder St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (N. side).
Pendey, Virgil A.	Colfax, Ind.
Price, William A.	S. Webster St., Carlisle, Ky.
Rapp, Charles F.	1860 Sugargrove Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Reed, Lewis H.	South Solon, Ohio.
Rensi, Frank D.	Parlett, Ohio.
Robinson, Jos. J.	R. F. D. No. 1, Box 80, Rayne, La.
Rogers, Simon H.	R. F. D., Xena, Ky.
Rokicki, Stanley	38 E. Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Rosenwasser, Irving	2334 E. 49th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Ross, Harvey	125 Charles St., Dayton, Ohio.
Rothan, Frank	2124 Western Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Runyon, Arthur F.	347 Neeley St., Akron, Ohio.
Ryan, Charles H.	1718 W. 1st St., Dayton, Ohio.
Ryan, Harley	337 Innis St., Columbus, Ohio.
Saunders, Robert C.	617 Miami Chapel Rd., Dayton, Ohio.
Sawyer, Carl A.	333 So. 6th St., San Jose, Calif.
Schmees, George B.	716 Donnersberger St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Schnitzler, Albert J.	122 Marsallies Ave., Elyria, Ohio.
Schuelkens, Clifford B.	81 Findlay St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Schutte, Albert	932 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sexton, James P.	257 Bloomfield St., Toledo, Ohio.
Shanks, Harry	115 Fairground Ave., Xenia, Ohio.
Shannon, Orville C.	R. F. D. No. 7, Butler, Pa.
Skibinski, Joseph	238 Streicher St., Toledo, Ohio.
Smith, Albert M.	299 So. State St., Marion, Ohio.
Snell, Clarence H.	R. F. D. No. 3, Dayton, Ohio.
Sparks, Leroy T.	1280 Alwildy Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Springer, Lyle V.	Pennsylvania Ave. and 6th St., Midland, Pa.
Sprinkell, William D.	Box 33, Pataskala, Ohio.
Stambaugh, Sterling H.	R. F. D. No. 3, Woodbine, Md.
Steck, Elmer A.	Clayton, Ohio.
Steffen, Frank J.	Wilmington Road, Dayton, Ohio.
Steiner, Lawrence S.	R. F. D. No. 4, Kenton, Ohio.
Steinmetz, Frank B.	148 Warren St., Dayton, Ohio.
Steinmeyer, Irvin L.	3325 Parkwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Stockslager, Bernice J.	R. F. D. No. 3, West Alexandria, Ohio.
Stoner, Arthur E.	207 Gurg St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stoup, Lawrence E.	Valencia, Pa.
Strachan, James G.	34 Brown St., Dayton, Ohio.
Strauss, Frederick	219 W. 12th St., Lorain, Ohio.
Stuart, Horace	Beech Creek, Ky.
Sullivan, Edward F.	101 Oak St., London, Ohio.
Tobias, Thomas	R. F. D. No. 10, Xenia, Ohio.
Trent, Charlie A.	Trent, Ky.

Tucker, Herman H.	Allegre, Ky.
Turner, Frank V.	Genoa, Ohio.
Turvey, Clive A.	2020 E. 3d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Tuttle, Raymond M.	425 Clover St., Dayton, Ohio.
Umbaugh, Ralph H.	Ohio City, Ohio.
Unger, Raymond M.	Elyria Print Shop, Elyria, Ohio.
Van Schoyek, Guy G.	42 W. Oakland Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Vinson, William D.	507 Bailey Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Von Deylen, Fred	R. F. D. No. 9, Box 46, Napoleon, Ohio.
Wade, Ross C.	Mt. Morris, Mich.
Wadleigh, Thomas	77 Vernon Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Walls, Robert S.	R. F. D. No. 1, Pine Valley, Miss.
Walter, Albert G.	324 E. Main St., Coldwater, Ohio.
Wankler, Walter	9 St. Germaine St., St. Paul, Minn.
Warren, William C.	240 E. Madison St., Louisville, Ky.
Weisner, John M.	254 Linden Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Weitzel, Nicholas R.	R. F. D. No. 7, Butler, Pa.
Wesolowski, Kaiser	431 E. Park St., Toledo, Ohio.
West, Charles A.	Brookville, Ohio.
Whitney, Arthur	65 Summer St., Springfield, Vt.
Wieting, James L.	859 So. 25th St., Louisville, Ky.
Williams, William	328 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.
Winters, William F.	Seofield, Mich.
Wos, Frank A.	1955 Tarnow Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Young, George H.	2120 Lawrence Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

BATTERY E

Aldrich, Claude	Brookville, Ohio.
Allaman, Ray A.	Trotwood, Ohio.
Allotta, Franche	40 Bridge St., Corning, N. Y.
Alston, Forrest C.	Collinsville, Okla.
Archer, Forrest P.	R. F. D. No. 2, Dayton, Ohio.
Arnett, Jacob A.	205 Washington St., Dayton, Ohio.
Atherton, Andy T.	R. F. D. No. 1, Elyria, Ohio.
Balcerzak, John J.	747 Broadway, Lorain, Ohio.
Bannaian, Sahag	7833 Homestead Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Barnet, Charles	322 Wilson Ave., Brooklyn (King), N. Y.
Beard, George W.	R. F. D. No. 17, Dayton, Ohio.
Bechtol, Harry E.	R. F. D. No. 3, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Beckner, Charles E.	909 Clinton Ave., Canton, Ohio.
Bertucci, Frank	Harvey, La.
Betlejewski, Wladislaw	8011 Burke Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Billman, Robt. B.	R. F. D. No. 15, Dayton, Ohio.
Boltz, Louis J.	R. F. D. No. 3, Dayton, Ohio.

Bombaski, Vincent F.	Morris Run, Pa.
Boomershine, Cleon S.	Farmersville, Ohio.
Boothe, Charles P.	R. F. D. No. 1, Peterstown, W. Va.
Bowman, Isaac	R. F. D. No. 2, Brookville, Ohio.
Breener, Warren W.	R. F. D. No. 3, Grafton, Ohio.
Brophy, James T.	22 Assonet St., Worcester, Mass.
Brown, Robert	253 Bergen St., Newark, N. J.
Burns, James F.	West Carrollton, Ohio.
Burrows, Edgar F.	R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
Carpenter, Mitchell A.	Oberlin, La.
Carpenter, Roy	General Delivery, Elyria, Ohio.
Carter, James F.	R. F. D. No. 3, Franklin, Ky.
Clancy, Owen L.	425 Brightwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Cline, John	R. F. D. No. 2, Paris, Mich.
Clutter, Harvey G.	423 Broad St., Washington, Pa.
Collins, Harlan H.	E. Main St., Carlisle, Ky.
Cooper, Edgar	2007 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Coroi, Jacob	138 Leroy St., Newark, Ohio.
Croak, Mitchell J.	Address unknown.
Cunningham, William T.	320 E. Market St., Louisville, Ky.
Day, William C.	308 Washington Ave., Bellefontaine, Ohio.
Dedominicis, Aristide	Lanslaw, Pa.
DeMattia, Girolamo	4103 Woodbine Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Dobbs, John C.	Paradise, Ky.
Dombrowski, John	210 Bradley St., New London, Conn.
Dominick, Fred C.	2018 Mahoning Rd., Canton, Ohio.
Dominick, John	2818 Mahoning Rd., N. E., Canton, Ohio.
Dorn, John H.	Brookville, Ohio.
Dover, Harry Mikel	Webster, Pa.
Drylie, John	West Brownsville, Pa.
Eby, Joseph	R. F. D. No. 11, Dayton, Ohio.
Eby, Owen	P. O. Box 32, West Carrollton, Ohio.
Economopoulos, Anastasios	1910 December Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio.
Emley, Albert C.	6 Water St., Germantown, Ohio.
Faber, Leonard	R. F. D. No. 2, Grafton, Ohio.
Faulkner, Asa J.	Miller, Ohio.
Flinchum, John H.	Cold Creek, Mich.
Fluker, James	National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio.
Forcht, Arthur G.	R. F. D. No. 1, Fenelton, Pa.
Ford, Arnold E.	1824 W. 48th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Fushenes, William	901 Jefferson St., Toledo, Ohio.
Galusha, Walter L.	536 E. Buckeye St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Garrison, Victor L.	R. F. D. No. 1, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Gift, Frank C.	Care I. E. Gift, Am. Ry. Expr. Co., South Bend, Ind.

Gold, Louis	394 Sams Court, Dayton, Ohio.
Grammar, Carl H.	112 Clinton St., Dayton, Ohio.
Green, Max	519 E. 112th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Grodzik, Stanislaw	323 Kosciusko St., Toledo, Ohio.
Grussey, Frank J.	Ahrichville, Ohio.
Gulling, Charles A.	744 W. 4th St., Reno, Nevada.
Hadjuk, Henry	3616 E. 59th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Haleps, Manuel	107 E. Ridge St., Elyria, Ohio.
Hane, George F.	709 9th St., Marietta, Ohio.
Harlow, Virgil O.	R. F. D. No. 6, Brookfield, Ohio.
Harris, Vernie E.	Cleaton, Ky.
Hartman, Darse R.	R. F. D. No. 6, Brookville, Ohio.
Haynes, Carl	2611 Rust St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Hedges, Virgil A.	1842 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Heitz, Clarence	R. F. D. No. 4, Germantown, Ohio.
Henn, Russell P.	R. F. D. No. 1, Brookville, Ohio.
Hertlein, John	R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
Hickman, John H.	R. F. D. No. 3, Franklin, Ky.
Holowinko, Joseph	8422 Sowinski St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Howard, Timothy	509 Bakewell St., Covington, Ky.
Howdieshell, Carl	Phillipsburg, Ohio.
Humerick, Charles A.	139 E. Cottage Ave., West Carrollton, Ohio.
Hyps, Steisy	645 W. River St., Elyria, Ohio.
Jackson, Harvey M.	Russell, Ky.
Jeffers, Clyde E.	708 S. Main St., Bellefontaine, Ohio.
Karn, Charles F.	R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
Karn, Frank A.	R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
Keffer, Henry E.	Milwaukie, Oregon.
Kipros, Mike	3522 Aulson Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.
Klosek, Bronislaw	3210 Warsaw St., Toledo, Ohio.
Kohler, Albert	1605 Crawford St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Kruchko, Andrew	233 Pettibone St., Duryea, Pa.
Kucensky, Mike	6906 Fleet Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Lehman, Rolla	R. F. D. No. 3, Brookville, Ohio.
Leisz, Edward H.	P. O. Box 27, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Lennon, James J.	30 Middle St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Ley, Norman A.	R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
Lightfoot, Finis C.	209 Portage St., Bowling Green, Ky.
Long, Leslie R.	R. F. D. No. 1, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Lott, Frank A.	Cedarville, Ohio.
Lukingbeal, Paul B.	Farmersville, Ohio.
Maloney, Charles M.	R. F. D. No. 2, Dayton, Ohio.
Martin, Nick	700 Hill St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Marzee, Stanley	2504 West 7th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
McCormick, George	Route No. 4, Cumby, Tex.

McGinity, James	5217 Herman St., Cleveland, Ohio.
McGrail, James J.	2345 Wood St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Merritt, Fred S.	111 W. Jefferson St., Springfield, Ohio.
Michael, Alfred R.	R. F. D. No. 2, New Lebanon, Ohio.
Miley, Clarence V.	Jerome and Dearborn Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Miller, Chester E.	R. F. D. No. 7, Dayton, Ohio.
Minnick, John G. J.	76 Sutton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mitchell, John R.	R. F. D. No. 1, Sinai, Ky.
Moats, Roscoe C.	R. F. D. No. 15, Dayton, Ohio.
Monjar, Clarence	30 W. Central Ave., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Monjar, Ellsworth	30 Central Ave., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Montgomery, Johnie	Willisburg, Ky.
Moore, Charles E.	Delton, Va.
Morgan, Frank T.	R. F. D. No. 3, Dayton, Ohio.
Mote, Wilbur L.	Box 251, Covington, Ga.
Murphy, Charles W.	Phoneton, Ohio.
Neubiser, Carl	143 Huron St., Elyria, Ohio.
Newman, Arthur G.	Buckeye St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Newman, James B.	Yost, Ky.
Nickerson, Raymond H.	Northville, Mich.
Nitasa, Charles	516 S. Cherry St., Canton, Ohio.
Oberer, Charles W.	20 W. Main St., West Carrollton, Ohio.
Osburn, William	New Harmony, Ind.
Osko, John	1909 Reid Ave., Lorain, Ohio.
Osgood, Sidney	1000 Broadway St., Lorain, Ohio.
Payton, William	332 Grace Ave., Frankfort, Ky.
Paul, George L.	R. F. D. No. 3, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Peffly, Charles C.	R. F. D. No. 3, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Piper, Frederick P.	R. F. D. No. 6, Dayton, Ohio.
Ragusky, Peter	26 Hazel St., Girard, Ohio.
Rauch, William J.	R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
Reid, Harry J.	R. F. D. No. 4, Dayton, Ohio.
Riege, Otto G.	R. F. D. No. 5, Brookville, Ohio.
Rishor, Earl	Piniele, Mont.
Robbins, Melvin	R. F. D. No. 17, Dayton, Ohio.
Robinette, William	550 Exter St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Rowland, Herschel	R. F. D. No. 1, Franklin, Ky.
Salmon, Frank	302 Gettysburg Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Schauder, Edward A.	R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
Schimmel, John	620 Church St., Toledo, Ohio.
Schultz, Fred C.	841 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.
Sebree, Willie D.	Georgetown, Ky.
Sheets, Robert F.	R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
Shoup, John W.	Evans City, Pa.
Simmons, Will W.	R. F. D. No. 8, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Smith, Arthur	1414 Goodaul Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Smith, Howard L.	1870 Idlewood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Smith, John	223 Colorado Ave., Lorain, Ohio.
Smith, Walter F.	R. F. D. No. 3, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Snell, William H.	R. F. D. No. 9, Dayton, Ohio.
Sohn, Herbert C.	7504 Wentworth Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Spencer, Claude	R. F. D. No. 5, Dayton, Ohio.
Spinneweber, James	R. F. D. No. 2, Butler, Pa.
Stine, Marion L.	928 E. Central Ave., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Stonebraker, Harry W.	61 11th St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Stormer, Noah W.	1212 Monterey St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Stover, Victor D.	R. F. D. No. 8, Eaton, Ohio.
Sunday, Roy	R. F. D. No. 1, Trotwood, Ohio.
Sutak, John	R. F. D. No. 3, Rayland, Ohio.
Taylor, Emery F.	R. F. D. No. 7, Dayton, Ohio.
Teagarden, Gilbert L.	R. F. D. No. 1, Sadieville, Ky.
Teigler, Geo. H.	R. F. D. No. 12, Dayton, Ohio.
Thayer, Will C.	Rosemont, W. Va.
Throckmorton, Griest E.	120 Rusby Ave., West Carrollton, Ohio.
Tingle, Harvey G.	Care of J. C. Smith, Brookville, Ohio.
Tomlin, Harley	720 Sycamore St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Troutman, Allen L.	R. F. D. No. 2, Farmersville, Ohio.
Turner, James M.	R. F. D. No. 4, Franklin, Ky.
Walker, Lewis	Route 2, Dover, Tenn.
Ward, Ernest O.	712 Pine St., Ironton, Ohio.
Weaver, Russell O.	R. F. D. No. 15, Dayton, Ohio.
Wenger, John G.	Union, Ohio.
Wessel, George	514 Laurel St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Wheeler, Silas E.	117 W. Main St., West Carrollton, Ohio.
Wicker, James H.	R. F. D. No. 2, Newberry, S. C.
Wicker, John A.	Route No. 2, Newberry, S. C.
Wilson, Roy T.	R. F. D. No. 2, Dayton, Ohio.
Wilson, Thomas R.	53 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.
Winfield, William M.	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Wittman, Charles W.	309 E. Main St., Shelbyville, Ky.
Wogoman, Harry F.	R. F. D. No. 3, Brookville, Ohio.
Wogoman, Harvey D.	R. F. D. No. 2, Brookville, Ohio.
Wolf, Raymond R.	R. F. D. No. 2, Germantown, Ohio.
Wolff, Fred	Eureka, S. Dak.
Worrell, Bernard R.	R. F. D. No. 2, Germantown, Ohio.
Wray, Elwood	R. F. D. No. 1, Oakville, Ky.
Wray, Murray E.	Beech Creek, Ky.
Wright, Dewey M.	116 West St., Talladega, Ala.
Wright, Elihu A.	R. F. D. No. 3, Hillsboro, Ohio.
York, John D.	573 E. Maiden St., Washington, Pa.

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 Young, Ewing S.
 Zaracki, Roman S.

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 Fayette City, Fayette Co., Pa.
 4 Krakow St., Detroit, Mich.

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Artley, Freeman J.
 Bauer, William
 Benner, Glenn A.
 Berry, Edgar J.
 Blaurock, Hugo E.
 Blotner, Herschel L.
 Bluhm, Charles E.
 Bober, John B.
 Booher, Arthur D.
 Brillhart, Clifford H.
 Brown, Walter B.
 Buck, William E.
 Burnes, Mike
 Caplinger, Jesse L.
 Carson, Frank A.
 Christiansen, Harold A.
 Clay, Frank T.
 Clingan, Bazilla M.
 Cochrun, Clarence N.
 Crawford, Aaron B.
 Crawford, Charles W.
 Curtis, Robert K.
 Danielson, Daniel
 Davidson, Alva R.
 Davis, Will L.
 Delp, Edward E.
 Demeules, August H.
 Diefenbach, Albert H.
 Diefenbach, Walter E.
 Dieterle, Louis C.
 Dull, Orville O.
 Dunn, Charles E.
 Edeman, William J.
 Ehrhart, Elmer L.
 Eshbaugh, Howard
 Everhart, Lyman C.
 Fireline, Herbert
 Fisher, Joseph C.
 Fitzpatrick, Charles W.

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 263 Brunds St., St. Marys, Pa.
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 123 Oxford Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
 646 Kling St., Akron, Ohio.
 Address unknown.
 349 Melville St., Rochester, N. Y.
 3638 Leopold Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
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 924 Howard St., Akron, Ohio.
 164 Ferguson Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 7, Athens, Ohio.
 747 McKeen Ave., Donora, Pa.
 R. F. D. No. 2, New Lebanon, Ohio.
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 3231 Pierce Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Circleville, Ohio.
 Dennis, Miss.
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 West Carrollton, Ohio.
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 Address unknown.
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 West Carrollton, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
 516 Madison St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
 531 Belmont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 531 Belmont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 Address unknown.
 608 S. West St., Lima, Ohio.
 Address unknown.
 Address unknown.
 Cook, Ohio.
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 Germantown, Ohio.
 Address unknown.
 1025 Troy St., Dayton, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 12, Dayton, Ohio.

Fleno, William	169 Essex Ave., Orange, N. J.
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Ford, Willis R.	1954 N. Main St., Dayton, Ohio.
Frederick, Leo M.	Ludlow Falls, Ohio.
Fultz, Ernest E.	Address unknown.
Furnier, Purcie O.	Pennellville, N. Y.
Fyvie, Charlie	Newberry, Luce Co., Mich.
Goltz, Harry Christ	4243 Valley Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Green, John P.	131 Grove Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Gross, Mike Ceo	1709 Bradford Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Gruhn, Frederick W.	2933 East 34th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Gwozdz, Jacob	Cleveland, Ohio.
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Hanson, Harry	561 S. 4th E., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Harmon, Harry O.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Hart, George R.	900 Superior St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Heitz, Henry A.	R. F. D. No. 3, Harrison, Mich.
Henry, Everett	422 Johnson Ave., Lexington, Ky.
Hess, Albert	Address unknown.
Hess, Benjamin	Address unknown.
Hirsch, Joseph F.	Independence Village, Ohio.
Hoffman, Theodore	West 48th and Clark Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Hoskins, Leander	202 Warwick Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Howard, Joseph	Corbin, Ky.
Hummel, William F.	R. F. D. No. 3, Care of Frank Bratton, Dayton, Ohio.
Hundoble, Walter E.	R. F. D. No. 16, Dayton, Ohio.
Jack, Lloyd R.	58 W. Fairview Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Jackson, Hector R.	1027 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.
Jacobs, Charles	Winchester, Ohio.
Jensen, James B.	Address unknown.
Johnson, Aja E.	R. F. D. No. 2, New Lebanon, Ohio.
Johnson, Earl	229 S. St. Clair St., Toledo, Ohio.
Jones, Clarence E.	Miamisburg, Ohio.
Justice, Samuel W.	South Portsmouth, Ky.
Keogh, Robert M.	Dayton, Ohio.
Klinger, Ludwig	805 E. 100th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Klopotowski, Walter	Cleveland, Ohio.
Komatich, Nick	Duluth, Minn.
Koralewski, Frank A.	1251 Tecumseh St., Toledo, Ohio.
Kren, Frank	Address unknown.
Krowialis, Peter	135 Clayton St., Dayton, Ohio.
Kucharski, Stanley H.	1830 Palmwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
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Lair, William C.	R. F. D. No. 1, Springfield, Ky.

Lipps, Elbert
Locascio, Leonard
Locke, Harrison J.
Lombardo, Joe
Love, Charles A.
Marsden, Arthur V.
Maxwell, Jessie R.
May, Hugh
McAdams, Thomas
McCoun, John C.
McElhaney, Henry
Mercer, Harry V.
Meyers, Raymond E.
Miller, Esta C.
Miskie, Joseph J.
Moore, George G.
Moore, Simon A.
Morrison, Harry J.
Mote, John H.
Motil, Joseph
Moyar, Henry
Murphy, James A.
Nelson, Charles T.
Ochrey, Dimitro
O'Dell, Jesse
Otto, James
Pappas, Peter
Pauley, Edward
Pelka, Frank
Pettifor, Walter E.
Pierson, Roy E.
Preis, Harold R.
Pringle, Arthur J.
Raczek, John
Randolph, Harrison I.
Randolph, Perry
Rasnick, George H.
Reimer, Emil
Retzlaff, Walter R.
Reznik, Joseph
Rockey, Walter E.
Rorer, John A.
Royer, Irvin F.
Ruckman, Harry
Rutzen, Ernst C.

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1018 D St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
P. O. Box 188, Preble Co., Lewisburg, Ohio.
231 McCook Ave., Dennison, Ohio.
Gravette, Ark.
Woodstock, Ohio.
Versailles, Ky.
317 North Main St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
421 E. Harrison St., Springfield, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 3, Brookville, Ohio.
Glades, Tenn.
328 Carrie St., Schenectady, N. Y.
941 Brown St., Dayton, Ohio.
1 Sunset Place, Dayton, Ohio.
Union, Ohio.
1831 Brevier Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
231 N. Williams St., Dayton, Ohio.
515 Berbert St., Dayton, Ohio.
316 Clifton St., Springfield, Ohio.
1719 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Eaton, Ohio.
2172 N. 36th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
230 N. Williams St., Dayton, Ohio.
4311 Mapledale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
855 Jefferson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 1, Gaylord, Mich.
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3621 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
Box 277, Roscoe, Pa.
4300 Warren St., Cleveland, Ohio.
R. F. D. No. 1, Harrisonburg, Va.
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2028 Carning Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
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Keezletown, Va.
210 Wortman Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
10306 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sampson, Norman M.	Frederick, Okla.
Santavicca, Americo	1883 Belmont St., Bellaire, Ohio.
Sauers, Charles	St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Schad, Urban F.	606 Warren St., Dayton, Ohio.
Schell, Joseph H.	31 S. First St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Schimming, Edward	1821 Halmden Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Schneck, Glenn O.	15 Riverdale St., Dayton, Ohio.
Schneider, George E.	Miamisburg, Ohio.
Schneider, Leo M.	Hamilton, Ohio.
Schultz, John	R. F. D. No. 1, Dayton, Ohio.
Seaton, Jacob F.	R. F. D. No. 1, Bearden, Tenn.
Shelton, Preston W.	917 Townsend St., Morganfield, Ky.
Shroyer, Perry H.	Dayton, Ohio.
Sienkiewicz, Wactow	815 Brighton St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Sigler, John	Address unknown.
Slusser, John	Dayton, Ohio.
Smolark, George E.	5341 S. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.
Snyder, Charles E.	New Lebanon, Ohio.
Snyder, George	2205 W. Tremont St., Massillon, Ohio.
Sobolewski, Adam	518 Marquardt St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Spencer, Raymond G.	501 Western Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Spickler, Stewart	138 W. Main St., West Carrollton, Ohio.
Spitzig, John F.	149 Lukawitz St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stanley, Orland	Zanesfield, Ohio.
Stansel, Edgar F.	R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
Steinbrenner, Carl	130 Haynes St., Dayton, Ohio.
Stettler, John E.	R. F. D. No. 1, Germantown, Ohio.
Stewart, Estell F.	506 Heaton St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Stoner, Amza E.	R. F. D. No. 14, Dayton, Ohio.
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Suchan, Barney A.	2627 E. 47th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Sullivan, Frank E.	Address unknown.
Sulzik, Clement	2750 Jennings Pl., Cleveland, Ohio.
Summers, James W.	Indiana Ave., South Haven, Mich.
Sumowski, Bolestaw	3826 Broadway Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Thies, Clemens	R. F. D. No. 9, Dayton, Ohio.
Thomas, Wayne R.	328 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio.
Thornton, Roy R.	176 Oak St., Rossford, Ohio.
Tichoky, August	3298 Fulton St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Tow, John W.	Dixon, Ky.
Troxell, Lawson M.	Miamisburg, Ohio.
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Ullmer, Russell L.	R. F. D. No. 4, Dayton, Ohio.
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Wagner, Samuel J.	548 Daller St., Dayton, Ohio.

Ware, Carl B.	428 W. High St., Springfield, Ohio.
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Wheeler, Floyd	R. F. D. No. 5, Washington, Pa.
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Williamson, Harley A.	De Long P. O., St. Marys, W. Va.
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Ziegler, Evan	R. F. D. No. 1, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Zuolo, Joseph P.	112 School St., Elyria, Ohio.

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Baechler, Martin C.	112 N. 25th St., Louisville, Ky.
Brumley, Everett E.	Vanburen, Ky.
Demarsh, Henry J.	2713 W. Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky.
Evans, John W.	3223 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
Fowler, William	Waverly, Ky.
Gordon, Henry L.	Route 5, Cadiz, Ky.
Hendricks, Johnnie H.	Route 5, Cadiz, Ky.
Jones, Thomas C.	Logan, Ill.
King, William H.	804 Spring St., Hattiesburg, Miss.
Lindle, Joe	Adams St., Sturgis, Ky.
Linville, Irvin	Kentontown, Ky.
Mader, George E.	658 S. 26th St., Louisville, Ky.
Mitchell, Boyd C.	Route 1, Cadiz, Ky.
Mitchell, Dexter B.	Route 1, Slaughters, Ky.
Mobley, Amos S.	Taylorville, Ky.
Montgomery, Richard J.	Bloomfield, Ky.
Morgan, Hugh R.	Route 7, Cadiz, Ky.
Newcomb, Lawrence A.	Wheatcroft, Ky.
Nitzken, Raymond B.	3402 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.
Riggins, James C.	550 S. Mill St., Madisonville, Ky.
Sanders, Porter	Campbellsville, Ky.
Shryock, Jesse	820 W. Pine St., Lexington, Ky.
Talley, William M.	Henshaw, Ky.
Warren, Leonard C.	R. F. D. No. 1, Taylorsville, Ky.

Wilson, Benjamin
 Wiseman, Steve
 Wyatt, H. Elmo

86 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.
 Route 2, Providence, Ky.
 Route 1, La Fayette, Ky.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN BATTERY

Abery, John E.
 Ach, Eugene L.
 Amann, Carl C.
 Anthony, Clyde A.
 Barnes, Dwight L.
 Barr, Eugene O.
 Beason, Earl W.
 Beiswenger, Louis
 Berry, Edgar J.
 Blue, Paul
 Bowman, Henry M.
 Brinkley, John D.
 Brodzinsky, Ignacy
 Byrne, John F.
 Caden, Edward B.
 Carroll, Clifford E.
 Cerlettee, Ray G.
 Chaffee, Chester W.
 Childers, Don
 Comer, Frederick
 Conover, Emmett A.
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 Corbitt, Thomas W.
 Cotterman, John W.
 Coyner, John D.
 Crauder, William H.
 Crawford, Charles Z.
 Cullers, Ralph L.
 Cunningham, Asa B.
 Dehn, Robert P.
 Doyle, Lyman R.
 Dumboski, Walter
 Dyer, Clifford H.
 Early, David A.
 Erdley, Russell H.
 Eversole, Cletus E.
 Faust, Charles J.
 Fischer, Bennett
 Foreman, Herbert W.

Fussnecker, Emil W.
 Gaessler, Ralph G.
 Garlitz, Charles A.
 Gerst, George E.
 Rhode, Albert
 Green, William H.
 Grottle, Frederick
 Haught, William F.
 Hodson, LeRoy A.
 Hojnacki, Kostanty
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 Howell, George W.
 Hurt, Perry F.
 Isenberger, Lorn C.
 Jack, Thomas J.
 Jenks, Albert E.
 Jeremy, Ralph B.
 Jones, John J.
 Jones, LeRoy
 Jordon, Ernest
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 Keliher, William J.
 King, Roman H.
 Knoll, Howard L.
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 Locke, Mitchell E.
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 Nichols, Roy B.
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 Raczkowiak, John
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 Schneider, Leo H.
 Schwytzer, Fred
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 Shank, Weber
 Sheehan, James C.
 Siler, Chester H.
 Simison, Homer L.
 Six, John R.
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 Soddors, Paul H.
 Stadtler, Hans G.
 Stich, Lawrence

Stockstill, Thomas E.	Thorne, Leslie C.	Willis, Earl T.
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Swanborg, Leonard	Turman, Roy C.	Woodward, John W.
Swartz, Owen M.	Wagner, Harry L.	Younce, Coulus W.
Taylor, Charles H.	Warman, George W.	Zimmer, Leonard J.
Taylor, Charles J.	Wenham, Alfred J.	
Taylor, George R.	Wiget, Beverly N.	

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Barnes, Dwight L.	R. F. D. No. 16, Dayton, Ohio.
Barnes, Ray V.	1020 23d Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Barrar, David	517 S. Jefferson St., Dayton, Ohio.
Barriger, Howard N.	1019 W. Main St., Shelbyville, Ky.
Baumberger, Fred	Baumberger's Meat Market, Washington, Pa.
Bean, Isaac	Newcomerstown, Ohio.
Beaven, Frank B.	Sturgis, Ky.
Bebout, Roland A.	142 W. Spruce St., Washington, Pa.
Bedilion, Herbert M.	R. F. D. No. 1, W. Finley, Pa.
Berger, Ferdinand S.	6113 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Berkley, Harvey A.	R. F. D. No. 1, Golden Pond, Ky.
Bieker, Wm. D.	16 S. 2d St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Blankenship, Wm. T.	Hazel Green, Ky.
Bodkin, Luther J.	104 9th St., Shelbyville, Ky.
Bosshart, Thomas J.	638 S. 41st St., Louisville, Ky.
Bourne, Earl H.	22 Clinton St., Mansfield, Mass.
Bowman, George	116 4th Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Bowser, Charles F.	R. F. D. No. 4, Dayton, Ohio.
Brandenburger, Edwin	132 S. Kohn St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Brandon, Daniel A.	2024 Schuyler Ave., La Fayette, Ind.
Bretz, Carl J.	New Waterford, Ohio.
Brillhart, Clifford H.	924 Howard St., Akron, Ohio.

Brown, Otis	Taylorsville, Ky.
Browne, McAuliffe	Hardinsburg, Ky.
Bruce, Ernest	Salado, Ark.
Buelter, Wm. H.	810 N. 2d St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Bundy, George G.	218 N. Front St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Busch, Roy A.	Brookville, Ohio.
Callison, Thomas W.	Campbellsville, Ky.
Carlson, Charles	1439 N. Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Carter, Cecil W.	2823 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
Ciesla, Frank	1519 Fay St., Chicago, Ill.
Clair, John P.	429 N. 4th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Cole, Victor	2808 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
Collings, Oliver B.	66 Warden St., Dayton, Ohio.
Coman, Henry L.	1706 State St., Menominee, Mich.
Condon, James A.	800 Washington St., Flat C, Squire Apts., Toledo, Ohio.
Conradt, Carl J.	415 East Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Cooper, Angelo M.	Uniontown, Ky.
Craft, Urban V.	Rose City, Mich.
Crocker, John M.	12 N. 10th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Cunningham, Joseph B.	Loogootee, Ind.
Dadisman, Charles A.	18 Taylor St., Dayton, Ohio.
Davenport, Millard E.	R. F. D. No. 1, Perrysburg, Ohio.
Davis, George E.	Dadisville, Ill.
Degree, Walter B.	112 S. 3d Ave., St. Cloud, Minn.
Delaplane, Cornelius R.	54 Indiana Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Dickey, Charles F.	912 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Dillon, Henry W.	Stuttgart, Ark.
Dorsey, Robert W.	2708 Virginia St., Louisville, Ky.
Dotson, Raymond F.	371 Lansing Ave., Jackson, Mich.
Driver, John O.	R. F. D. No. 1, Trotwood, Ohio.
Duellman, Robert J.	345 S. 4th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Dull, Orville O.	608 S. West St., Lima, Ohio.
Durham, Jerome P.	Central City, Ky.
Duvall, Carroll J.	Finchville, Ky.
Edgar, Jay R.	Versailles, Ky.
Ellis, Millard P.	510 S. 3d St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Ellis, Rufus C.	510 S. 3d St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Elmore, Myron H.	Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Ely, Lawrence E.	R. F. D. No. 7, Washington, Pa.
Flowers, Lloyd A.	1901 Greenwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Fox, Ralph E.	R. F. D. No. 1, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Frank, Clarence	213 E. Hancock Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Fritsch, Lawrence B.	Eagle Wooden Ware Mfg. Co., Hamilton, Ohio.
Geiger, George	633 N. 14th St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

Gerson, Herbert	207 E. 33d St., New York, N. Y.
Goldrick, Campbell J. E.	E. High St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Goodwin, Edwin L.	Pleasureville, Ky.
Gowdy, David E.	Mulberry St., Lebanon, Ky.
Graf, Gordon W.	648 Vine St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Gray, Francis E.	1802 2d St., Washington, D. C.
Griffin, Reginald C.	Aberdeen, Miss.
Griffith, Harry L.	Bushnell, Ill.
Hale, Joseph W.	220 N. 11th St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hall, Herbert C.	Spurlington, Ky.
Hand, Chas. J.	711 East Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hannum, Walter	Pleasant City, Ohio.
Hardert, Wm. C.	1415 Astor Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hartleb, August H.	1208 Hanover St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hayden, John T.	R. F. D. No. 1, Bardstown, Ky.
Heartz, John W.	419 W. Fairview Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Heerman, Paul L.	723 Sycamore St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hepner, George W.	New Lebanon, Ohio.
Hieb, William	217 Court St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hinkle, Charles R.	R. F. D. No. 7, Box 79, Union City, Ind.
Hodapp, Null M.	2112 Wyoming St., Dayton, Ohio.
Hood, John	Somerset, Ky.
Horwitz, Herman N.	266 Portsea St., New Haven, Conn.
Hoskins, Leander	202 Warwick Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Huber, Karl F.	16 Ludlow St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hufnagel, Walter J.	311 S. Front St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Hughes, Jesse M.	214 S. Monument Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Huls, Russell P.	346 Dayton St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Humphrey, David	Address unknown.
Hurt, Perry F.	R. F. D. No. 2, Dayton, Ohio.
Jaggers, Joseph G.	383 Haines St., Germantown, Pa.
Jenkins, Lawrence B.	408 W. Willow St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Jenks, Albert E.	Germantown, Ohio.
Johnson, Alexander	Threelinks, Ky.
Jones, Carl	821 Heaton St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Jones, James E.	4th and Central Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jones, James W.	R. F. D. No. 3, Lewisburg, Ohio.
Jones, Lorne	2404 Pleasant Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Kappel, Robert G.	162 N. B St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Keller, Harold J.	126 N. East St., Brigham, Utah.
Kimmel, Eddie L.	Eldorado, Ohio.
Kingkade, Columbus	Rockport, Ky.
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Kocher, Frank	R. F. D. No. 5, Brookville, Ind.
Kolbensteter, Edwin	1183 Heaton St., Hamilton, Ohio.

Koons, Emmert E.	R. F. D. No. 4, Dayton, Ohio.
Kovarick, Wm. J.	Spillville, Iowa.
Krebs, Arnold T.	230 Dayton St., Hamilton, Ohio.
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Kumrow, Edward G.	670 Woodland Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Laspe, Harold W.	22 N. 1st St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Latham, John E.	R. F. D. No. 4, Greenville, Ky.
Lauren, Oscar	"Billboard Pub," Cincinnati, Ohio.
Lewis, Elbert E.	4018 Main St., Norwood, Ohio.
Linder, Emil J.	1634 McLain St., Dayton, Ohio.
Linke, Herman	668 Congress St., Toledo, Ohio.
Lucas, Herman E.	R. F. D. No. 3, Miamisburg, Ohio.
Lucas, Wilbur F.	71 Rung St., Dayton, Ohio.
Lynch, Humphrey	Box 443, Lexington, Ky.
Mainous, Conley	Travellers Rest, Ky.
Marshall, Virgil S.	Brookville, Ohio.
McCall, Lonnie P.	R. F. D. No. 1, Pelzer, S. C., and S. Fayette St., Washington C. H., Ohio.
McCutchin, Robt. E.	313 Martha St., Montgomery, Ala.
McDaniel, Charlie	McHenry, Ky.
McDaniel, Wesley H.	141 Webster Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
McIntire, Joseph G.	Springfield, Ky.
McIntire, Robt. S.	1409 Noble St., Toledo, Ohio.
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Meyer, Charles R.	118 Montfort St., Eaton, Ohio.
Miller, Elmer L.	2019 N. Main St., Dayton, Ohio.
Miller, Floyd R.	633 Broadway St., Washington C. H., Ohio.
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Porter, Alvin B.	McHenry, Ky.

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Rigio, Ferdinand	307 Franklin St., Springfield, Ohio.
Rossiter, Arthur R.	3210 Hatberry St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Rudolph, Victor A.	R. F. D. No. 8, Box 114, Columbus, Ohio.
Russell, Cramer E.	Park Cycle Co., Pasadena, Calif.
Schafer, Joseph M.	811 Ross Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Schailey, Frank H.	2537 Cedar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Scharrer, Frederick C.	21 Garrett St., Dayton, Ohio.
Schneider, Leo M.	392 Cleveland Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Schultheiss, George	307 Long St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Schwab, James M.	515 42d St., Rock Island, Ill.
Sellner, Wm. S.	1154 McGlynn Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
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Shoemaker, Frank L.	28 Grosvenor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Shroyer, Perry	200 Hart St., Dayton, Ohio.
Shue, Paul	Manhattan Hotel, Lima, Ohio.
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Simonson, Edgar	115 Washington St., Harrison, Ohio.
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Watson, Sherman	R. F. D. No. 1, Uniontown, Ky.
Wellington, Oscar	927 Palmer Ave., Pueblo, Colo.
Wentz, Eugene H.	525 Steele Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Werges, August A.	R. F. D. No. 1, Hawk Point, Mo.
West, James B.	212 Valley St., Dayton, Ohio.
White, David A.	138 Carlisle Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Wilson, Carl H.	123 Eldorado St., Eldorado, Ill.
Winters, Grover M.	4149 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
Wise, Orval M.	1107 E. Vine St., Hamilton, Ohio.
Woodrow, Lloyd S.	486 W. 4th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Wright, Albert F.	Trotwood, Ohio.
Yarcho, Lewis	318 3d St., Lincoln, Ill.
Younce, Coulus W.	Brookville, Ohio.

SUPPLY COMPANY

Alexander, Christopher C.	Bronston, Ky.
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Barnett, George M.	R. F. D. No. 7, Xenia, Ohio.
Barrar, Moses J.	517 S. Jefferson Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Beach, Levi B.	Germantown, Ohio.
Beall, Hiram	Care of W. E. Beall, Newark, Ohio.
Berryhill, John	R. F. D. No. 1, Waynesville, Ohio.
Birckhimer, Harrison	412 W. 5th St., Monroe, Mich.
Brannen, Ray H.	24 Home Ave., Xenia, Ohio.
Brubaker, Gail F.	1061 Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Buchman, Ross A.	2610 Smith St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
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Campbell, George E.	Russellville, Ohio.
Chaney, Granville A.	R. F. D. No. 1, Alpena Pass, Ark.
Chirco, Salvator	17 Willigon St., Dayton, Ohio.
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Clemmer, Orie F.	328 E. Market St., Xenia, Ohio.
Cobb, Arlie M.	Onton, Webster Co., Ky.
Colvin, Lefrey	R. F. D. No. 9, Campbellsville, Ky.

- Day, Raphael A.
 Devoe, Charles K.
 Dewine, George
 Dick, Joshua
 Dorsey, Carl H.
 Downey, Clarence R.
 Drake, Lewis F.
 Duncan, Boone
 Eldridge, Clarence R.
 Enwright, Roger D.
 Fackler, George C.
 Ferro, James N.
 Fields, Walter L.
 Fiske, Donald
 Forman, Mack
 Gorham, Frank E.
 Greer, Joseph H.
 Grodi, George A.
 Grove, Churlus C.
 Hager, John M.
 Harner, Joe R.
 Hart, Miner L.
 Haye, Clifford
 Hess, Roscoe
 Hochenleitner, Francis E.
 Hogelucht, George J.
 Hutcheson, John S.
 Hutchison, Giles V.
 Huston, Adrian G.
 James, Arthur P.
 Jenkins, Charles N.
 Jones, James E.
 Kelly, Norman A.
 Koch, George J.
 Koehler, Henry F.
 Konzelman, Ray H.
 Lamley, Fred A.
 Langworthy, Lucius H.
 Lelombard, Leo
 Loar, Dock
 Logsdon, John W.
 Macher, Ambrose
 Manor, John L.
 Maramon, Key G.
 R. F. D. No. 10, Xenia, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 1, Jamestown, Ohio.
 Yellow Springs, Ohio.
 Hogue, Ky.
 1404 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 531 E. 1st St., Dayton, Ohio.
 205 S. King St., Xenia, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 5, Dixon, Ky.
 224 Wampum St., Highland Park, Ky.
 157 High St., Bellevue, Ohio.
 130 S. Horton St., Dayton, Ohio.
 1126 Poland Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.
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 507 E. 20th St., University Place, Neb.
 R. F. D. No. 2, Narrows, Ky.
 R. F. D. No. 3, Jamestown, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 8, Dayton, Ohio.
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 R. F. D. No. 3, Springfield, Ky.
 R. F. D. No. 5, Dayton, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 4, Xenia, Ohio.
 R. F. D. No. 2, Providence, Ky.

McKee, Oscar R.	325 E. Main St., Xenia, Ohio.
Marsden, Thomas R.	1638 W. 2d St., Dayton, Ohio.
Mayer, Edward C.	63 S. Main St., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Meyer, John H.	R. F. D. No. 9, Box 133, Dayton, Ohio.
Meyers, W. E.	Care L. H. Meyers, Ft. Recovery, Ohio.
Michael, Samuel G.	313 E. 21st St., Covington, Ky.
Milligan, Harvey H.	Russellville, Ohio.
Mitchner, Vergo	R. F. D. No. 1, New Burlington, Ohio.
Mitman, Ralph L.	R. F. D. No. 2, Osborn, Ohio.
Neitzke, Ernest F.	949 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.
Newton, John W.	Ironton, Ky.
Nicholas, Ansel E.	Quinton, Ky.
O'Brien, Patrick	Care of Joe Opoczensky, Lagrange St., Toledo, Ohio.
O'Connor, John	48 Charles St., Xenia, Ohio.
Opoczensky, Joseph	3426 Lagrange St., Toledo, Ohio.
Paynter, Jesse T.	R. F. D. No. 3, Frankfort, Ky.
Peak, Kelly	S. Military St., Georgetown, Ky.
Phillips, Clive	R. F. D. No. 1, Sycamore, Pa.
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Quirk, Herman J.	30 Leamon St., Xenia, Ohio.
Quirk, Patrick O.	31 E. Helena St., Dayton, Ohio.
Ring, John F.	R. F. D. No. 4, Georgetown, Ohio.
Satterly, Sherman H.	Versailles, Ky.
Schauer, Berney	1113 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.
Sears, Arthur	R. F. D. No. 5, Jamestown, Ohio.
Shakefsky, Julius	140 W. Main St., Xenia, Ohio.
Shelton, Mary	R. F. D. No. 1, Waverly, Ky.
Smith, Carl E.	Spring Valley, Ohio.
Smith, William F.	420 N. Hawley St., Toledo, Ohio.
Sneed, Ben D.	R. F. D. No. 6, Noblesville, Ind.
Snyder, Chester R.	R. F. D. No. 4, Lewisburg, Ohio.
Snyder, Leroy	McClure, Ohio.
Sworts, Charles S.	R. F. D. No. 1, Harpster, Ohio.
Taylor, Ammy C.	115 Devonia Ave., Lexington, Ky.
Tyree, Roscoe C.	Care of R. P. Leslie, Rush, Ky.
Van Leuven, Armond L.	1000 California St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Walter, Chester F.	R. F. D. No. 1, Wharton, Ohio.
Ward, Wash	Mariba, Ky.
Werst, Gerard F.	2 Richmond Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Wheatley, Francis E.	R. F. D. No. 5, Springfield, Ky.
Willard, James	R. F. D. No. 1, Somerville, Ohio.
Winters, Austin D.	R. F. D. No. 1, Georgetown, Ohio.
Wodtke, Richard A.	1125 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.
Young, William P.	3041 W. 100th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN SUPPLY COMPANY

Asturino, Jioseppe	334 Division St., Jeannette, Pa.
Barrar, David	517 South Jefferson Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Donley, Willard W.	2009 Pointview Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.
Hodapp, Null M.	2112 Wyoming St., Dayton, Ohio.
Johnson, Aja E.	Address unknown.
Majors, Mark S.	Sebree, Ky.
Steinbrenner, Carl	130 Haynes St., Dayton, Ohio.
Wheeler, Floyd	Address unknown.
Wilson, Bert G.	Address unknown.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT

Cahill, Thomas F.	8919 Empire Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Celani, Luigi G.	516 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Graham, Robert S.	1909 5th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Huston, Ernest H.	R. F. D. No. 2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Limbert, Lewis E.	4 Wilbe St., Dayton, Ohio.
Nicholson, John T., Jr.	Bath, N. C.
Reynolds, Elmer N.	Care of Ben Reynolds & Co., N. Main St., Wash- ington, Pa.
Risch, George H.	114 W. Millville Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Scheiding, John E.	309 Huffman Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Ward, J. Basil	1322 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN DETACHMENT

Bellen, James W.	Merrill Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Combs, Brooks	Frenchburg, Ky.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Burg, Frank A.	R. F. D. No. 4, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Frischkorn, Clyde F.	Main St., Zelienople, Pa.
Graham, Harry	Newell, W. Va.
Greenslade, Victor F.	511 Gilmore St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Grenier, Francis X.	21 Brownway Flats, Oakley, Ohio.
Hamilton, Harold O.	West Alexandria, Ohio.
Harn, Everett M.	Address unknown.
Hess, Albert	3716 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.
Hess, Benjamin R.	Sturgis, Ky.
Horn, Albert A.	119 S. Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.
Jaeger, August P.	580 Park Ave., Amherst, Ohio.
Jones, Neill S.	Thurman, Ohio.

Kauffman, Ed. M.	Findlay, Ohio.
Knodel, Walter F.	1179 Central Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
Maertens, Alois	East Moline, Ill.
Morrow, J. E.	128 S. West St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Newton, Otto E.	627 Center St., Bellevue, Ohio.
Nunn, John C.	Chillicothe, Mo.
O'Malley, Thomas	2408 Pulaski St., Baltimore, Md.
Rush, Herman B.	Washington, Pa.
Shank, Amadeus	Brookville, Ohio.
Smith, Cleo N.	225 College Ave., Bluffton, Ohio.
Thomas, Lloyd M.	Tobinsport, Ind.
Wood, Fred E.	2905 Shady Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

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Knasel, Alfred R.	R. F. D. No. 2, Sidney, Ohio.
Rood, Alva	723 W. Michigan Ave., Lansing, Mich.
Watson, Clarence E.	R. F. D. No. 1, Proctorville, Ohio.
Weber, Elmer	422 Brooklyn Ave., Sidney, Ohio.
Winder, Don	Bethel, Ohio.

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